

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XVI., No. 6 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. DEC., 1894



DEAN SWIFT. BY ROUBILLON
From "The Reign of Queen Anne." (The Century Co.)

The Year's Crop of Fiction

BY HJALMAR H. BOYSEN

In Mr. I. Zangwill's amusing extravaganza *The King of Schnorrers*, a story is found in which Geraldine urges her fiancé, a realistic but unsuccessful novelist, to abandon his high ideals, marry her and live happily ever afterwards. The fiancé, after a little squirming, accepts her advice, writes a conventional blood-and-thunder romance, and leaps into instant popularity.

I do not know whether the romanticists who have achieved such notable successes during the year have had any high ideals to abandon or any Geraldines to coax them to do it, but that it is the blood-and-thunder novel, under the euphemistic disguise of the historical romance, which has carried off the most recent honors in fiction, it were vain to deny. Dr. Conan Doyle, whose tale *The White Company* aroused such enthusiasm among boys of all ages, is so besieged with orders from editors and publishers that, unless he enters into a league with the Devil to add a score of years to his life, he has no chance of satisfying them. It is said that he has accepted engagements which will occupy all his days and probably a good many of his nights, too, for three years to come. *The Memories of Sherlock Holmes*, which contains the best detective stories in the

English language, is, however, less interesting to me than the series of tales entitled *Round the Red Lamp*, which deal with curious cases of medical experience. Micah Clarke; *A Tale of the Monmouth Rebellion*, is a crudely effective story, rather skillfully constructed, but of an indefinably juvenile flavor. The same may be said of the amazing torrent of romance which Mr. J. Stanley Weyman has been pouring forth without surcease from January to December. There is clever workmanship and no lack of historical color in *A Gentleman of France*, *Under the Red Robe*, *The Man in Black*, and *My Lady Rotha*; but the characterization is lamentably conventional, without subtlety or point, and rarely penetrates beneath the epidermis. In essentially the same general vein are the sanguinary tales of the Reverend S. R. Crockett, whose *Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills* and *The Raiders* (though the scene is shifted from France to Scotland) likewise mistake violence for strength and revel in brute incident.

On our side of the Atlantic, though we read these gory tales and enhance the fortunes of their authors, we somehow hold our novelists to a sharper account and demand of them at least a semblance of verisimilitude. Since Julian Hawthorne went to Jamaica to



PORTRAIT OF A BOY
From Mary Mapes Dodge's "Land of Pluck." (The Century Co.)



DESIGN FOR GLASS WINDOW

From *"The Woman's Book."* (Scribners.)

cultivate coffee, and Mrs. Amelie Rives Chanler lapsed into silence, we have not a single bona fide romanticist left within our borders. Mr. F. Marion Crawford has basely deserted the banner under which he won his first laurels; and even if he is not yet a full-fledged realist he soon will be, if he perseveres in his present evolution. In Marion Darche, Katherine Lauderdale, The Rallstons, The Upper Berth, and Love in Idleness we have every-day tales of every-day Americans who promenade in and out in the prosaic illumination of American weather. None of Mr. Crawford's later heroes send swift and silent messengers through the night (as did Mr. Isaacs) to bring the wished-for rose that is to adorn the beloved one's breast. And yet it is encouraging to reflect that he has not yet forfeited his popularity.

Mr. George W. Cable, the quality of whose literary workmanship is finer than Mr. Crawford's, is also a dweller in the neutral territory between the two hostile camps; though a man who can write so faithful and vivid a chronicle of the Reconstruction era as John March, Southerner, does surely not belong in the company of the Doyles and Crockets and Weymans. An exquisite daintiness of touch gives distinction to all that Mr. Cable writes; and there is a warm, sun-steeped Southern tinge in his prose which reminds one of Daudet.

That humorists are far removed from that spirit of romance which R. L. Stevenson and Andrew Lang regard as the saving leaven of literature, goes without saying. Frank Stockton, in *Pomona's Travels*, openly makes fun of it, and Mark Twain's *Puddin' Head Wilson* (which, by the way, is one of the most notable and original books of the year) and *Tom Sawyer Abroad* are crowded from beginning to end with shrewdly irreverent Yankee comments on all the revered humbug of the race. In a very different vein, but no less sharp and trenchant, is the criticism of our much-boasted civilization in W. D. Howells' *A Traveller from Altruria*, which gently tears our whole industrial system into shreds, and in Mrs. Margaret Deland's *Philip and His Wife*, which subjects the marital relation in particular to a searching analysis. I presume George Meredith (though he approaches his theme from another side) meant to do something similar in *Lord Ormont and his Aminta*—a positively abominable title which reminds one of the most mawkish romances of the eighteenth century. If Meredith would consent to write English undefiled, we could forgive the bad moral of his ingenious and wordy tale; but, truth to tell, it makes all one's organs of taste and linguistic propriety ache to read his cumbrous and involved efforts at originality.



RODIN'S CITIZEN OF CALAIS

From *"Schools and Masters of Sculpture."* (Appleton.)

It is an infinite relief, after wrestling with such tortured and whimsical prose, to escape into the sane and limpid purity of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Marcella*, which, in my opinion, is the greatest novel of the year. Here are no puppets, heroic or villainous, moved hither and thither by the caprice of the showman, whose cracked voice rings audibly, in bass or soprano, through the whole performance. We have a great social question elucidated with rationality and force in an interesting, progressive action, which nowhere strays beyond the bounds of probability. We have a heroine of flesh and blood who in all her vagaries never loses her hold upon the reader's sympathy, and a hero who, though his type is as old as the Aryan race, is nevertheless alive and credible, and, as it were, invested with a new vitality and a new charm in this his latest incarnation.

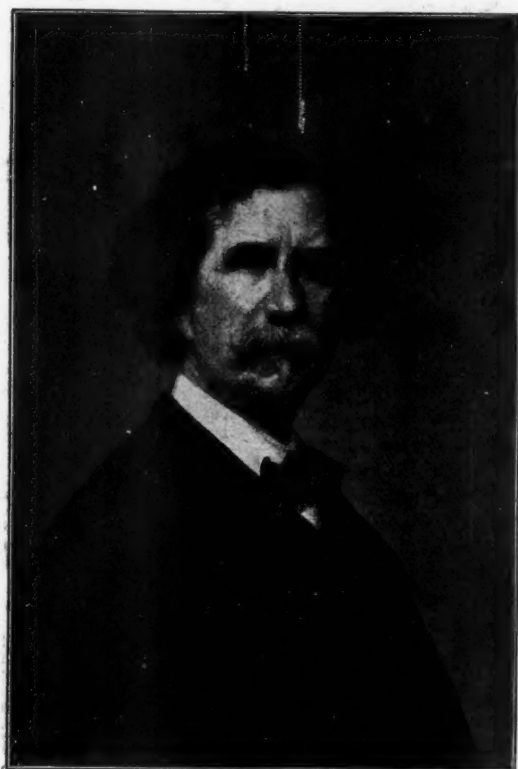
If there is any other novel of the year worthy to be mentioned in the same breath as *Marcella*, it is, of course, George du Maurier's *Trilby*, which, by the way, has not made half the furore in England that it has caused among our more impressionable public. Whether it be Little Billee's audacious discourse on religion, addressed to the parson's dog Tray, which has given offense, or it be *Trilby*'s genial complaisance in a matter where amiability, to say the least, ceases to be a virtue, the fact remains that Du Maurier's romance has not set his countrymen agog as it has his transatlantic cousins. Nevertheless, *Trilby* is, apart from its view of the Seventh Commandment, one of the most fascinating books that has been published for many a day; and it is impossible to part company with its delightful author without a sense of gratitude and admiration.

I suppose it is a limitation of my sex—a masculine lack of generosity—which debars me from entertaining similar emotions toward Madame Sarah Grand, the



HEADS BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

From "Child-Life in Art." (Joseph Knight Co.)

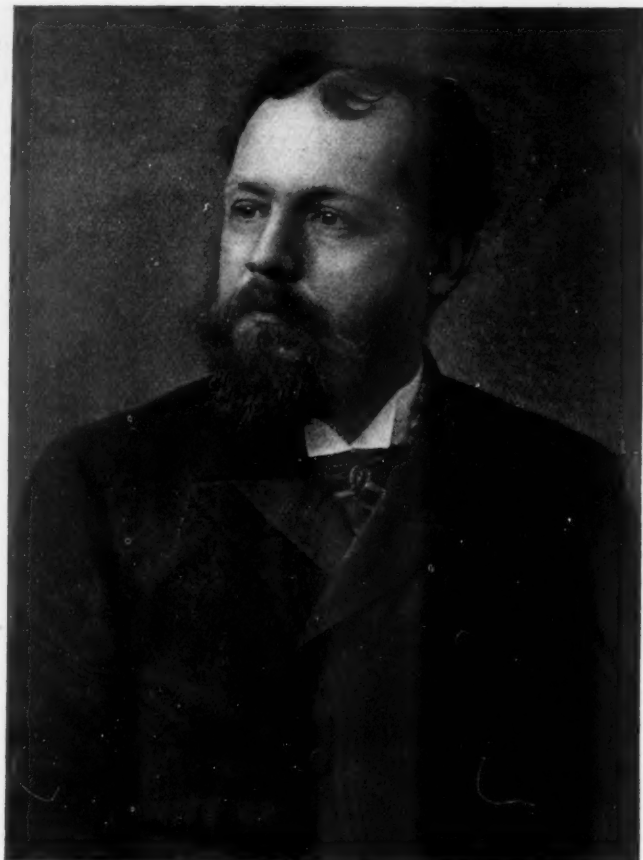


PORTRAIT OF HEALY

From "Reminiscences of an Artist." (McClurg.)

author of *The Heavenly Twins*. In the first place, I have a prejudice against the Madame. Why, being an Englishwoman, is she Madame, rather than Mrs.? All the uneasy sensibilities and quivering morbidities and moral refinements with which she equips her new woman in *Idealia*, Singularly Deluded, Our Manifold Nature, etc.—what is she to do with them so long as brute man (without whom, confessedly, she can not get along) remains so far behind her as to be unable to detect their very existence except by trampling upon them? A still more pertinent query is suggested by the anonymous novel *A Superfluous Woman*, which is closely related to *The Heavenly Twins*. If, as is there more than hinted, the new woman is to be as unfettered in the matter of "sexual selection"—to use the Darwinian phrase—why have we been evolving for three thousand years or more toward a stricter code as regards conjugal obligations? The very creature, it seems, that is supposed to be the beneficiary of this evolution, threatens to throw up her part of the bargain and emancipate herself from her thralldom to such old-fashioned notions. That ideas of this sort are in the air is further proved by the popularity of E. F. Benson's *Dodo: A Detail of the Day*, and *A Yellow Aster*, by Iota, both of which discuss with extreme freedom the question supposed to be non-debatable in good society. A sense of lost dignity, lost bloom, lost charm is what above all impresses me in such women as Gwendolen Waring, the terrible heroine (no doubt intended to be admirable) of *A Yellow Aster*. Happily she is yet so exceptional in life that her prevalence in fiction need cause no alarm.

A very mild and altogether delightful type of the new



H. H. BOYEBSEN

From "The Library of American Literature." (W. E. Benjamin.)

woman Mrs. Burton Harrison has given us in Marion Irving, the heroine of *A Bachelor Maid*, who, like Tennyson's *Princess Ida*, and for the same excellent reason, voluntarily resumes the yoke against which she has rebelled. It is one of the symptoms, I believe, of the new spirit of emancipation, that girls will no longer accept this venerable tradition on trust, but insist upon re-discovering it, for their own account, on an independent voyage of exploration. Never was this voyage more entertainingly described than in Mrs. Harrison's novel.

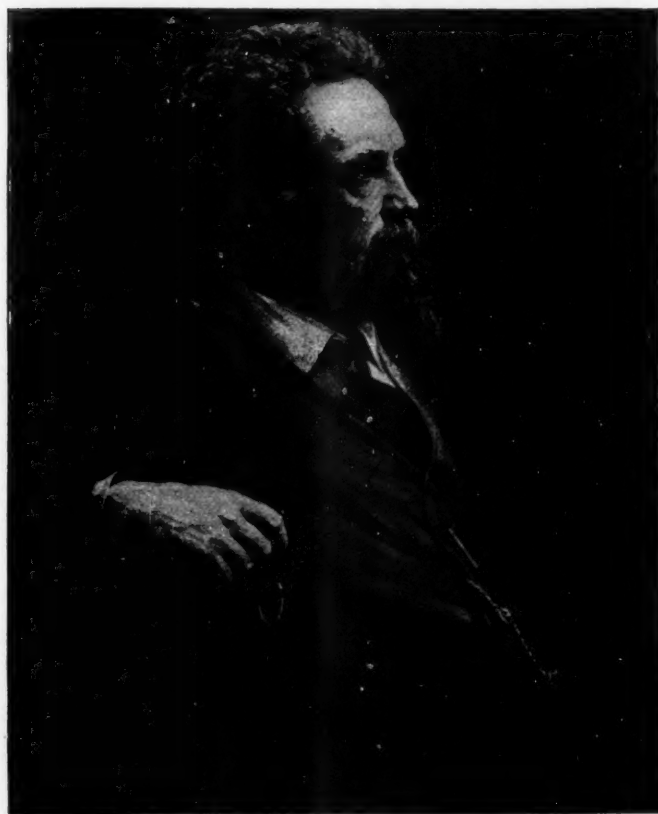
It was Horace who remarked, some nineteen hundred years ago, that you may expel nature with a fork, but she will be sure to pop up again when you least expect it. It is a variation of this same theme, though in a minor key, which Miss Beatrice Harraden has given us in *Ships that Pass in the Night*. Even among those who have renounced life, not in a spirit of rebellion, but broken by disease, Cupid makes havoc. As in the beautiful Greek friezes, he hides his laughing face behind the tragic mask of death, and then suddenly peeps forth and cries "Booh!" Miss Harraden's story is steeped in sweet melancholy, like one of Chopin's doleful waltzes, to which it bears the further resemblance of ending with an abrupt and heart-rending bang. There is an utterly unnecessary cruelty in the killing of the heroine by an accident.

It is astounding what an amount of excellent literary work has been produced by women during the past year. Besides those already mentioned, we have Julien Gordon, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, Octave Thanet, Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote and Miss Mary Wilkins. None of your

romantic fantasies in the books of these ladies! Their tales are bound to the soil of reality by a web of subtle roots, and permeated by the vital juices which only Mother Earth can furnish. As a case in point, take Julien Gordon's *A Puritan Pagan*, with its vivid reflection of social types in Europe and America; or Miss Wilkins's *Pembroke*, with its sombre force and veracity. This is the very tragic fate of the Greeks in modern guise—the helpless circumscription and limitation of our lives by ancestral influences and a soul-crippling environment. What heart-rending pathos there is in this impotent wriggling and struggling of the human flies in the strong spider-web of fate!

It would not be difficult to devise a transition from the humble New England tragedies of Miss Wilkins to the intense and more outwardly dramatic situations in *The Manxman*, by Hall Caine. I confess I have a strong preference for the work of Miss Wilkins, which ploughs deep and brings to light from time to time beautiful earth-scented facts; but the public evidently does not agree with me. *The Manxman*, which is a highly overwrought story of incredible generosity and villainy, will receive the tribute of tears from thousands of sentimental readers, while it is only the few, whose artistic sense is developed, that will perceive the excellence of *Pembroke*.

Among the English romancers whose voices are now seldom heard a very conspicuous place was once occupied by William Black. His beautiful Orkney tale, *A Princess of Thule*, went the round of the civilized world. It would be cruel to compare *Highland Cousins*, Mr. Black's latest novel, with *A Princess of Thule*. It takes



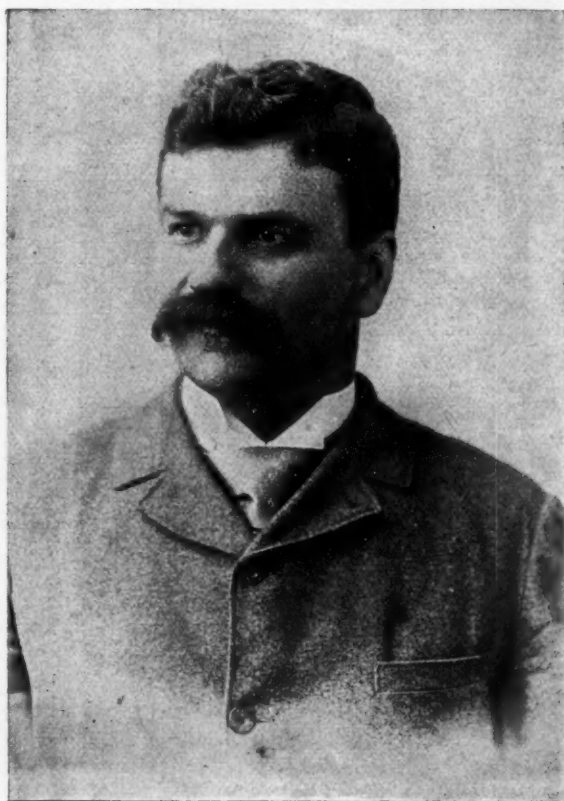
R. STACY MARKS, R. A.

From "Pen and Pencil Sketches." (Lippincott.)

a golf champion to do justice to this apotheosis of the Scotch national game. To me the book seems dull and dreary. I found it necessary, after reading three-fourths of it, to refresh myself by a plunge into Brander Matthews' Vignettes of Manhattan. That had the invigorating effect which contact with Mother Earth has not only upon the Titan Antæus, but upon every mature and properly constituted mortal. For the clean-cut, spirited sketches of Mr. Matthews are not only steeped in actuality, but in the very actuality which I know best of all—the territory bounded by Bartholdi's "Liberty" and the North and the East River. Moreover, they have a Gallic "esprit" and pith and keenness of outline which give one the impression that they may have been thought in French before they were written in English.

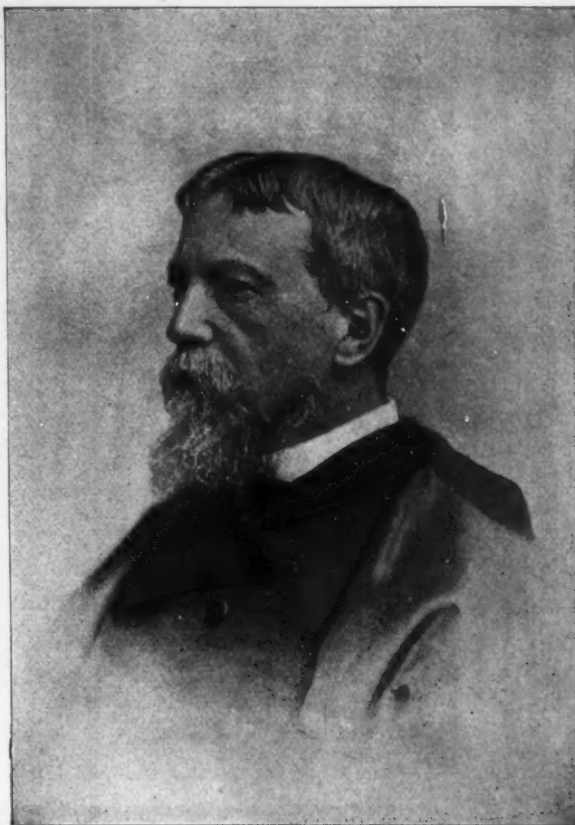
It would be unfair to conclude a round-up of the year's fiction without some mention of Rudyard Kipling and Robert Louis Stevenson. The former has, however, to my knowledge, published nothing in book form in 1894, except a collection of juvenile stories called *The Jungle Book* (originally contributed to *St. Nicholas*), and the latter is wise in enjoying his "dolce far niente" in the Southern Pacific, even though his readers may regret his silence.

As if to counteract the Romantic current which is threatening to deluge us, an enterprising publishing house has undertaken to publish a new translation of the admirable novels of the late Ivan Tourgueneff. I doubt if a greater name can be found among the Russian novelists of the Nineteenth Century, or one which has exercised a profounder influence upon the art of fiction in every land within the boundaries of civilization.



SAM WALTER FOSS

From "*Back-Country Poems*." (Lee & Shepard.)



S. WEIR MITCHELL

From "*When all the Woods are Green*." (The Century Co.)

The Art of Extra Illustration

WRITTEN FOR CURRENT LITERATURE

Whether regarded as a pastime to beguile an idle moment, or as a serious occupation, there is no denying the delights which are to be obtained from enlarging a favorite volume by the addition of illustrations. There are those who have reduced this to an art, and who have acquired great proficiency in it, so that their work in its completed state attains sometimes an almost fabulous value. There are individuals who have extended a single volume of respectable size to a dozen or more, replete with added interest on every page. Indeed, there are instances where two modest little octavo volumes have been laboriously extended to twenty odd volumes of quarto size. In such cases every type page of the original has been carefully framed with paper margins to make it conform to the enlargement of the rest. The result perhaps detracts from the value of the text itself, but any loss of significance which it sustains in this way, is abundantly made up by the richness and fullness of the accompanying insertions. A life of Napoleon, for example, will have its every incident illustrated. It will contain engravings representing the great soldier in countless ways. There will be portraits of him as a youth, as the young scholar, as the soldier, as a general, as first consul, as victor and as vanquished, as Emperor, and finally as an exile at St. Helena. It will contain an endless variety of portraits, death masks, medallions and medals, contemporary engravings on steel, mezzotints, caricatures, reproductions of sketches, and so on. If the collector is fortunate enough he will have secured his autograph; if still more lucky, he may have found



BIRTHPLACE OF DR. HOLMES, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

From "The Library of American Literature." (W. E. Benjamin.)



HAND OF SARAH BERNHARDT.

From "The Language of the Hand." (Cheiro.)



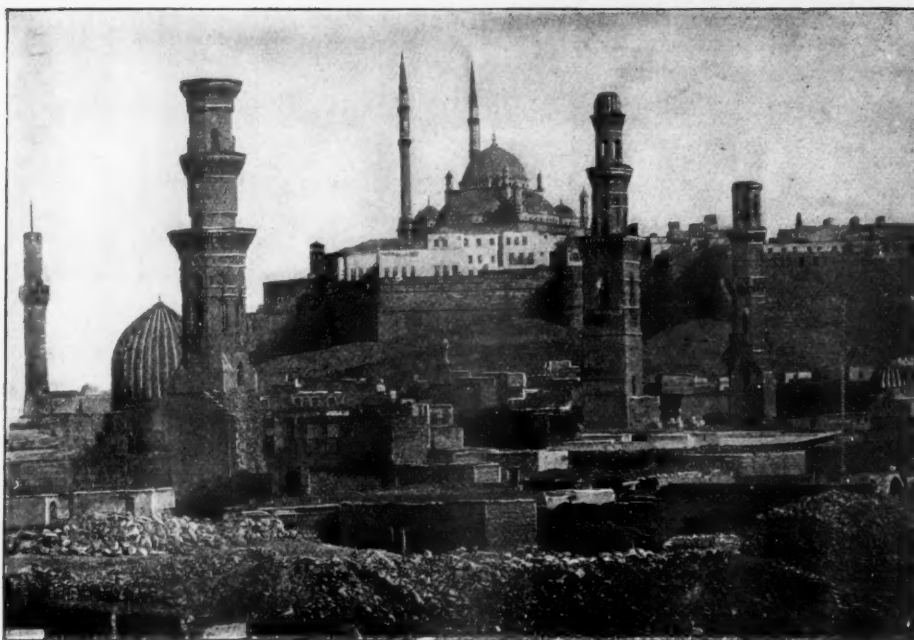
OVER THE PASTURE HILLS

From Clifton Johnson's "The Farmer's Boy." (Appleton.)



SWEDISH LIFE.

From Mrs. Baker's "Pictures of Swedish Life." (A. D. F. Randolph.)



CAIRO

From Mary T. Carpenter's "In Cairo and Jerusalem." (A. D. F. Randolph.)

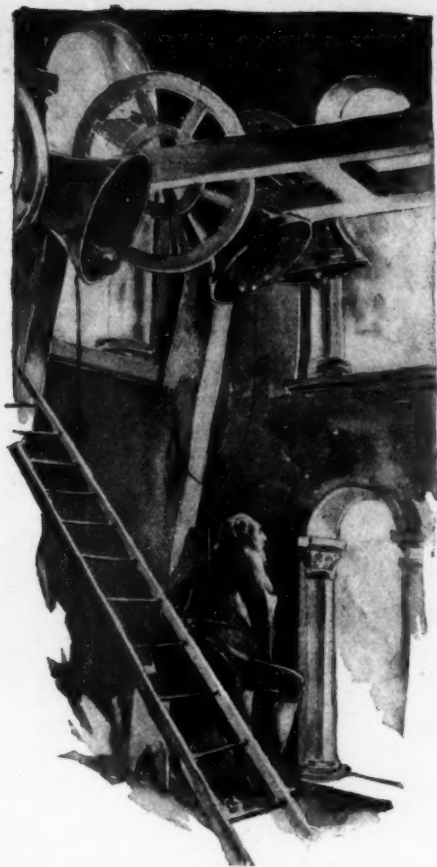


NEGRO DANCERS

From "The Land of the Sphinx." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

some curiosities of the day, some manifesto, a playbill or a document, which will illustrate his brilliant career. Any mention of his movements will make appropriate the scenes which he frequented, the chateaux of France, the vast parks where he loitered; his political life will give endless opportunity for the collection of portraits of his associates, his ministers, his councilors, his subjects; reference to his private life will open up opportunities for the use of a long list of pictures of those who graced his household, of his salons, and so on until the little volumes of text have blossomed into a rich network of rare illumination. The illustrator himself grows proportionately eager as the work advances. From crude beginnings and moderate zeal he finds the work more and more absorbing. It is easy to pass from the illustration of a single book to two books at a time, to four, to eight, ten, and even one hundred. Prints are then bought by wholesale. That which is not suitable for one text may meet the demands of another, or may be useful for exchange with a fellow collector. Ere he knows it, the modest pastime of the amateur has grown into a passion, and ends, as Kipling says the pie-eating habit does in New England, in a thorough debauch. Sometimes it grows to a positive mania. Indeed, there are instances where the entire lives of persons are given up to this one pursuit. It haunts them day and night, and, like the work of Sisyphus, it goes on forever. There is no saying that the last picture has been found, and the last addition made to any subject. It may thus become a bequest from one generation to another, and once more the oft-quoted passage of Scripture receives a qualified confirmation, that "of the making of (extended) books there is no end."

Your true collector is first of all a bibliophile. He may start as an amateur, but as his interest grows he looks with a displeasure, more and more pronounced, upon cheap, or as he would consider them, vulgar "pro-



From "Lowell's Poems." (F. A. Stokes.)



From "Distinctive Stories." (Putnam.)

cess" engravings. The lithograph (old), the steel engraving, the etching, rare prints in general are all of them available, to which may be added rare manuscripts, original drawings in pencil or pen and ink, photogravures, phototypes, and the higher class of modern reproductive processes. The photograph itself is not absolutely "taboo," but there are mechanical reasons why it is not desirable—its tendency to roll up or "crinkle" making it difficult to insert smoothly and evenly among the pages of the book. While such are the tastes and rules of the more fastidious, those who desire to follow the practice for their private amusement will find the common process prints of the day made in half-tone well worth preserving. They will contribute always to the enjoyment of the collector, if they do not add vastly to the market value of his material.

As an occupation for spare moments, a rainy day, or for the lingering hours of slow recovery from illness, extra illustrating furnishes at once a mild and instructive occupation. There is, indeed, hardly an individual who has not his favorite book upon which he can afford to lavish the very moderate extravagance of time and money which is required. Some books, however, are far more adaptable to the purpose than others. Histories of contemporary or olden art may be illuminated in the most extravagant way, while memoirs and histories will appeal again to another distinctive taste. The material for the work will be gathered everywhere and at all times. Contemporary magazines furnish a mass of good things from which useful matter and appropriate illustrations or explanatory texts can be extracted before they are consigned to the waste-basket. Newspaper



SUNDAY DRESS. DINAN

From "Little Journeys Abroad." (Joseph Knight.)

clippings will often illustrate a point, while the stores of the literary junkman, the portfolios of dealers in old prints will be examined with interest in search of objects desired. The enthusiast will not pause here. Chance will very soon bring him in contact with others in pursuit of similar material. He will learn that in this vast world nothing is new under the sun; that there are thousands like himself in hot pursuit of the very same much-coveted illustration, that there is a sort of fellowship between collectors, and that a most unselfish desire for mutual help binds them all together in a generous brotherhood.

When once this has been discovered many secrets of the art are learned. In general, the art of extra illustrating has reached a perfection which is quite astonishing. The novice who has culled here and there a little portfolio of pictures pauses and flounders about when it comes to fitting them nicely into the book itself. Some prints are too large, others too small. Mounted on boards they are too stiff. They put the volume all out of shape by their absolute unwieldiness. The expert in the art, however, has ways of overcoming all these little difficulties, and will present a finished volume in which the small prints have mysteriously grown in size, while pages with illustrations pasted, apparently, on them do not show any increase in thickness and lie as flatly and neatly as if a part of the original printed pages. To accomplish these ends the amateur has a recourse to a knowledge of bookbinding which used to be carefully guarded as a trade secret. Not the least astonishing of these clever devices is the capacity of the illustrator to "split" a sheet of paper printed on both sides into two sheets, each of which bears an imprint on one side only. The



From "Hypatia." (Copyright, 1894, by Harper & Brothers.)



THE WEALTHY CITIZEN'S DAUGHTERS ARRIVE AT CHURCH

"Van Tassel" Edition of Irving's "Sketch-Book." (Putnam.)

process is a simple one, though the finished thing seems little short of miraculous. A sheet of ordinary paper is not usually more than the one-hundredth part of an inch in thickness, yet such is the nature of the material that when carefully pasted between two pieces of cotton cloth the sheet can readily be separated, without injury to the print, into two halves, each of which will be as perfect as the original. The benefit derived from this splitting will be seen at once. When type is used as a backing to an illustration, especially upon thin paper, the ink of the printed side is apt to show through the engraving and to mar the purity of the lines. By splitting, this disagreeable background is wholly removed, the illustration assumes its true value, and when properly mounted upon a heavier sheet of paper has often the look of a clear India print. Again, the illustrator may desire to use an article from a newspaper which has turned over the page and is "backed," as it is termed. By "splitting" the two impressions can both be utilized, mounted, and made a part of the extended book. Still another of the devices adopted is that of "inserting" or framing articles or prints for insertion in the book. A small page or an engraving may thus have a margin put all around it which will enlarge it to any given size, and the point where margin and insertion are pasted together will hardly be noticed except by a quick and practiced eye. If the print is, say, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ inches all told, and it is desired to enlarge it into a page 5×8 inches, a sheet of paper 5×8 , and about the consistency and thickness of the insertion, is obtained. A square hole is then cut in the centre of it. This is about an eighth of an inch



"AFTER DINNER THE YOUNG FOLKS WOULD PLAY HIDE AND SEEK"

"Van Tassel" Edition of Irving's "Sketch-Book." (Putnam.)

smaller all round than the print itself, so that when the print is placed in the frame it will not fall through, but will lap over the larger sheet. The edges of this square opening are then carefully beveled with a binder's knife. The edges of the print are also beveled to correspond, and the print is carefully inserted and pasted along the beveled edge only. Print and margin are placed in a

lected in a portfolio set apart for their reception, an evening devoted to the task of preparing them will accomplish much, for then sheets may be cut, split, or mounted a dozen or twenty at a time. The only tools required are a straight-edge or steel ruler and a bookbinder's or cobbler's knife, some strong paste, and a press of some kind in which to press the sheets as they are prepared.

As to a choice of books from which to make selection for extra illustrating, individual tastes will govern the beginner. Some books are more readily illustrated than others, and much also depends on the special opportunities of certain collectors. He who is among authors



From "Thanatopsis." (F. A. Stokes)

press, and, when dry, the enlarged page is ready for insertion in the volume. The print now has all the appearance, if the frame has been carefully chosen, of having been printed on a sheet the full size of a book. If a printed page, instead of a print, is thus treated, it has the advantage of showing on both sides.

Possessed of a knowledge of splitting, inserting, and mounting, all of them arts which require patience, care, and neatness, the reader is in full possession of the requirements for extending or extra illustrating any character of book that he may wish to treat. The process may be summed up as follows: The book itself is first carefully taken to pieces. The cover is taken off, the stitching of the signatures drawn out, and the pages cut apart. The loose leaves are then gathered together in their order, between two cardboard covers for each new volume to be made, and in this shape the book lies upon the library shelf, and the additions to it are made as time and opportunity offer.

When a number of engravings or prints have been col-



From "Essays of Elia." (F. A. Stokes.)



"AS HE PASSED BY THE DOOR"

From Holmes's "The Last Leaf." (Houghton, Mifflin.)

will select a book like Taine's English Literature, while a resident of New York might find his best field in the selection of histories like Mrs. Lambs', Francis's, or Felix Old Boy's. Indeed, the most modest of volumes is not to be despised for this enlargement, provided it gratifies the taste of the illustrator. The familiarity with books which the pursuit entails is alone a source of profit, for there is rarely any part of a serious volume for which appropriate illustrations may not be found. Imagine Vasari's Lives of the Painters extended to one hundred volumes filled with portraits of all the great geniuses of art whom he wrote about, with contemporary prints of the landscape, architecture, and the customs of the time, and further enriched with good reproductions of every available picture that came from the brushes of these great old masters. The possession of such a volume would be a priceless one and an ornament to the library of the most fastidious.



The Art of Bookmaking to Date

Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne, whose name for years has been associated with all that is best and most refined in book-making, very generously gave the following live opinions on that art in an interview for Current Literature:—

"The tendency of the time now is to make readable type. The fashion for imitating copper-plate and lithographic effects is passing away. There is an increasing admiration for the strong bold types of early printing, of which a good exhibition is now being made at the Grolier Club. In short, printers are going back to first principles, and instead of trying to reproduce feminine delicacy, are striving to show masculine boldness.

"As to paper, the discovery of the art of making paper of wood pulp has done a great deal to cheapen the fab-

ric of newspapers, but has been of great damage to books. The paper used now in ordinary bookwork is not as good as that used forty years ago when we made paper from cotton and linen rags. The skill of paper makers is greater now than ever, but the quality of the average output is distinctly inferior. While news paper can be had for three cents a pound we have to pay from twelve to eighteen cents for book paper made of cotton or linen rags, and if we want to have hand-made paper chiefly in linen stock we must pay from thirty to sixty cents. The difficulties of doing good book presswork on ordinary low grades of paper cannot here be clearly explained, but they are great. Modern books are often printed on paper that may fall to pieces within a hundred years, so that the preservation of the literature of to-day is in danger.

"Regarding machinery: We have probably reached the culmination of invention in the use of fast machinery. I cannot see how machinery can be made any better or quicker than it is now. Rapid machines find their greatest use at present in the printing of long editions of books and in newspaper printing. Ordinary editions, however, have to be printed substantially by the methods and machinery that were in use forty years ago. Our machines are larger and better, but they cannot be made quicker.

"One of the auxiliary arts to printing is electrotyping, which has supplanted the older process of stereotyping.



ROSAMOND

From Tennyson's "Becket." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

This art sorely needs improvement. The electrotypes of cuts and types are fair copies, but are rarely exact copies of the originals. One of the greatest expenses of nice bookwork is the additional time a pressman has to give to the preparation of his form and to remedy the imperfections of the electrotpe process.

"A word about bookbinding. Modern cloth bindings are probably the cheapest and best bindings for books that have been invented, but the binding of pamphlets and magazines is still in an unsatisfactory condition. There is real need of some new method of holding the leaves of a pamphlet or book together securely, still allowing it to open flat. Our present method of wire stitching is cheap enough, strong enough, and rapid enough, but it makes unsatisfactory books.

"The prices of our modern books have not been, nor can they be, much reduced by machinery. The making of a book costs now for labor twice as much as it did in 1860, and yet the price of books is no higher. The price is kept down by the largely-reduced price of paper, and by improvements in the art of book-making in other directions. One of the greatest elements of cost in the ordinary book of small edition is that of typesetting and electrotyping. Book printers have not been able so far to derive any benefit from typesetting machines. Indeed, the greatest benefit derived from these machines seems to exist in the turning out of morning newspapers. I see little chance that typesetting machines will ever reduce the price of books, as the slight saving made in a quicker picking up of type is fully offset by the greater expense in other directions.

"In a recent address before a fine arts society in London, Mr. William Morris is credited with the assertion that the entire typographic art will be out of fashion in fifty years or one hundred years at the most. He did not state clearly what the supplanting process will be—probably photography or a combination of photography and shorthand.

"Now, as to the condition of the printing business. It is certainly anomalous. There has been a dreadful overproduction of books, not only here but abroad, and in Paris especially. There never was a time when more workmen were out of employment, yet never a time when skilled workmen were scarcer. The old-fashioned standard books are selling at miserably low prices, while



FAUST AND THE SPIRIT

From Goethe's "Faust." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

modern books in editions de luxe command enormous prices."

Speaking of book illustration Mr. De Vinne said in conclusion: "The greatest attractions in modern books are the illustrations. Since they have been cheapened by the photo-engraving processes, they have destroyed the old art of engraving on wood. It is not probable that photo-engraving will ever go out of fashion, but the time is coming, and is not far off, when the half-tone plate will be looked upon by the critical reader with quite as much contempt as a connoisseur in paintings looks upon the modern chromo."



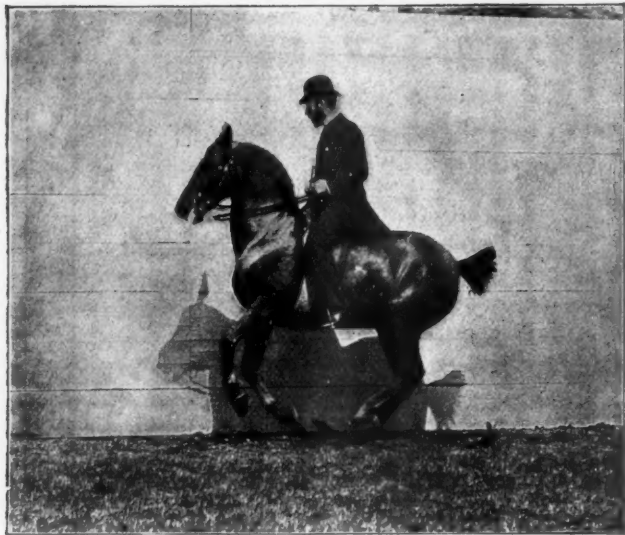
The Library Table: A Glimpse of Holiday Books

Book Printing, Etc.

Very considerable strides forward are to be noticed in the general art of book printing this year. There are fewer of the cheaply-printed books, which grew to be so abundant before the international copyright law took effect, and more in which fine press-work and good paper are to be found. A large, clear and legible type has been found to be desirable, while the tendency in popular works is to reduce as far as possible the size of the book page. So far as illustration goes, no new departures are common. The process prints are replacing the engraving



From "P'tit Matinée and other Monotones." (The Century Co.)



From "Curb, Snaffle and Spur." (Little, Brown & Co.)

more and more, the most successful results being obtained where the engraver's skill is used to touch up and accentuate the weaker parts of the process plate. The efforts to secure successful prints in color are emphasized in a very beautiful volume of sketches on Venice, by F. Hopkinson Smith, printed and published by the Coloritype Co. by subscription, but their plates, though but three primary colors are used, are still very difficult to produce, and as yet far from certain in their results. In bindings greater taste in design and color are to be noted. It is a rule now among publishers to give the designing of covers to artists of recognized ability. Their treatment is decorative and conventional as a rule, while new materials have been found which lend themselves readily to artistic cover treatment. In general, the tendency is to reproduce old and conventional forms, old styles of type having grown in favor and old wood engravings lending motifs to the designers of title pages and other illuminated parts of the text.

Memoirs and Biography

Notable among books of memoirs this year is the *Recollections of Edwin Booth*, by his daughter, Edwina Booth Grossman (The Century Co.). It contains but a short reminiscence, in the opening pages of the book, but is followed by letters from Booth to his daughter and others to his friends. Mrs. Grossman's reminiscences are enlivened with a number of anecdotes portraying Booth's character, and also descriptions of the great actor in his exemplary family life. This is further emphasized in the letters Booth wrote to his daughter. Their simplicity is delightful, and they are full of tenderness for his motherless child. The letters to his friends are addressed to Mrs. Richard F. Carey, Miss Emma Carey, Dr. Horace Furness, David C. Anderson, William Bispham, and others. They were written "on the road," at home, and finally from his quarters in the Players' Club, and give an insight into his life which his host of admirers and friends will welcome. The book is handsomely bound, and contains numerous portraits of the actor at different periods of his life.—*The Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson*, by William Winter (Macmillan), is a gathering of numerous fugitive essays contributed to various publica-

tions. Beside a life of the present actor, the Jefferson family and its remarkable aptitude for the stage through generations whose lives have nearly covered two centuries, are detailed in the opening chapter. Following this Mr. Winter's critical estimate of Joseph Jefferson's art is given in chapters upon Rip Van Winkle, Bob Acres, Dr. Pangloss, and Caleb Plummer.—*Reminiscences of a Portrait Painter*, by G. P. A. Healy (A. C. McClurg), contains the recollections of an American artist who enjoyed the somewhat unusual friendship, for an American, of a host of distinguished foreigners, including many crowned and coroneted heads. King Louis Philippe, whose portrait he painted in 1839, was the first of these, and Pope Pius IX. among the last. He was not unmindful of his own countrymen, however, and left portraits of Lincoln, Grant, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and many others. It would be interesting to know a full list of the distinguished persons who sat to him. It included certainly a very great number of those who have made the century famous. In his reminiscences the portraits of many are reproduced, but he was an indefatigable worker, his tireless industry having almost become a byword among other artists. His portraits were usually simple and straightforward, hardly to the taste of the new schools, but faithful likenesses executed with singular fidelity and ease. He was a fast friend of Thomas Couture, Liszt, and other geniuses, and his reminiscences of them, though brief, are thoroughly interesting.—*Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, by Austin Dobson (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is the second series from the critic's pen. It comprises twelve papers upon Swift's Journal to Stella, At Fuller's Head, Richardson at Home, Little Rouillac, Nivernais in England, The Topography of Humphrey Clinker, The Prisoner's Chaplain, Johnson's Library, The Two Paynes, The Berlin Hogarth, Lady Mary Cooke. Mr. Dobson's most charming narrative



From "Three of Us." (Copyright, 1894, by Hunt & Eaton.)

style is used throughout in a series of subjects which appeal with peculiar force to his personal fondness for the period in English literature preceding our own.—The Reign of Queen Anne, by Mrs. M. O. Oliphant (The Century Co.), is a sumptuous edition of the collected papers which have recently appeared in the magazine. The five chapters are devoted to the Princess Anne, the Queen and Duchess, the Author of Gulliver, the Author of Robinson Crusoe, and Addison, the Humorist. The book is illustrated with many portraits engraved on wood. These include the notables of the day, Addison, Steele, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and many others.

Reprints of the Season The volumes on the literary table which engage the reader's special attention at this season of the year, are those editions whose sumptuousness makes them peculiarly appropriate to the Christmas season. Among these there are hosts of reprints of standard works, of which nearly every publisher has a store. Thus the Appletons lavish especial care upon Dumas's Three Musketeers, to which they have secured the plates of the illustrations by Louis Leloir, which were brought out in Paris last year. The Harpers have expended their best energies upon Charles Kingsley's Hypatia. It is brought out in two volumes and is embellished with a host of marginal and text illustrations, which portray admirably the mystic Oriental tale.—No less than three reprints of Washington Irving's Sketch-Book are brought out this year. The



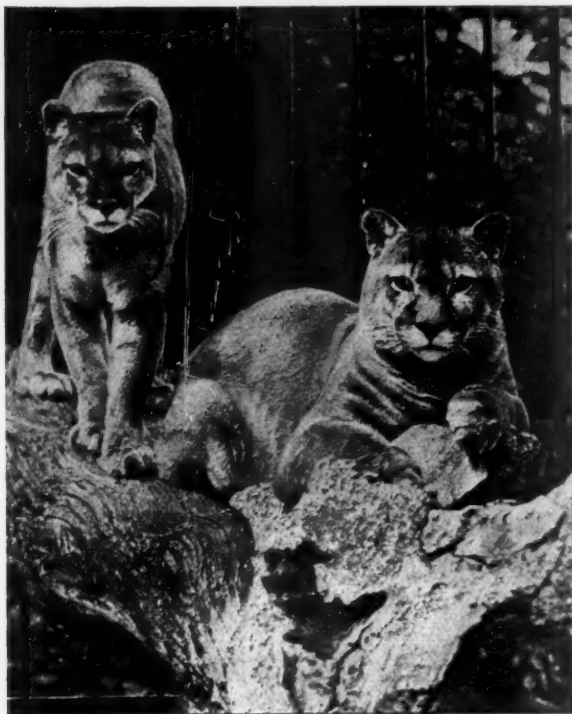
SNOW BIRDS

From "The Birds' Calendar." (Scribner.)



From "The Man who Married the Moon." Copyright.
(The Century Co.)

Putnams, who were its original publishers, have produced a particularly handsome volume uniform with the Van Tassel edition of the author's work. It is decorated throughout, on every page, with a printed border in green and red. The text is further illustrated by a number of special drawings, reproduced in photogravure and also by some of the original designs of Darley In Rip Van Winkle are several reproductions of photographs of Jefferson in his favorite character. The other reprints of the Sketch-Book are from the presses of T. Y. Crowell & Co., in one volume, illuminated with reproductions of the scenes depicted by the author, and of J. B. Lippincott & Co., in two handsome volumes which reproduce the old wood-cuts which illustrated the earlier productions of the work.—Irving's Alhambra and The Conquest of Granada, are also found in new editions. One, of two volumes, is brought out by David McKay. They are good examples of modern book making. Every foot of the Alhambra is ground made sacred to Americans by the magic of Irving's pen, while Granada, with its picturesque turrets and quaint gypsy air, has a flavor still of the days of the invading Moor.—Among the poetical works chosen for holiday editions is an excellent handy-size reproduction by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Oliver Wendell Holmes's Last Leaf. It is a new and smaller edition of the poem illustrated by Edwards and Hopkinson Smith several years ago. The same drawings are preserved, but a new preface by the author, written last summer, opens the volume. "I have lasted long enough," he wrote, "to serve as an illustration of my poem. I am one of the very last of the leaves that cling to the bough of life that budded in the spring of the Nineteenth Century." One among those Holmes referred to is William Cullen Bryant, whose complete poems are brought out in one volume by Frederick A. Stokes. This edition is made appropriate by the centennial anniversaries of the



THE PUMA

From J. H. Potter's "Wild Beasts." (Scribners.)

poet's birth, which have been celebrated in different parts of the country during the year. This edition is, we believe, the first one of his complete collected poems published in a single volume. The illustrations, from sketches by H. C. Edwards, are attractive; the type is clear and readable, and the volume of handy size.—A selection of poems by James Russell Lowell, with illustrations by

poems of Whittier, one in octavo form and one in smaller size for popular use.—To this list of reproductions we must add Sir Thomas Moore's *Utopia* (Merrill & Baker), a very attractive reprint, in small size, of Moore's imaginative and delightful narrative. It is quite as good to read in 1894, as when Moore sent the first sheets of it to his friend Erasmus to print—early in the sixteenth century. So, too, there is an endless charm in poring again over the inimitable pages of Charles Lamb, whose *Essays of Elia* (F. A. Stokes) are reproduced in a style to suit the modern taste for artistically decorated prints. One of the special merits of these editions is to be found in their small and readily handled size, their clear type and attractive illumination.—Among books that deal with the drama we may here note two reprints of interest from Dodd, Mead & Co. Goethe's *Faust*, translated by John Auster, a handsome edition of the great German's masterpiece, illuminated with numerous photogravure illustrations by Frank M. Gregory; and *Becket*, by Alfred Lord Tennyson, a sumptuous holiday edition of the poet's drama, illustrated with numerous sketches which have been studied from Henry Irving's stage setting of the work.—Among the standard historical works in new editions Lippincott brings out Thiers's *French Revolution*, in five volumes, and in uniform size the *History of the Consulate and Empire under Napoleon* in twelve volumes.—We should also include in this classification the charming diminutive edition of Shakespeare, the *Ariel* (G. P. Putnam's Sons), in which *The Comedy of Errors* and *As You Like It* have just appeared. This completes the set, which includes all the plays of the dramatist. In another of these sixteen-month editions, the *Collection of Masterpieces* series (F. A. Stokes), the *Thanatopsis* of Bryant and *Day Dreams* of Tennyson are reproduced with appropriate illustrations and dainty bindings.—A little volume, entitled *Pipe and Pouch*,



From Wallace Bruce's "Wayside Poems." (Copyright, 1894, Harper & Bro.)

E. M. Ashe (Stokes), is similar in treatment to some of the holiday volumes published by this house last year. The illustrations are profusely scattered through the text, are apt and decorative. While the text does not give Lowell's completed works, there is an abundant and representative selection of his more noted verses. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. reproduce two new editions of the

compiled by J. Knight (Knight & Co.), is a series of quotations ingeniously arranged and patiently gathered together for the joy and solace of tobacco users. It will surprise the reader to see how widely tobacco and smoking have engaged the attention of the greatest literary geniuses from the days of Raleigh to our own.—Cheiro's *Language of the Hand*, published by the palm-



From "The Drawings of C. D. Gibson." (Russell.)

ist himself, is a complete, practical work on the sciences of cheirognomy and cheiromancy, and contains the system, rules and interesting experiences of the author. It is illustrated with some two hundred engravings, besides reproductions of the hands of several famous people. Cheiro is a young, handsome Englishman, whose success in this direction has made palmistry a fad, if it is not, as he claims, a science. This book of Cheiro's is unquestionably the most honest and practical work on palmistry that has been published. (Published by the author).—Holland, by Edmondo de Amici (Porter & Coates), is from the translation by Miss Helen Zimmern. In the original Italian the observations of this acute and delightful raconteur have gone through no less than thirteen editions. The present volumes are sumptuously printed and bound, and are delightfully illustrated with photogravure reproductions of Dutch scenery, architecture and art, from photographs made especially for the book by Dr. Charles L. Mitchell. Another edition of de Amici's Holland is announced by Putnam.—Frederick Remington and Poultny Bigelow have collaborated as artist and author in the production of a volume, *The Borderland of the Czar and Kaiser* (Harper's), which is animated with many personal experiences and adventures.

Science and Natural History

The Meeting-Place of Geology and History, by Sir Wm. J. Dawson (Revell), aims to give the reader a clear survey of the relation geology bears to historical research. It leads one into the debatable ground connecting man with the earlier geological formations. The position the author holds is that there is no discoverable link which connects man with the lower animals that preceded him. He maintains that man was a new departure in creation; that we are returning once more to acknowledge the truth of facts in biblical history, like the Deluge, which have been held to be purely mythical, and that the Darwinian theory of evolution is not fully borne out by geological discovery.—**The Birds' Calendar**, by H. E. Parkhurst (Scribner), carries the reader through bird-land in the different months of the year. The author's purpose is to fill the gap existing between the technical volumes on the subject of birds and the purely literary volumes, which require a previous knowledge of the subject to be appreciated. In other words, it is a semi-scientific narrative about the birds most commonly met in our northern climates. The illustrations are particularly good. As a specimen of the author's style, the following exquisite paragraph is taken. In speaking of the arrival of the first humming bird in May, he writes: "An admirable creation from almost every point of view—as delicate as the cobweb that can cause its death, of such emotional intensity that even terror alone can quench its life, of ethereal mould and resplendent color, this tropical atom is, notwithstanding, lion-hearted to attack even a man in defense of its nest."—**The Birds About Us**, by Charles C. Abbott, M.D. (Lippincott), is a richly illustrated book designed for popular use in the study of birds and bird life. The author calls particular attention to the rapid extinction of birds, not alone by the deforesting of our land, but through the too free use of the shot-gun. "Birds," he says, "should be the wards of the general government, and not the property of the individual upon whose land they happen for the time being to tarry. This, doubtless, will never be brought about, and unless a very radical change



From "Toinette's Philip." (The Century Co.)



Title Page. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

takes place in the mind of the community, the great bulk of bird-life will soon be a thing of the past, and, when too late, the agricultural interests will awake to the fact that the birds are better friends than they supposed."—*Curb, Snaffle and Spur*, by E. L. Anderson (Little, Brown & Co.), deals with the rearing and imparting of instruction to such horses as are designed for general use under the saddle. The author's familiarity with the subject was made manifest in an earlier volume upon *Modern Horsemanship*. That was devoted to the subject in general. The present volume gives all the methods to be pursued in schooling the animal, in giving it a good mouth, in teaching it to obey the word of command, to be bridle-wise, and to behave himself in general. It is illustrated with a number of photographic poses taken from nature.—*Wild Beasts*, by J. Hampden Potter (Scribner), is full of fascinating reading to the naturalist as well as to the mere lover of sports, adventure or romance. The author's familiarity with the elephant, the tiger, the puma, the wolf and bear bring the reader in contact with a thousand interesting facts, spirited encounters, and fine stories of the chase. There are some particularly good passages upon the methods of defense used by different beasts, their ways of attack, and their general deportment toward their enemy, man. Of the puma, he writes that it cannot be subdued or domesticated. This he tried with a cub, but to the last the beast remained in full possession of all his fiercest instincts. The volume is

illustrated with numerous snap-shot pictures of animals taken in captivity.

Art Books

Schools and Masters of Sculpture, by A. G. Radcliffe (Appleton), presents a very complete survey of the history of the art down to and including the sculpture of the present day. After an analysis of the art of Assyria, Greece and classic nations in general, of the Renaissance and of Oriental Art, the author devotes considerable space to the achievements of modern nations. He finds the French to be the modern leaders both by tradition and proclivity. Their sensuousness, their feeling for form allies them to the Greeks. In the modern Americans he also finds great sculptural promise, giving special emphasis to the masterly, though hasty and ephemeral, statues designed as decorations for the World's Fair. The book is instructive and interesting.—*Child-Life in Art*, by Estelle M. Hurl (Knight & Co.), is a pleasing volume which aims to familiarize the reader with the achievements of the great painters of old and modern times in the delineation of children. Such a book lends itself admirably to illustrations as a moment of reflection will convince the reader. From the oldest time, when the Christ-child was first introduced in art, the artless face of youth has been one of the fascinations of great painters. None knew better than they how to depict its innocence and freshness.—*The Woman's Book* (Scribner) comprises, in two very sumptuous volumes, a series of eleven essays upon occupations for women: Women in Business Affairs, Principles of Housekeeping, Society, the Art of Dress, Dress from a Practical Standpoint, Hygiene in the Home, the Training of Children, Books and Reading, the Education of Women and the Art of Travel, Home Building, Gardening, Decoration and so on. Each of these is written by an authority upon the question discussed. Miss Bisland writes of Travel, Lyman Abbot of Education, Dr. J. West Roosevelt of Hygiene, Miss Wiggin about the Rearing of Children and so on. Brought out with a profuse utilization of colored plates and illustrations, the volumes form a sort of a climax to the domestic columns of the Sunday newspaper. They preserve in quite royal shape recipes of a most



From "Timothy's Quest." (Houghton, Mifflin.)

practical kind and a good deal also of interesting information about the industrial capacities and possible earnings of women, the price of a country-house, methods by which one's surroundings may be made both artistic and inexpensive, a list of useful books and kindred information.—*The Farmer's Boy*, written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson (Appleton), is a successor to the same author's *Country School*, and his *Views of New England*, in both of which the artistic photograph from nature plays an all-important part. The New England boy is followed through the seasons in a series of pen-pictures and with snap-shots from an excellent camera. He is a typical boy, and has been caught at a hundred tricks, games and occupations which will recall to older ones the careless hours of childhood. We see him at leap-frog with his fellows, struggling along the bank of a picturesque stream after fish, making willow whistles on a haymow, following cattle to pasture along a pretty highway, in moments of idleness waiting for the dinner-hour, wading through the streams or going chestnutting through the yellow pastures.—*Drawings*, by Charles Dana Gibson (Russell), is a collection of thirty-six drawings by the inventor—as the artist has been called—of the American girl. Mr. Gibson has for years brightened the pages of *Life* with vigorous drawings of American character; with clever sarcasms deriding the follies of the day, and even with political cartoons, one or two of which have been added to the volume. The latter were among his earlier contributions. His more recent work has grown in boldness, but leaves his interpretation of the modern American girl as inapproachable as ever. Her face is typical, her grace and beauty, even in cartoons intended to satirize her weaknesses, always do her justice. It is thus that she appears in the *Lenten Confessions*, one of the simplest and most telling of the character-sketches herein preserved.

Short Stories

The short prose tale is somehow peculiarly associated with the Christmas season, yet, with the exception of some stories reprinted from the magazines, there is little that is new or specially appropriate. One small volume of tales, however, which has not previously appeared in America and is likely to attract attention, is by Louis Becke, called *By Reef and Calm* (J. B. Lippincott). The stories are the scattered product of the pen of a genuine rover—not always polite or refined, indeed, sometimes highly immoral, but none the less vigorous, true and full of quick movement. Louis Becke, the author, is a



From "*The Forest Laugh*." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

young Australian by birth, but by instinct an adventurous traveller, and, by profession, a trader in the South Sea Islands. His stories are quite remarkable pictures of modern life in the Pacific. They are tragic, as a rule, and excessively frank dealing with the free love that exists between the whites and the Polynesians. His method is to present a series of pictures, often leaving much to the reader to supply, but never leaving him in doubt as to what should fill the intervals. The



DANCING DERVISH

From "*The Land of the Sphinx*." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

result is a rapid movement, terseness of diction and strong dramatic opportunities, of which he knows thoroughly well the use. The stories are many of them glib, the characters at times despicable, but the whole done with consummate ability.—*The Bell-Ringer of Angels and Other Stories* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a collection of Bret Harte's latest tales, most of which have appeared in various journals and magazines. Some of these stories, as in the one which gives its name to the volume, take us back to the familiar banks of the Stanislaus river and the society of Mr. Jack Hamlin. But then again, in *Young Robin Grey* and *A Rose of Glenbogie*, we are transported to Scotland, and have a chance to view her people through the eyes of an American consul. Something of Mr. Harte's earlier inspiration and spontaneity may have vanished forever, but surely he will be to the end a writer of clever and readable tales.—*P'tit Matin* and *Other Monotones*, by G. W. Edwards (The Century), is a diminutive collection of stories written and illustrated by the same hand. Those who recall the charming *Thumb-nail Sketches*, which made their appearance last year, will welcome this continuation of them. Daintily bound and charmingly illustrated, they also recall the little series of gems brought out so charmingly in Paris by Guillaume. The stories are chiefly of the Nova Scotian Coast, to which some reminiscences of Holland have been added.—*Writing to Rosina*, by W. H. Bishop (The Century Co.), is another novelette, published in small and dainty form. It tells of the difficulties arising from the employment of an

amanuensis in conducting a love correspondence, a way of doing which is not without interesting complications. —At the Ghost Hour, by Paul Heyse (Dodd, Mead), is a series of four tales—The Fair Abigail, The Forest Laugh, Mid-day Magic, and The House of the Unbelieving Thomas—printed in four small volumes from translations by Frances A. Van Santford.—The romance of modern surgery, its miraculous cures and possibilities, is the basis of a collection of stories by L. T. Meade, called Stories from the Diary of a Doctor (Lippincott).—Among other volumes of short stories are The Burial of the Guns, Thomas Nelson Page (Scribners); Margaret Arnold's Christmas, by Mary D. Brine (Dutton); Lillian Morris, by Henry K. Sienkiewicz (Little, Brown); Marie, by the author of Captain January; Miss Laura E. Richards (Estes & Lauriat), The Young King and the Star Child, by Oscar Wilde (Joseph Knight).

Juvenile Books

No more painstaking efforts are taken in the production of beautiful books for children than by the Frederick A. Stokes Co., whose Children of Colonial Days is a series of exquisite lithographic reproductions of the children of our forefathers by Percy Moran. The little ones are shown busying themselves with the harpsicord, the spinning-wheel, the minuet, and with the pastimes then prevalent. Miss Maud Humphrey illustrates for the same publisher a Treasury of Stories, Jingles and Rhymes in black and white.—Lippincott publishes this year an excellent edition of Tales from Hans Anderson. Anderson is a perennial joy to the young, and amid changes of fashion in letters he still holds the heart and imagination of the wondering child by his inimitable fairy tales. The present edition includes The Darning Needle, The Storks, The Prince in Disguise, and most of the more popular of Anderson's stories, the translation adopted being that of Madame de Chatelain. The illustrations, by Lemann, are mostly in outline and constitute the novel and distinctive feature of the edition.—The Man who Married the Moon, by Charles F. Lummis (The Century Co.), contains some thirty stories for young readers, which the author has gathered from the Pueblo Indians. They comprise parts of the folk-lore of the interesting people of whom Mr. Lummis has written such graphic tales of travel and adventure. There is a resemblance between these stories and the "Jungle" fancies of Kipling which the reader cannot fail to note, for the wolf, badger, and coyote play no inconsiderable part in the various dramas under the guise of persons and with the names by which they are known in their native fastnesses.—The Butterfly Hunters in the Caribbees, by Eugene Murray-Aaron (Scribners), though nominally a story for youthful readers, and describing the adventures of two lads and their mentor in the islands of the Caribbean Seas, should have considerable interest for the general public as well. The author, Dr. Murray-Aaron, whose own experiences and note-book as an exploring naturalist and curator of entomology in museums have been largely drawn on, is well equipped for a much more serious work than the one under consideration. But as there is abundance of incident and humor in the story, this fact will not damage it for the youthful reader, and should commend it more strongly to those desiring information concerning the fauna and flora of these islands. It may be noted that a considerable part of one of the chapters has already appeared in Short

Stories under the title of A Night Among the Jumbies.—Decatur and Somers, by M. Elliot Seawell (D. Appleton & Co.). Among the innumerable books published for the benefit of the youth of America, none are more deserving of success than those commemorating the brave deeds of the officers and men of the United States Navy. Although many of the incidents and some of the characters in the story are fictitious, it gives a spirited account of the war with Tripoli, and presents anew the dramatic scene which shows the lost Philadelphia given to the torch, and ends with the death of the heroic Somers and his companions.—The Land of Pluck, by Mary Mapes Dodge (The Century Co.), is a collection of stories and sketches the scenes of which are laid in Holland. The author's first volume, which dealt with Dutch life, Hans Brinker, is said to have been written before the author ever went there; yet it has become a popular child's story in Holland, having been translated into Dutch. The present volume has been written after the author had visited the land of windmills and high art, and contains many delightful descriptions of the people in their homes and amid their domestic surroundings.—A Farm in Fairyland, by Laurence Housman (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a product of the times—a thoroughly equipped return to old styles in printing, in illustration and in design. It seems a little incongruous to find modern colloquialisms in so truly antique a setting, but the old is the order of the day, and there is nothing in this work that flavors more of the real antique than the pen drawings made in imitation of old wood-cuts. The imitation extends even to the spirit of them.—The series of Youthful Travels, written by Thomas W. Knox, is supplemented this year by the adventures of two boys in Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Greece and Turkey, called The Boy Travellers in the Levant (Harper & Brothers).—Toniette's Philip, by Mrs. C. V. Jamison (Century), originally appeared in St. Nicholas as a serial. It is an admirable child's story whose scenery shifts from the picturesque French quarter of New Orleans to New York, where, as a flower seller, the hero of the story encounters various pathetic adventures.—Another popular writer for St. Nicholas, Tudor Jenks, is the author of two other volumes for children from the Century Press—Imaginations, which is a series of fanciful tales, grotesquely illustrated, and The Century Book for Young Americans, the story of our government, with all its ramifications, told in an attractive way for the young.—Among other juvenile publications which fill the table at this season we mention the following: Sailor Jack, the Trader, by Harry Castlemond (Porter & Coates); The Lost Army, by Thomas W. Knox (The Merriam Co.); A Family Dilemma, by Lucy C. Lillie (Porter & Coates); The Castle of the Carpathians, by Jules Verne (The Merriam Co.); The Captain's Boat, by W. O. Stoddard (The Merriam Co.); Two Girls, by Amy E. Blanchard, and The Double Emperor, by W. Laird Clowes (both by J. B. Lippincott & Co.); Timothy's Quest, a story for anybody, young or old, who cares to read it, is by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); The Patient Schoolmaster, by Hezekiah Butterworth (Appleton), is an historical romance for the young, detailing adventures of minute-men and Sons of Liberty during the war for independence; Corn Flower Stories and Gala Day Books are two series of volumes of short stories from the press of Hunt & Eaton.

THE ORIGIN OF GAMES: EVOLUTION OF PLAY*

BY STEWART CULIN

Who would suppose that playing-cards were originally derived from the knuckle-bones of sheep? Yet such is the fact. The so-called knuckle-bones are familiar enough, being used to this day by children in various parts of the world. They are the ankle-bones of the sheep, and are four-sided. It seems odd to find that dice in Arabic are called by a name that means ankle-bones. Nobody knows how long ago they were first employed for playing games. One day it occurred to somebody that a cube was better adapted to the purpose. That must have happened in very ancient times, for the Romans of old had dice which were just like our own, even to the arrangement of the numbers on the faces—i. e., the six opposite the one, the five opposite the two, and the four opposite the three. It will be observed that the sum of any two opposite numbers is always seven. This may have something to do with the fact that seven used to be regarded as a magical number. Of the respect accorded to it there is evidence in many passages of the Bible. The most ancient cubical die known dates back to 600 B. C.—that is, 2,500 years ago. It was found at Naucratus, a Greek colony in Egypt. The earliest dice were made in pairs, rights and lefts, like knuckle-bones, one of which was always from the right leg and the other from the left leg of the animal. Two dice were usually employed, because there were two knuckle-bones. Mr. Culin says that dice probably originated in India. From that country they were carried to China, whence they have been distributed all over the world. The Chinese are great gamblers; they invented a modification of the dice, which is called the domino. Put two dice faces side by side and you have a domino. Dominoes are said to have been devised in the year 1120 of the Christian era by a Chinese emperor for the amusement of his wives.

As there are twenty-one possible throws with two dice, so twenty-one dominoes may be regarded as natural dominoes. However, the Chinese have doubled up some of the numbers so as to make a full set for playing thirty-two in all. All over Eastern Asia the customary outfit of dominoes is thirty-two. Our dominoes, obtained by way of Europe, are only twenty-eight and are modified by the introduction of blanks. The domino game of Europe and America is the match game. It is played in China, but is an unimportant one among the many Chinese games of dominoes. The Chinese domino games are all of them dice games elaborated. Dominoes are also used in China, like dice, for fortune telling. That system of divination has an extensive literature of its own. The Chinese dominoes all have astrological names.

In China cosmical names are given to the numbers on the dice. Six is the throw of heaven, ace is the throw of earth, four is the throw of man, while one and three are chosen to represent the harmony that unites heaven, earth and man. The throw of double five is called the "plum flower," five and six is the "tiger's head," four and six is "red-head ten," one and six is "long-legged seven," and one and five is "red-mallet six." These terms remind one of those given by negroes to

various throws at the game of "craps." On Chinese dice the "one" and "four" are always red, while the dots on the other faces are black. Mr. Culin cannot assign any reason for this with certainty. There is a legend to the effect that on one occasion an emperor of the Ming dynasty was almost defeated in a game by his queen. The only possibility for him to win was that the dice should turn up "fours." They did so, and he was so gratified that from that time forth the "fours" on all dice were marked in red.

Many games are played in China on boards and diagrams, the moves being thrown by throwing dice. In one of these, called the "table of the promotion of officials," a large sheet of paper is used, on which are printed the titles of various officials and dignitaries of the Chinese government. Players are advanced or set back according to their throws. The story told about the invention of this game is that the Emperor Kienling, A.D. 1750, was walking at nightfall among the houses occupied by candidates for a triennial examination at Peking. Hearing the sound of dice-throwing in one of the dwellings, he sent for the offender. The latter, as an excuse, told the monarch that he had constructed a chart on which were written the titles belonging to all the official positions in the government. He said that he and his friends threw dice, traversed the board according to their throws, and were thus impressed with the knowledge of the various ranks and steps leading to official advancement. The emperor commanded him to bring the chart for his inspection. That night the unfortunate student, whose excuse was a fiction created on the spur of the moment, sat pencil in hand until daybreak and made a chart, which he carried to the emperor. The latter was pleased with the diligence of the scholar, who improved his mind even while amusing himself, and dismissed him with many commendations.

Take an ordinary domino of bone or wood, enlarge it, make it of paper, and it becomes a playing card. Mr. Culin's study of the subject has led him to the conclusion that this is the way in which the playing-card was originally evolved. The evolution began with the knuckle-bone, which became a cubical die; the latter was transformed into a domino, and the domino, in its turn, was metamorphosed into a card. A domino with two "fives" on it represents the "tenspot" of the pack. The origin of "king," "queen" and "jack" is unknown. Possibly a little light may be thrown upon the mystery by the fact that the four sides of the knuckle-bone are called in Arabic the "shah," "vizier," "peasant" and "slave." The same names are given to the numbers on the cubical die, the six being the "shah." One of the games played with dominoes in China is apparently the prototype of whist. Nobody knows when dominoes and cards were introduced into Europe. Mr. Culin says "that there are no new games; those brought out from year to year are merely modifications of old ones. Games are originated in primitive stages of social development. One would naturally suppose that the spinning die, called the 'teetotem,' must be derived from the same original source as the cubical die. I have traced the teetotem to Corea, where it had its beginning.

* Washington Post.

THE SONNET: A CLUSTER OF BRILLIANTS

A Touch of Frost.....Harrison S. Morris.....Madonna (Lippincott)

But yesterday the leaves, the tepid rills,
The muddy furrows, wore a summer haze;
The cattle rested from the yellow rays,
Bough-cool and careless of the piping bills.
No breath, no omen of the far-off ills
Shuddered the air. To-day the hardened ways
Lie drifted with the dead of summer days;
The year lies sheaved upon the autumnal hills!
There, in the sunburnt stacks the beauty sleeps
Of beam and shower, dawn, and silver dew,
Whisper of woody dusk, and upward deeps
Of moonlight when the air is crystal blue.
The bending farmer gathers into heaps
A harvest with the summer woven through.

The Inner Life....George Santayana....Sonnets (Stone & Kimball)

There may be chaos still around the world,
This little world that in my thinking lies;
For mine own bosom is the paradise
Where all my life's fair visions are unfurled.
Within my nature's shell I slumber curled,
Unmindful of the changing outer skies,
Where now, perchance, some new-born Eros flies,
Or some old Chronos from his throne is hurled.
I heed them not; or if the subtle night
Haunt me with deities I never saw,
I soon mine eyelid's drowsy curtain draw
To hide their myriad faces from my sight.
They threat in vain; the whirlwind cannot awe
A happy snowflake dancing in the flaw.

Love.....Henry Timrod.....Poems

Most men know love but as a part of life;
They hide it in some corner of the breast,
Even from themselves; and only when they rest
In the brief pauses of that daily strife,
Wherewith the world might else be not so rife,
They draw it forth (as one draws forth a toy
To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting boy)
And hold it up to sister, child, or wife.
Ah me! why may not love and life be one?
Why walk we thus alone, when by our side,
Love, like a visible God, might be our guide?
How would the marts grow noble, and the street,
Worn like a dungeon floor by weary feet,
Seem then a golden court-way of the sun!

Storm-Voices.....Archibald Lampman.....Century

The night grows old; again and yet again
The tempest wakens round the whistling height,
And all the winds like loosened hounds take flight
With bay and halloo, and the wintry rain
Sweeps the drenched roof, and blears the narrow pane.
There is a surging horror in the night;
The woods far out are roaring in their might;
The curtains sway; the rafters creak and strain.
And, as I dream, o'er all my spirit swims
A passion sad and holy as the tomb;
Strange human voices cry into mine ear;
Out of the vexed dark I seem to hear
Vast organ thunders, and a burst of hymns
That swell and soar in some cathedral gloom.

Oblivion.....Francis S. Saltus.....The Bayadere (Putnam)

Far in far Colorado's cañoned gloom,
Girt by the shadow of Titanic trees,
Swept by the swift and eagle-haunted breeze,
There stands a desolate and forgotten tomb.
No hunter knows the dead one's name or doom;
No soul to garland it has passed the seas;
It lies there one of earth's sad mysteries.
Where cougars crawl, where weeds and nettle bloom,
The bounding bison trample on the stone,
The tempests lull the unknown form to rest.
Unconsecrated, friendless, and unblest,
It stands until the end of time, alone.
Such is the oblivion that I fain would win
When death relieves me of this life of sin.

Before Sleeping.....Caryl Battersby.....Good Words

Now is the dead of night, and I must sleep;
But first, my soul, if thou dost aught recall
Wherein thou hast done ill, I bid thee weep,
And pray God's tender mercy on thee fall;
Purge thyself clean and of whatso bitter hate
Thou hast for them that wrong thee; sink thy pride,
Nor deem thou standest in a higher state
Than those whom God thy happier chance denied.
Be all for heaven; think life draws near the close;
Give to repentance thy last conscious breath;
For more and more this mortal weakness grows
That pledges thee to take the form of death,
And sleep a while. What if in dreams the door
Of life should shut, and thou return no more?

Cæsar's Ghost..Eugene Lee Hamilton..Sonnets of the Wingless Hours

In that sharp war where Cæsar's slayers died,
There was a moment when it seemed decreed,
As sank the sun blood-red in clumps of reed,
That victory should take the guilty side;
But just as they were winning far and wide,
The ghost of Cæsar on a phantom steed
Bore down on Cassius with a soundless speed,
And with a sword of shadow turned the tide.
I think that in Life's battle, now and then,
The ghost of some high impulse or great plan,
Which they have murdered, may appear to men,
And, like the shade of Cæsar, check the van
Of their success, though odds be one to ten,
And cow their soul, as only phantoms can.

CompensationLouis A. Robertson.....San Francisco Examiner

Yea, though these trembling limbs should cease to bear
The drooping body that they now uphold;
Though life's faint flame should flicker many a year,
And keep this breathing corpse above the mould;
Though I should be of everything bereft,
By friends forsaken, helpless and forlorn,
Methinks as long as life itself were left,
All things, but one, could patiently be borne.
I would not bid the lurking spoiler stay
His lifted hand, if I should live to see
Thy face, at last, in coldness turn away,
Thy dear familiar lips grow strange to me,—
For when, with tender touch, my own they greet,
Pain is not pain, and sorrow is most sweet.

THE NEW SOLAROMETER: A RIVAL TO THE COMPASS*

An instrument that will, in large measure, revolutionize navigation, has just been constructed in Washington, and will shortly be placed on board one of the steamers of the North German Lloyd line for a final practical test on deep water. The instrument is the solarometer, and its inventor is Lieutenant W. H. Beehler of the Navy, who has been at work on the device for the past six years. It has been tried on shipboard and given good results without adequate protection from atmospheric influences, and the present trip which Lieutenant Beehler will make to Europe is authorized by the Secretary of the Navy, and it is thought, with the new housings of the instrument, will finally establish its usefulness in practical service. The solarometer is really the first practical improvement over the compass and sextant that has been made in the past three hundred years, and it comes at a time when some improvement over these old and unsatisfactory methods was becoming absolutely imperative. A technical description of the instrument is impossible, but it is sufficient to say that by an arrangement of polar and zenith circles on which are mounted a moving telescope, the ship's position and true time may be ascertained from an observation of the sun or of any bright star, at any hour of the day or night.

As the case now stands and has stood for generations, absolute astronomical determinations of a vessel's positions at sea are made by means of the sextant only. Altitudes of the sun or other heavenly bodies are measured with this instrument, and from these observations the observer's latitude and longitude are deducted by elaborate logarithmic calculations. For longitude observations the body observed must be near the horizon, while for latitude observations it must be near the zenith. These conditions can rarely be obtained by a star, and the sun is often obscured for days just at the times when observations would be possible with the sextant. With a careful account of a ship's run over a well-known track at a regular rate of speed, and with carefully adjusted compasses, it is possible for an experienced captain to estimate his position with some degree of accuracy. If the sun were obscured for one day only, it might be possible to ascertain his position within a circle of twenty miles in diameter, but if the sun be obscured for several days, there is little dependence to be placed on a dead reckoning. This is especially so of the modern iron and steel ships, in which the compasses, without frequent comparison and adjustment to some known standard, are absolutely worthless. In an east and west run of a day or two an iron cruiser will be so affected by the polarization from the earth's currents that the compasses will swing out even of the line of calculated error, and when the ship's course is changed will be found to be utterly valueless.

The solarometer is designed to obviate all this trouble, for it not only determines the ship's position at any time when the sun or a star is visible, but the same simple observation suffices to fix the compass's error to a certainty. The instrument is a delicate and beautiful piece of work. It is now in the yard of Saegmuller's instrument shops, where it has been visited by many

naval officers and practical navigators, who have expressed great satisfaction at the ease and certainty with which they were enabled to locate the latitude and longitude of Mr. Saegmuller's back door. It is encased in a little sheet-iron house, like the conning tower on a torpedo-boat. This tower has a revolving cupola, with a sliding door to afford wind protection. To compensate for the rolling of the ship, the instrument is mounted on a very ingenious stand. A great iron, porcelain-lined kettle is swung on gimbals, like a ship's compass, and inside this floats another spherical kettle, filled with mercury, in which floats the third kettle, which bears the solarometer.

The gross disturbance from the pitching of the ship is taken up by the gimbals, while the two remaining floating shells in the mercury reduce the instrument to a dead level in spite of the wildest rolling and pitching, the only limit to observations being the observer's power to keep his feet and keep his eye on the telescope. The telescope is a tiny affair, not more than three inches long, and for night observations the cross hairs are illuminated by tiny incandescent lights. The telescope is so mounted on its slides that its movement will be in the same plane as the path of the heavenly body, being observed from rising to setting, when adjusted to the observer's latitude and the declination of the body as given in the Nautical Almanac. The almanac has the position of a heavenly body on a circle that passes through the pole, and the azimuth tables give the position of the same body on a circle that passes through the zenith. The solarometer has two graduated circles corresponding to the pole and zenith, with the telescope fixed at their intersection. The graduated circles are furnished with verniers, so that when a heavenly body is caught on the cross-hairs of the telescope, and the instant of the observation noted on the Greenwich time chronometer, it is easy to work backward from the tables, and knowing the position of the body with reference to the graduated circles, to find the exact position of the ship.

The solarometer is not a cheap instrument, one costing about \$1,000 in labor and material alone, but this is a mere nothing compared to the loss of life and property that will be prevented by its adoption. The United States Hydrographic Office recently published a wreck chart, on which it stated that there is an annual loss of 2,172 vessels, with 12,000 lives, and a money value of \$100,000,000. From a careful estimate of the causes of this loss, it is safe to ascribe at least 10 per cent. to bad navigation, which an instrument like the solarometer in general use would have obviated. Ten per cent. of the total loss means, as has been stated, over 200 vessels, 1,000 lives, and \$10,000,000 of property. The value of the instrument, however, is not confined to the determination of a vessel's exact position and compass error at all hours of the day or night, whenever anything can be seen in the sky, but this accurate result incidentally enables vessels to steer in exact great circle routes, and keep the adopted trans-oceanic routes with the certainty of a railroad train. Time, coal and money will be saved by enabling steamers to keep on the most direct and shortest routes to their port.

* Washington Post.

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

Plants That March To Conquer.....To-Day

We long ago called attention to the fact that the Eastern plants of America were marching westward across the continent, keeping step with the advance of human settlement, and conquering the native plants as they proceeded. It was predicted that in time there would be a return of the western plants sweeping eastward and overcoming their conquerors, and it is noted that that return seems already to have begun. At present Australia presents perhaps the best example of this spreading and conquering tendency of those plants that follow the advance of man. The weeds that have found their way from Europe to Australia are crowding out the native weeds in many places, and especially in the more fertile lands. In some of the more rocky soils the native plants have the advantage in the contest. A curious fact brought out by observation in Australia is that some imported plants, particularly ornamental garden varieties, cling to the neighborhood of their human friends as if they felt themselves to be strangers in a strange land, needing protection. Although they spring up vigorously within the limits of the gardens, self-sown, year after year, yet they never gain any footing outside. But the Scotch thistle does not show itself so timid. It has been introduced into both Australia and Tasmania—in the latter island, it is said, by an enthusiastic Scotchman, who wished to see his national flower blooming around him on the other side of the earth, and it has taken advantage of its opportunities without fear and without favor.

Bark Forests and Bark Peeling.....In Michigan.....Hide and Leather

Of the thousands of persons who manufacture and cut up leather, very few have seen or know anything of the methods of peeling bark. For many years attention has been called to the general decrease in the supply of hemlock bark. The consumption of bark, however, for manufacturing upper leather has declined considerably. Much excellent upper leather is being made to-day by the aid of chemicals and tanning materials other than bark. Heavy leathers for sole, harness and belting purposes, are still tanned entirely by bark.

The writer was recently in northern Michigan, which is famous for its hemlock bark. There are vast forests of stately hemlock trees in Michigan. The season for bark cutting runs from May to the end of July, as the bark can only be stripped when the trees are in full sap. With the coming of cooler weather, the bark clings closely to the tree, and peeling is therefore ended for the year. A forest is a wonderful symposium of life and death, beginning and ending. Mingled with the tall, strong trees are the prostrate forms of fallen monarchs stricken by lightning, or destroyed by accidents or insects. Too often a charred clearing, an ominous black streak, tells the sad story of forest fires, of valuable property at the mercy of remorseless flames. Over the burnt and disfigured pathway springs a living carpet of green forest life, as if nature wished to hide the shame of the destruction.

Nature is very kind. Over trees that find a grave in the rich, leafy loam of the forest, a soft covering of green moss gradually covers the fallen dead. Around,

in wild profusion, young trees and ferns grow luxuriantly. Overhead, leaves of all sizes, in beautiful shades of green, form a lofty canopy or bower, softly waved and ruffled by passing breezes. As the forests are only penetrated by narrow paths, and occasional wagon roads, a dense growth is constantly taking place. Here, however, the Darwinian law is seen in its full significance. Only the strongest and fittest of the young trees come to maturity. The competition to live is keen and constant. But if all the new shoots survived there would not be air or light enough to nourish them. For the convenience of the loggers and bark peelers, log cabins are frequently constructed in the woods, as too much time would be consumed in leaving the forests for the nearest settlements. The men seem to enjoy their somewhat isolated existence. They are part and parcel of the life and energy of the woods. The downfall of the kings of the forest is a pathetic sight. Trees that have taken many long years to come to maturity are felled in a few minutes. The men select a tree, and carefully measure and strip four feet of bark from its root. After noting the incline of the tree and the way it will naturally fall, a large notch is cut on the inclined side. Two men work with a band-saw on the side opposite the notch. The sharp teeth soon eat into the heart of the tree. The men know instinctively when the work is done. They stand aside and watch the death agonies of their victim. There is a faint swaying of the trunk. It quivers and slowly bends in the direction in which it will lie. A slight gust of wind sways its branches. The strength that resisted the fiercest storms of winter is gone forever. Slowly, but surely, the sturdy mass of wood leans forward, still further, and then with a mighty crash it falls to the ground, the limbs and branches bringing everything with them that could not withstand the shock. The weaker trees that chance to be in the path of the falling hemlock are crushed like tooth-picks. There is a cloud of dust and leaves if the weather be dry, and the work of nature for a century or more has submitted to the power of man.

Without losing time the woodmen measure the bark on the trunk in lengths of four feet, by means of their long axe handles. This is owing to the custom of selling bark by cubic measure. A pile of bark four feet high and eight feet wide is equal to 128 cubic feet or one cord, which weighs about one ton. Bark is sometimes sold by actual weight, but mostly by cubic measure. After chopping around the end of each four feet, a line is cut into the bark right along the trunk, to allow the insertion of the "spud." This is a dull-edged iron bar used for loosening the bark from the tree. The pieces after being broken off are stood on edge against the parent trunk and in a few days are dried or cured ready for removal. Heavy wagons, drawn by strong horses, convey the bark to the nearest railroad depot, or to the edge of a lake or river, where scows or lighters take it away. The present price of hemlock bark in northern Michigan, delivered at rail or water (lake or river), is \$3 per cord. Tanners near the bark forests of Michigan figure that hemlock bark does not cost them over \$4 per cord, delivered. Visit a bark forest in summer if you can. Watch the men felling trees and

peeling bark. Pick the wild raspberries that grow deliciously sweet and in generous profusion during their season. Sit on the trunk of some fallen monarch and listen to the hum of insects and the song of the birds. Look upward through the delicate tracery of green leaves that sway between yourself and the beautiful blue sky above. Inhale the incense of the forests, the grateful and gentle perfume of nature. Drink in the balsamy odor of the hemlocks, pines, firs and cedars, the wild mint and other fragrant shrubs. Do this and you will forget your troubles and worries. You will return home saying to yourself gratefully and cheerfully that after all this world is not a bad place to live in.

Night in the Forest... M. M. Ballou... Pearl of India (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The uncleared woodland of Ceylon is very extensive. The forests must have been of much smaller area when the population was quadruple its present aggregate, particularly in the north, where the extensive ruins show how vast in numbers the population must have been. It is estimated by good authority that there are two and a half million acres of wild, thickly-wooded country, which contain all the varieties of trees peculiar to the equatorial regions. It is difficult to overestimate the grandeur of the primeval forest of Ceylon, with its solemn arches and avenues of evergreen, its majestic palms, and tall tree-fern shading silver lakelets. Every pond, large or small, is sure to be the resort of tall wading-birds and water-fowls. Presently we come upon a spot where the earth is flecked with golden sunlight, shifting and evanescent, sifted, as it were, through the gently vibrating leaves, softly gilding the sombre drapery of the forest. There is nothing monotonous in a tropical wood; individual outlines and coloring are in endless variety. The contrasts presented in a circumscribed space are infinite, while a never-failing bloom over-spreads the whole. Now and again the eye takes in a ravishingly beautiful effect through the deep-blue vistas stretching away upon a wilderness of splendid trees, running up seventy or eighty feet towards the sky without a branch, then spreading out into a glorious canopy of green. Would that we could fully impress the reader with the unflagging charm of an equatorial forest. "You will find something far greater in the woods than you will find in books," said St. Bernard.

Professor Agassiz recorded the names of three hundred varieties of trees growing in the area of one square mile in a Brazilian forest. The same abundance and variety exist in Ceylon.

The beauty and value of the native woods of this island cannot fail promptly to attract the notice and admiration of the stranger. The calamander, ebony, and satinwood trees, familiar to us as choice cabinet woods, are conspicuous and ornamental, besides which there are in these forests many other valuable species. Externally the ebony-tree appears as though its trunk had been charred. Beneath the bark the wood is white as far as the heart, which is so black as to have passed into a synonym. It is this inner portion which forms the wood of commerce. The sura or tulip-tree produces a material of extraordinary firmness of texture, reddish-brown in color. It bears a yellow blossom similar in form to the tulip; hence its name. It is known in botany as *Hibiscus populneus*, so called because it has the leaf of the poplar and the flower of the hibiscus. The tamarind, most majestic and beautiful, yields a red

wood curiously mottled with black spots and, when polished, gives a glass-like surface; but it is too valuable as a fruit-bearer to be freely used for manufacturing purposes or for timber in building. The halmalille-tree gives the most durable and useful substance next to the palm, and is specially adapted to the manufacture of staves for casks; indeed, it is the only wood known on the island which is considered suitable for this purpose. Cooperage is an important industry and a growing one here, as many thousands of casks are required annually in which to export cocoanut oil, not to reckon those employed for storing and transporting that most fiery liquor, Ceylon arrack. Considerable quantities of this intoxicant find their way northward to the continent of India.

The famous buoyant Madras surf-boats are built of this halmalille wood, in the construction of which no nails are used. The several parts are secured by stout leather thongs, the wood being literally sewed together with that article and with cocoanut fibre wrought into stout, durable cordage. So great and peculiar is the incessant strain upon these small craft employed in an open roadstead that nails will not hold.

One tree is particularly remembered as we write these lines, a cotton bearer, though the article it produces is only floss-like, and too short in texture for spinning purposes. It is, however, very generally used for stuffing sofas and chair cushions. This tree is deciduous; the leaves do not appear until after the crimson blossoms have quite covered the branches, producing a very peculiar and pretty effect. When the blossoms fall, the neighboring grounds are carpeted in varied scarlet figures giving a novel and lovely covering, surpassing the finest product of the looms. After the blossoms are gone, the bright green leaves burst quickly forth.

The Family Tree Fad..... Anniversary Arboriculture..... New York Advertiser

Society has a new English fad. It might be more properly called a suggestion of a fad, for it requires time to grow, just as an acorn requires time to become an oak. When the Duke of York was married a loyal subject planted an acorn. The loyal subject assiduously cultivated the tiny sprig which presently appeared above ground. When the son of the Duke of York was born the loyal subject presented his tiny oak to the infant prince, in behalf of whom it was received most graciously. It was planted at Sandringham, and is the chief pride and care of the head gardener. A new leaf on that oak is second in importance only to a new tooth in the future king's head. It is the Court fashion for royalty and nobility to inquire frequently as to the growth of the little tree, and it is esteemed a high privilege to see Prince Edward's tiny oak, the acorns of which will doubtless be treasured up as souvenirs several hundred years after Prince Edward has been gathered to his fathers.

The "family tree" idea is certain to be no less popular in America than in England, where the fad has the favor and patronage of royalty. The fashion may be called a pretty one, commemorating anniversaries about which most family sentiment attaches, the date of marriage and of the birth of the first heir, and it carries on into the future, in a way which it is pleasant to fancy, its story of a double happiness. To plant the acorn on the day of the wedding, to transplant and present the little tree on the day the first baby is born—that is the simple method of the new fad.

THE LOUIS-D'OR: A FRENCH CHRISTMAS STORY*

BY FRANCOIS COPPÉE

When Lucien de Hem saw his last bill for a hundred francs clawed by the banker's rake, when he rose from the roulette-table where he had just lost the debris of his little fortune, scraped together for this supreme battle, he experienced something like vertigo, and thought that he should fall.

His brain was muddled; his legs were limp and trembling. He threw himself upon the leather lounge that circumscribed the gambling-table.

For a few moments he mechanically followed the clandestine proceedings of that hell in which he had sullied the best years of his youth, recognized the worn profiles of the gamblers under the merciless glare of the three great shadeless lamps, listened to the clicking and the sliding of the gold over the felt, realized that he was bankrupt, lost, remembered that in the top drawer of his dressing-table lay a pair of pistols—the very pistols of which General de Hem, his father, had made noble use at the attack of Zaatcha; then, overcome by exhaustion, he sank into a heavy sleep.

When he awoke his mouth was clammy, and his tongue stuck to his palate. He realized by a glance at the clock that he had scarcely slept a half-hour, and he felt the imperious necessity of going out to get a breath of the fresh night air.

The hands on the dial pointed exactly to a quarter of twelve.

As he rose and stretched his arms it occurred to him that it was Christmas Eve, and by one of those ironical freaks of the memory, he felt as though he were once more a child, ready to stand his little boot on the hearth before going to bed. Just then old Dronski, one of the pillars of the trade, the traditional Pole, wrapped in the greasy worn cloak adorned with frogs and passementerie, came up to Lucien muttering something behind his dirty, grayish beard.

"Lend me five francs, will you, Monsieur? I haven't stirred from this place for two days, and for two whole days seventeen hasn't come out once. You may laugh at me all you like, but I'll bet you my fist that when the clock strikes twelve, seventeen will be the winning number."

Lucien de Hem shrugged his shoulders; and fumbling through his pockets, he found that he had not even money enough to comply with that feature of gambling etiquette known among the frequenters of the establishment as "the Pole's hundred cents."

How could he give what he did not have? And if he had found but a single louis, would he not hazard it to retrieve the fortune he had lost?

He passed into the ante-chamber, put on his hat and cloak, and disappeared down the narrow stairway with the agility of people who have a fever. During the four hours which Lucien had spent in the den it had snowed heavily, and the street, one of those narrow wedges between two rows of high buildings in the very heart of Paris, was intensely white.

Above, in the calm sky, cold stars glittered.

The exhausted gambler shivered under his furs, and hurried along with a blank despair in his heart, thinking of the pistols that awaited him in the top drawer of his dressing-table. He had not gone a hundred feet when he stopped suddenly before a heart-rending spectacle, one that would have touched the sympathies of all but the most hardened of gamblers.

On a stone bench, near the monumental doorway of a wealthy residence, sat a little girl six or seven years old, barely covered by a ragged black gown.

She had fallen asleep there in spite of the bitter cold, her body bent forward in a pitiful posture of resigned exhaustion. Her poor little head and her dainty shoulders had moulded themselves into the angle of the freezing wall.

One of her worn slippers had fallen from her dangling foot and lay in the snow before her. Lucien de Hem mechanically thrust his hand into his vest pocket, but he remembered that he had not even been able to fee the club waiter.

He went up to the child, however, impelled by an instinct of pity.

He meant, no doubt, to pick her up and take her home with him, to give her shelter for the night, when suddenly he saw something glitter in the little slipper at his feet.

He stooped. It was a louis-d'or.

Some charitable soul—a woman, no doubt—had passed there, and at the pathetic sight of that little shoe in the snow had remembered the poetic Christmas legend, and with discreet fingers had dropped a splendid gift, so that the forsaken little one might still believe in the presents of the Child-Christ, and might awake with renewed faith in the midst of her misery.

A gold louis!

That meant many days of rest and comfort for the little beggar.

Lucien was just about to awaken her and surprise her with her good fortune when, in a strange hallucination, he heard a voice in his ear, which whispered with the drawling inflection of the old Pole:

"I haven't stirred from this place for two days, and for two whole days seventeen hasn't come out once. I'll bet you my fist that when the clock strikes twelve, seventeen will be the winning number."

Then this youth, who was twenty-three years of age, the descendant of a race of honest men—this youth, who bore a great military name, and had never been guilty of an unmanly act—conceived a monstrous thought; an insane desire took possession of him.

He looked anxiously up and down the street, and having assured himself that he had no witness, he knelt, and reaching out cautiously with trembling fingers, stole the treasure from the little shoe, then rose with a spring and ran breathlessly down the street.

He rushed like a madman up the stairs of the gambling-house, flung open the door with his fist, and burst into the room at the first stroke of midnight. He threw the gold-piece on the table and cried:

"Seventeen!"

Seventeen won.

* Selected from Christmas Stories from French and Spanish writers. Edited and translated by Antoinette Ogden. A. C. McClurg & Co.

He then pushed the whole pile on the "red." The red won.

He placed thirty-six louis on the red.

By some kindly touch of the fairy of chance the red again came up a winner.

He now won seventy-two louis.

The crowd pressed closer to the table and peered anxiously over each other's shoulders as the play grew more and more exciting.

He left the seventy-two louis on the same color. The red came out again.

He doubled the stakes twice, three times, and always with the same success.

Before him was a huge pile of gold and bank-notes. He tried the "twelve," the "column,"—he worked every combination. His luck was something unheard of, something almost supernatural. One might have believed that the little ivory ball, in its frenzied dance around the table, had been bewitched, magnetized by this feverish gambler, and obeyed his will.

Those who had been losing all evening, and though with all their money spent, still hovered round the gaming-table, fascinated by the mere association, looked with envy on the daring man who seemed to hold Fortune a slave.

With a few bold strokes he had won back the bundle of bank-notes he had lost in the early part of the evening. Then he staked two and three hundred louis at a time, and as his fantastic luck never failed him, he soon won back the whole capital that had constituted his inherited fortune.

Old Dronski the Pole, who had asked for but a beggarly five francs but a half hour before, glared at Lucien as if he could devour him, all this money he, Dronski, might have had. Was it not his by right? Was not the tip to play "seventeen" at midnight, his? And he had missed it all, this fortune for a mere pittance!

In his haste to begin the game he had not even thought of taking off his fur-lined coat, the great pockets of which were now swollen with the rolls of bank-notes and heavy with the weight of gold.

And still Lucien played on. His face was flushed, his hand unsteady, and a reckless, vibrant bravado crept into his voice.

Not knowing where to put the money that was steadily accumulating before him, he stuffed it away in the inside and outside pockets of his coat, his vest, his trousers, in his cigar-case, his handkerchief. Everything became a recipient.

And still he played and still he won, his brain whirling the meantime like that of a drunkard or a madman. It was amazing to see him standing there throwing gold on the table by the handful with that haughty gesture of absolute certainty and disdain.

But withal there was a gnawing at his heart, something that felt like a red-hot iron there, and he could not rid himself of the vision of the child asleep in the snow—the child whom he had robbed.

"In just a few minutes," said he, "I will go back to her. She must be there in the same place. Of course she must be there. It is no crime, after all. I will make it right to her,—it will be no crime. Quite the contrary. I will leave here in a few moments, when the clock strikes again, I swear it. Just as soon as the clock strikes again I will stop, I will go straight to where

she is, I will take her up in my arms and will carry her home with me asleep. I have done her no harm; I have made a fortune for her. I will keep her with me and educate her; I will love her as I would a child of my own, and I will take care of her,—always, as long as she lives."

But the clock struck one, a quarter past, half-past, and Lucien was still there.

Finally, a few minutes before two, the man opposite him rose brusquely and said in a loud voice:

"The bank is broken, gentlemen; this will do for to-night."

Lucien started, and wedging his way brutally through the group of gamblers, who pressed around him in envious admiration, hurried out into the street and ran as fast as he could toward the stone bench. In a moment he saw by the light of the gas that the child was still there.

"God be praised!" said he, and his heart gave a great throb of joy. Yes, here she was! He took her little hand in his.

Poor little hand, how cold it was!

He caught her under the arms and lifted her. Her head fell back, but she did not awake.

"The happy sleep of childhood!" thought he.

A motley crowd of revelers from some masquerade passed by on the other side, shouting with merry peals of laughter and badinage, yet he scarcely noted them, scarcely heard them, so intent was he on the chilled little bundle of humanity in his arms.

He pressed her close to his breast to warm her, and with a vague presentiment he tried to arouse her from this heavy sleep by kissing her eyelids. But he realized then with horror that through the child's half-open lids her eyes were dull, glassy, fixed. A distracting suspicion flashed through his mind. He put his lips to the child's mouth; he felt no breath.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! what have I done?" he cried in his despair. It was murder, a life taken for a paltry louis. What could he do now?

While Lucien had been building a fortune with the louis stolen from this little one, she, homeless and forsaken, had perished with the cold. Lucien felt a suffocating knot at his throat.

In his anguish he tried to cry out; and in the effort which he made he awoke from his nightmare, and found himself on the leather lounge in the gambling-room where he had fallen asleep a little before midnight. The garçon of the den had gone home at about five o'clock, and out of pity had not wakened him.

A misty December dawn made the window-panes pale. Lucien went out, pawned his watch, took a bath, then went over to the Bureau of Recruits and enlisted as a volunteer in the First Regiment of the Chasseurs d'Afrique.

Lucien de Hem is now a lieutenant. He has not a cent in the world but his pay. He manages to make that do, however, for he is a steady officer, and never touches a card.

He even contrives to economize, it would seem, for a few days ago a comrade, who was following him up one of the steep streets of the Kasba, saw him stop and lay a piece of money in the lap of a little Spanish girl who had fallen asleep in a doorway.

His comrade was startled at the poor lieutenant's generosity, for this piece of money was a gold louis.

OUTRE MER: AMERICA SEEN THROUGH FRENCH EYES*

BY PAUL BOURGET

Some American Girls

The girl-boy is a kind of young woman who, by habit, excels in all sports, dresses in tailor-made clothes, walks stiffly, plays at billiards and takes much less pleasure in having court paid to her than in finding some new excitement, such as a voyage at top-steam speed riding on the cowcatcher of a locomotive. I knew the daughter of a director of a great company whose latest fancy it was. She had flown across the prairie for miles and miles crouching on the metal seat above which the machinery blew, and from the accent with which she said, "How exciting!" I felt her nerves thrilling again at that start of quickness and at the danger.

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GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Frank L. Stanton and His Work Of Frank L. Stanton, whose work has been reprinted in our pages for the past five years, the Philadelphia Press gives this biographic sketch: Having lost his father at a very early age, Frank Stanton spent the three years of his life from nine to twelve in sawing wood for a living. From then on for a number of years he worked in the fields under the hot Southern sun, gaining his knowledge of books from his voracious application to them after the sun had gone down on his field of daily labor. It is to this period of his life that the poet has recourse for the materials of his *Songs of the Soil*, but it is to the mellowing, idealizing intervention of years that the inspiration is due. As he himself says, a man who is in daily contact with a plow doesn't wax poetical on the subject. When about nine years old the poet was for a little while office "imp" on the Savannah Morning News, and while there it was part of his duty to sweep the office of a slim young news reporter, by the name of Joel Chandler Harris. Uncle Remus had not then been born into the world of stories, and Mr. Harris was employing his spare moments in writing verses. From the News office their paths led apart, and each passed out of the other's memory till very recent years brought them together again.

From farm labor Mr. Stanton went into the newspaper office, drifting about through South Carolina and Georgia as a typesetter and printer, all the time scattering his verses like flowers along the way. A good Providence kept the youth in the fields till his heart was bound to nature, and from thence led him into circumstances where he might pour out on the hearts of men the sunshine that had been garnered in his own. From printer and contributor, he became an editor. And while at the head of a little paper called the Smithville News he received a letter from Joel Chandler Harris asking for poetical contributions to the Constitution. Little did Mr. Harris suspect that the verses which were charming people far and near were from the pen of the little black-eyed chap who had played the "devil" in his office in Savannah.

In a short time came the offer of a reportorial position on the Constitution from Henry W. Grady. This Mr. Stanton declined, and it was not until the death of Mr. Grady that he accepted, through the influence of Mr. Harris, an editorial position on that paper. From then on his popularity has been on the increase, till he is known and read in two hemispheres. Though our poet is by no means without honor in his own country, it is from distant places that the most flattering testimonials come. In Paris his genius has been recognized and complimented, while in England he has made a place for himself in the hearts of the people. Jerome's magazine copies his verses regularly, and he often receives personal letters from English readers who have heard the echo of his songs across the seas. In a recent meeting of London authors, Mr. Stanton's little ballad, *Clarisse*, was read. Those who know the gem can appreciate the reception it received. When, in reply to a question, the name of the author was given, one of the number exclaimed enthusiastically: "Well, he has beaten Dobson on his own grounds!"

During the Columbian Fair, Mr. Stanton was once the honored guest at the Forty Club in Chicago, and received quite an ovation from its members. So far, Mr. Stanton has been known chiefly through Current Literature, as only a small collection of his poems has yet appeared. Though this work passed through several editions, and won a success un hoped for by its modest author, he has allowed three years to pass without coming before the public again, except through periodicals.

William M. Sloane, Biographer of Napoleon Of William Mulligan Sloane, whose life of Napoleon is now running as a serial in the Century Magazine, Charles Dudley Warner says: Mr. Sloane is of Scotch Presbyterian stock, and was born in Richmond, Ohio, Nov. 12, 1850. He was graduated at Columbia College in 1868, and for some years taught Latin and Greek in the Newell Institute at Pittsburg, where his father (James Renwick Wilson Sloane) was pastor of a Presbyterian church. In 1872 he went abroad to pursue his studies in Germany, and attended lectures at the universities of Berlin and of Leipsic. At this time his attention was principally turned to Oriental studies, and it was at Leipsic in 1876 that he took his Ph.D., his theme being Arabic Poetry before the time of Mahomet, with metrical versions. While in Berlin he was for a time attached to the American legation, as private secretary to Mr. Bancroft, and gained large practical experience in research and methods as the historian's assistant in the tenth volume of the History of the United States. During his residence abroad he made himself master of German and French, and through his connection with the legation he obtained a large insight into foreign social and political life.

When he returned to America, in 1877, although he had a powerful impulse toward metaphysics and history, his chosen field was Oriental languages, and he went to Princeton in some expectation of making use of his Arabic and Hebrew. But as there was little call for his services in either, he became an instructor, and shortly after the professor, in Latin. In the reorganization of Princeton in 1883 upon a broader basis, he took the chair of professor of the philosophy of history, in which he at once distinguished himself as a most brilliant and inspiring lecturer. His scheme of philosophical exposition included universal history, but he brought this philosophy to bear chiefly upon modern times, and lectured especially on the English, American, and French revolutions. The only published result of this work is a successful volume devoted to our period of the French war and the revolution, which has received the highest critical indorsement for its philosophic interpretation of causes and events. In his connection with Princeton he has been recognized as one of the chief forces in the new era of the college.

Before he conceived the idea of writing the life of Napoleon, he had, by repeated and sometimes protracted visits to France, and residence in the provinces and in Paris, become familiar with French life and character, and had given much study to the French educational system. It was probably through his intimacy with M. Taine that his attention was finally directed to

this work, and that he was given uncommon opportunities for investigation. I have heard that M. Taine said of him that "he knew France better than any other foreigner he had ever met." With his accustomed thoroughness, industry, and vigor, he threw himself into the long preparation needed for this work. He had access to the archives of the French Foreign Office (the only ones not heretofore thoroughly studied), to papers examined, indeed, by no one so fully before, except by Lanfrey. His study of these papers was particularly concerned with the two obscure periods—the beginning and the end of Napoleon's career. He has also investigated documents little used, and in some cases little known, in Florence and in the British Museum. But he has not contented himself with the literature or the written records of the subject. He has travelled more or less over Napoleonic ground, and made himself familiar, to a considerable extent, with the fields of the emperor's combinations, and victories, and defeats.

Mrs. Frances J. A. Darr
and Her New Book

When one is talking to Mrs. Frances J. A. Darr, it is difficult to formulate an opinion as to which characteristic one admires most in her, which phase predominates. So many varying traits make up the absolute woman, that analysis imperceptibly blends into admiration. As a woman of noble ancestry and social position, as a literary woman or a sympathetic woman, Mrs. Darr is admirable. Her manner always impresses one as wholly sincere. She lives surrounded with myriad evidences of comfort and of artistic taste. Superb rugs dot the floors of her apartment in New York, and carefully selected pictures fill the wall-space from ceiling to waist-line. Any one could tell at a glance, upon stepping into Mrs. Darr's cosy library or study, that she is a lover of books, old and modern—especially rare reference books filling the imaginary periphery of the visitor's eye at every shifting glance. In the dining-room, furnished throughout in pure colonial style, old prints and engravings of lords and ladies, and a many-quartered coat of arms of the Townsend clan crowd the walls—all strongly suggestive of revolutionary times.

Mrs. Darr's excellent translation of *Through Troubled Waters* has again called definite attention to her work. *The Strange Friend of Tito Gil and Brunhilde*, or the *Last Act of Norma*, were both excellent translations and, successively, achieved success. But the most arduous task Mrs. Darr ever essayed was a piece of original work, *Inglés en Veinte Lecciones*, her Spanish and English Grammar. Two and a half years were devoted to this authoritative work, the enthusiastic author succumbing, at last, to a long period of nervous prostration after the last proof-sheet had left her hands. The work met with instant success, in Spain and in both Central and South America, and was also adopted by prominent colleges in the United States.

As Miss Townsend, Mrs. Darr visited Europe with her uncle, Mr. Wm. Henry Heath, a well-known Wall Street man of a former decade. Even then she was a thorough French and Spanish scholar, speaking and writing both fluently. To her linguistic talents are added those of a musician and a singer, her voice being a full mezzo soprano. In Paris, Gounod and Leucantoni were her vocal teachers, the time there not given up to her music being spent largely in studying the literatures of France and Spain. Many cultured Americans remem-

ber—by hearsay, if not from actual experience—the famous Robin Class in the Rue François Premier. M. Robin, himself an amateur baritone of exceptional excellence, conducted the class, and would have none but voices of merit. Having married an heiress, he gratified his love of music to the utmost, and, in his luxurious home, surrounded himself with kindred souls. There every Thursday afternoon the Olympic aspirants met. In addition to European travel, Mrs. Darr has travelled extensively in Central and South America, her knowledge of Spanish and her adaptability to circumstances winning many social attentions as well as affording her a gratifying insight into the lives and customs of the people. Mrs. Darr's Spanish translations are best known, though her French, as well as her Spanish, translations are justly distinguished for a simple, graceful style and pure Anglo-Saxon. *Through Troubled Waters* is a skillful vindication of Sir Charles Dilke. The fatal "ésclandre" attaching to that celebrated statesman is herein unraveled, as it were, and adroitly woven into a novel of controlling interest, not at all "réchauffé," the anonymous French author, on the contrary, having told a fresh and spirited story. And the vindication is tenable and praiseworthy, in view of the present estimate of Sir Charles Dilke, the splendid majority with which he was returned to Chelsea at the last election, and the realization of how fate had tricked him and caused the light of his genius to be eclipsed so long. Most of the characters in *Through Troubled Waters* are notables, a few notorious. The following key reveals the principal ones: Richard Townsend, Sir Charles Dilke; Waite, Gladstone; Lord Abourne, Rosebery; John Carr, Chamberlain; Lord Morgan, Hartington, the present leader of the Liberals; Margaret Thayer, Mrs. Mark Pattison, now Lady Dilke; Mrs. Bassford, the Mrs. Crawford.

Holger Drachmann,
Denmark's Favorite Poet

It has been said of Holger Drachmann, the Danish poet, that his love for the sea made him a painter, but that, as he mastered his art, he found it lacking in the power which he desired to give to his pictures. He could not paint, says the *Literary Digest*, the howling of the storm, the moaning of the surf, or the echo of the breaking waves. When he saw that his pictures were mute, he left the painter's art for that of the poet. Having been the painter of the sea, he became the poet of the sea. Drachmann's harp has many strings, and his fertile mind turns an impression into shape and form with equal ease; but in everything we hear the breaking wave and feel the salt air from the sea. Drachmann is of a Viking nature through and through. Though he sings at times about the winds that

—come whispering lightly from the West,
Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deeps serene,

yet he likes the boisterous North Sea, the squalls, and the waves lashed to fury. He is happy when, out of sight of land, the tempest blows, and the cordage and the tackle begin to crack and shriek. It is, however, not only the "wild weather outside" that wakes his muse; she is often beguiled into the calm bay and induced to lie down upon the strand, "the sea-margin." In that mood the muse whispers "the song of the sea."

Holger Henrik Herholdt Drachmann was born in Copenhagen, October 9, 1846, and is the oldest son of the well-known physician, Prof. A. G. Drachmann. The boy was at first destined for the navy, but was later sent to

the university. He graduated in 1865, took a course in drawing with Professor Helsted, and went to the Academy of Art. It was in 1870, during a stay in London, that his poetic genius ripened. His famous poem, *English Socialists*, was published after his return to his native land, and caused his name to be entered upon the list of "the favored few." Since that time Drachmann has published an enormous mass of poems and prose works. His mastery of rhythm is marvelous, his lyric gifts are great, and his original forms of expression have made him very popular in Denmark.

Paul Bourget at Home

In view of the interest, says the London Speaker, which is being aroused by Paul Bourget's *American Notes*, it seemed desirable to hear what the author might have to say regarding the controversy which has sprung up over the first installments of *Outre Mer*. M. Bourget deprecated the making of any fuss over the publication, which he said did not merit all the criticisms vouchsafed on it.

The great psychological romancer resides in a street in the Faubourg St. Germain, and even upon the threshold of his apartments, on the second floor, the visitor feels himself in an atmosphere of art, an impression which is confirmed by the appearance of the ante-chamber. I had scarcely handed in my card when M. Bourget appeared, attired in a coquettish dressing-gown, apparently of violet striped silk, on his way to welcome another caller. He is a man of about forty years of age, of middle size, with well-knit frame and the typical artist-poet's head. Introducing me to the other visitor, his publisher, the conversation naturally began with M. Bourget's latest success. The author would not admit that there was any merit attaching to his work beyond that due to a painstaking, conscientious observer and faithful recorder.

"I have avoided personalities and taken only types of character. As to the fidelity of the portraits, how can you guarantee these in the case of a passing tour of several months? I do not understand why my pictures of Newport should have given offence, as appears to be the case in some quarters. Mr. Ward McAllister appears to be vexed because I said there is a deficiency of grandfathers in American society. But that does not imply anything derogatory to the Americans." M. Bourget had written that the Newport "cottagers" adorned their walls with pictures of Louis XIV., and other relics of European museums, in default of a stock of illustrious ancestors on canvas.

"But we cannot all have grandfathers. For myself, I am a man of the people, a democrat, and am quite satisfied to be known by my works, without any advantages of family. It seems to me that the Americans might be content with the possession of qualities which they have in excess of us—energy, activity, and so on—without wishing to set up as inventors of a new and improved social code, so to speak. For this they cannot do. They lack the traditions and the example afforded by an aristocracy and a court. If we had a monarch here, for instance, it would be doubtful whether I should have a recognized right to be invited to the palace. But, as a member of the Academy, I take my appointed place at official ceremonies, dinners, and the like, by virtue of the rules prescribed by our society. Now, in America they have nothing of this kind—no Court, no Academy, not even decorations; so that the sole stand-

ard is wealth. Well, wealth, we know, is a very agreeable commodity, but it cannot purchase everything. It is impossible that there can be the same degree of refinement as we understand the term, as it has come down to us from aristocratic society."

"No," broke in the publisher, "they cannot expect to be sons of Crusaders." M. Bourget proceeded to give me some of his observations of features of American life which were much more important than parts of speech or forms of etiquette, especially the universal activity and boundless energy everywhere evident. "The American magnates have their banks, their railways, their trusts to look after, and they know that if they do not attend to them they will be ruined. Whereas our wealthy classes think only of how to pass the time agreeably. I consider that, in these times, when human solidarity is needed to ward off the dangers threatening the social fabric, the world has much to learn from the United States." A reverend father, of lofty stature and dignified deportment, was now announced, so I bade my amiable host adieu. "*Outre Mer*" is to be brought out in volume form.

*John Davidson,
The English Poet*

Grant Richards, in *Great Thoughts*, gives this appreciative sketch of the work of a rising English poet: Mr. John Davidson is a writer, I believe, whom no one critic can claim to have "discovered," to use a word which in such a connection certainly is wanting in satisfaction. After all, surely, writers are not discovered except in the sense that their work is disclosed, drawn attention to by some keen spirit whose words command respect. But what measure of contemporary popularity Mr. Davidson has at present achieved he owes entirely to his own power and insistence. He has not been "boomed;" and it cannot be said that he has been unduly praised, although the *Spectator* hailed his *Plays* as the work of "a new Elizabethan." "We were fairly deluded," said a writer in that respectable and weighty organ, "into the belief that we were dealing with some, to us, forgotten name of the Marlowe period." High praise this, but well deserved, as you will see if I can induce you to examine the *Plays*, which make, I believe, his latest contribution to present-day reading.

But the five plays contained in this volume do not really make their first appeal to-day. One of the five, *Bruce*: a Drama, generally recognized as the least important and original of the quintet, appeared in Glasgow in 1886, where also appeared, in 1888, *Smith*: a Tragic Farce; while the remaining three were published in Greenock in 1889. But, as Mr. Davidson says, "they are now actually published for the first time," as provincial publication, except under certain well-defined conditions, counts for little in these days of literary centralization; and the quotation of these dates and places would not be worth while were it not that it is useful thus to show that Mr. Davidson wrote in Scotland and previously to the present decade. For, excellent as these dramas are, they seem to one reader, at least, to belong to an earlier period than Mr. Davidson's last published volume of verse, *Fleet Street Eclogues*, the first book, perhaps, to attract general attention to the writer. That slim little volume, while it had many of the characteristics which can be easily traced in the dramas, had a more decided and perfect literary finish; one might almost say was more original and less pro-

vincial, if in using this latter adjective one could dissociate it from any sense at all uncomplimentary. But before *Fleet Street Eclogues* Mr. Davidson had published in London a volume of miscellaneous poems and more than one volume of fiction, and since the spring of last year he has not been idle. A *Random Itinerary*, a work depending for its interest frankly upon its charm of style, and *Baptist Lake*, a romance of great length and somewhat elusive power, being the output of the year. And we have had the plays reprinted in an exceedingly handsome quarto volume.

I have said that the same characteristics are common to both *Fleet Street Eclogues* and to the *Plays*. I had in mind, in particular, that peculiar quality of contrast and unwonted mixture, to use a very awkward-sounding word, which can be seen both in placing of *Eclogues* in *Fleet Street*, and, as in *Scaramouch* in *Naxos*, the last play in the volume—the conveying of a modern impresario, a sort of Augustus Harris, to *Naxos*, and an assemblage of gods and goddesses. To use Mr. Davidson's own phrase, one finds in both volumes something of a "reflection of the world in a green, knotted glass." But although at this moment I am bent upon attracting my readers to the volume which Mr. Davidson has simply entitled *Plays*, I must say at once that it is not as a literary play-writer that I think his best work has or will be done. I read again and again the splendid ballads which finish *Fleet Street Eclogues* and *A Random Itinerary*, and I am more than ever convinced that it is in this kind of poetry he will make his greatest success. Of ballad-writers to-day we are sadly in want; Mr. Davidson comes to fill the gap, and one runs no risk in prophesying that when he thinks fit to give us a volume of ballads he will establish a place in the front rank of his contemporaries.

*Agnes Repplier and
Her Work*

Some years ago, says Harrison S. Morris in the *Book Buyer*, an honored citizen of Philadelphia was attracted by the wit and style of an occasional essay appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, attached to the name Agnes Repplier, and having known two or three generations of authors, he determined to make his bow to this latest of the elect. To New York, to Boston, and, finally, to Baltimore he carried his inquiries, only to discover in the latter town that Miss Agnes Repplier lived at his very threshold in Philadelphia. There, indeed, she has always dwelt, from that year, not so remote, when she became the second daughter of a household well known in the city's business annals, and occupying one of the comfortable old houses which give dignity to upper Chestnut Street. Her parents were of French extraction, a fact full of meaning to readers of the light-hearted essays, and adhered to the Roman Catholic faith, in which she, with her sister and brother, remains.

The influences which Miss Repplier early felt were such as might naturally develop literary instincts in a sensitive mind, but she appears to have foreshadowed in her nonage the independence of view which she has since so gracefully matured. She persisted in refusing to learn to read, and, at nine, was so hopeless a case of illiteracy that a friend of the household pronounced her "plainly deficient" and despaired of her ultimate enlightenment. At eleven Miss Agnes and her sister were sent to the convent school at Eden Hall, near Torresdale, Philadelphia, and from there she presently emerged

into a private school in the city, where her formal training was finished. But Miss Repplier owes little to the pedagogue. She is an advocate, because an intense lover, of growth by unconscious assimilation. She holds that what has delighted her most and remained longest in her memory is that which she sought from preference and learned with pleasure. All else, she avers, has been speedily forgotten.

Hence it is that one of the pleasant characteristics of Miss Repplier's books is her lively interest in children. This she has drawn from recollections of her own childhood. Her mind is a treasury of anecdotes of her youth; and, indeed, so vivid a memory has she always been blessed with, that even the droll incidents of her babyhood are woven into her sprightly talk, as they have frequently been into her written pages. The books read to her at home, old-fashioned novels and histories, *Vathek* and *Undine*, Miss Edgeworth and Scott, and the long poems and ballads which were taught her orally by her mother, and which she learned without effort years before she could read, these are the well-spring from which come the apt illustration and sympathetic phrase of her essays; and that same inexhaustible memory which now acts with such unerring taste in the choice of its amusing store is the source of an education in letters which academic rules and respectable textbooks are powerless to explain. "You, Agnes, can write," said her mother, in playfully assigning to her daughters their future task; and write she did in earnest: sketches, essays, stories, poems, which appeared in the newspapers and in the *Catholic World*, old readers of which will remember the romantic tales, such as *A Story of Nuremberg* and *A Still Christmas*, and several poems on devotional subjects.

For some years past Miss Repplier has lived in a quiet corner of suburban West Philadelphia, where the hum of afternoon teas is stilled and the clamor of the lecture enters not. This thoroughfare of rural porches and green vistas is a retreat to which the weary devotee of social functions may fly for unfailing sanctuary; and here, every morning, Miss Repplier may be found, but tries not to be, at her desk by the second-story window. From this window it was that Agrippina, a cat for whom the pen of her mistress has secured an immortality far in excess of her nine natural lives, crept "to the extreme edge of the stone sill, stretched herself at full length, and peered down smilingly at the frantic terrier" from next door; and through these same casement panes, with nothing more picturesque to contemplate than an angular church and a modest row of brick houses, as well as in her daily travel into the city, the author of *Books and Men* has caught glimpses of the humorous side of life which form the saving salt against a perverse inclination to pessimism.

An author's desk may be, I suppose, an index of her style, and how typical is this old-fashioned *escritoire*, which has held the piles of books and quires of paper which go to the composition of the diverting essays! The genius of neatness presides over it, in company with a photograph or two, which in subject fulfill the natural juxtaposition of godliness; and on its shelf-like top one finds characteristic volumes devoted to folk-lore, poetry, biography, fiction, letters. A portrait of Keats, after Severn's sketch, hangs near by, denoting another passion of a spirit which stoutly contends that: "In all arts form is more than the substance." Miss Rep-

plier can work at her desk only in the morning, and for three or four hours at a time. When the pleasure in her task is gone—for to her the pen brings an intense delight—she stops. That she does not work with ease, the idle reader of those well-wrought periods which have caused such pains and research would never know. The style is so felicitous, so lightly woven, that it seems of spontaneous growth.

Edward S. Van Zile

Having paid tribute to the sort of work that attracts the crowds to-day, Edward S. Van Zile is better known as a newspaper writer than as an author. As a matter of fact, however, he is the author of four books—two novels and two collections of short stories. His first book, *Wanted—A Sensation*, was published in 1886. His second novel, *The Last of the Van Slacks*, followed in 1889, and in '90 and '91 came *A Magnetic Man and Other Stories*, and *Don Miguel*. It is a noticeable fact that though his first book was rather crude, written while he was yet less worldly-wise than he is to-day, its sale reached 40,000. Mr. Van Zile is an active member of the Authors' Club, and besides being a novelist and story-writer, and an allround newspaper man, has given us some very good verses. His poems have appeared originally from time to time in *Once A Week*, and have been widely copied. Mr. Van Zile has also attempted dramatic authorship, Felix Morris beginning his career as a star in a play by Mr. Van Zile. Mr. Van Zile lives in Brooklyn, where he is a favorite in his own set. He has a rather aristocratic face, is quiet and thoughtful, naturally enthusiastic, but indifferent in manner through force of habit. His age, perhaps, is in the very early thirties, and it is difficult to reconcile oneself to the fact that he is the father of four children. Those children, however, have furnished inspiration for more than one of his best poems. Mr. Van Zile is a member of the editorial staff of the *New York World*.

Madeline S. Bridges,
A Woman of Humor

Madeline S. Bridges is a name so well known to readers of the current periodicals, writes Frances E. Lanigan in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, that an introduction to the woman who writes under it is something which many people will both desire and welcome. Miss Bridges was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and is one of a family of seventeen children. Both her parents were natives of the North of Ireland, and from them she has inherited her ability, versatility and humor. She was educated during her childhood under the care of a governess in her own home, and through her later girlhood at one of the many good boarding-schools which the "City of Churches" boasts. After leaving this school she went with two of her brothers to a college for both sexes at Fort Edward, New York, where the clever sixteen-year-old girl carried off the prize for poetry. This talent, which had first evidenced itself to the child of eight, was developed by constant practice, and at fourteen Madeline S. Bridges first saw her work in print.

Her literary abilities were hers by inheritance as by cultivation. Her father was a constant contributor to the press of both England and America during his residence in both countries. His wife, no less clever and capable, showed her intellectuality in her constant and carefully selected reading, the vital questions of the day being to her of no less interest than to her husband.

Miss Bridges is as omnivorous and discriminating a reader as was her mother. Her love for poetry, both as reader and writer, is a step toward her kindred enthusiasm and enjoyment of music. She both plays and sings, and often says that if she were not a writer she would have wished to be a musician. Her circle of friends is distinctly a musical one, rather than the literary clique with which she would naturally be associated.

Miss Bridges is Irish in her versatility, as, in addition to these talents, she both sketches and paints, and in more exclusively feminine fields is equally clever as a dressmaker, milliner and seamstress, and is proud of being a very capable housemaid when occasion demands. She disclaims any praise for endeavor in her literary work. Her poems, which form so large a part of her published work, are matters of inspiration, and come to her, she says, both the best and the poorest, in the same way. In appearance she is tall, and in movement graceful. Although not a pronounced brunette, she is of rather dark complexion, with gray eyes and brown hair. She dresses usually in black or neutral shades, and to quote her own words, "My favorite color is scarlet, which I never wear." Miss Bridges lives in Brooklyn in the old family home with a younger sister and four brothers. Two other sisters and another brother make with her the nine children remaining of the large family which grew to maturity under its roof. Sociable in her nature, she is also limited in the number of friends. But to these few chosen intimates she gives all that a clever, capable, good woman can in the most difficult of all human relations, friendship.

Paul Verlaine, the King of
the *Quartier Latin*

Verlaine, who is now fifty years old, published his first collection of poems, *Poèmes Saturniens*, in 1867. The poems, writes Johannes Jørgensen, are in the style of Baudelaire. He called them truly "Saturnine"; they are dull, heavy, and phlegmatic, like the "Saturnine temperament" of the astrologers, and they reveal a grave soul. Yet the poems are extravagant, and full of unsatisfied desire. It seems to me that our unhappy century is "dominated by Saturn." That planet has destroyed reason, and sends the blood like a poisonous current through the veins of all the poets from Chateaubriand to Verlaine, from Shelley to Swinburne. However, the *Poèmes Saturniens* proved Verlaine's mastery of form, though their spirit was that of Baudelaire and Lecomte de Liste. His next publication, *Fêtes Galantes*, is more important as regards contents. Charles Morice called it a dream, "un rêve de pur poète," and the book ought to have been called *The Poet's Dream*, for the melancholy of the Saturnien poems has disappeared, and the imagination revels in fantastic pictures.

After a long pause, Verlaine published *Sagesse*. It is a collection of poems which is unique, not only in French, but in all other literature. It is a record of the poet's conversion from paganism to Catholicism. His preface is an index to it. He wrote: "The author of this book has not always thought as he does now. For a long time he has roamed around, and indulged the vanities of the age. Pain and suffering have warned him of his mistake, and God has mercifully helped him to see his error and to obey the admonition. He has knelt before that altar he has so long ignored. He now worships the All-Good and looks to the Almighty. He

is a devoted son of the Church, poor in merits, but full of good intentions." *Sagesse* is an allegorical poem. A knight, Misfortune was his name, pierced the poet's heart and gave him a new heart. A heavenly woman in snow-white garment descended into his new heart. Who was she? She answered: "I am born before times; I shall see the end of time. I weep over you weak men and false women; you are insane. I love your souls, but I abhor your base conduct and lusts. . . . The angels bow low before my name. . . . I am Prayer." The poem abounds in stanzas beautiful as the Magdalenes of art, but all suggestive of sensual passion. The last part reveals the fact that the poet has not found true rest; it opens vistas of doubts and despair; melancholy notes reverberate with the empty hopes of the poet and show him to be a "lost child" in the woods, a Kaspar Hauser, who does not know man's doings, and who has become estranged from the world. Verlaine is, after all, too much of the world; he loves the world and its women, its absinthe and its songs. The denial, which his conversion required, he cannot give. His conversion was no deeper than that of a sick man who fears death. With returning health he asked for the sunlight, the flowers, and the joy of existence. Since the creation of *Sagesse*, Verlaine's productions run in two directions. One is full of the "old Adam," the other flows with purer water. *Amour* and *Bonheur* belong to the latter class. *Jadis* et *Naguère* and *Paralèlement* overflow with sensuality and gypsy frivolity.

The latter class of poems are Verlaine's best and they will last. They show the ever-longing heart, the restless search for peace, the eternal antagonism of spirit and flesh. It is that longing and Ahasuerus character which make Verlaine the most perfect expression of the "fin-de-siècle" man, the sensuous and mystical man of these latter days.

Alexandre Dumas,
Seventy Years Old

Promenaders in the Avenue de Villiers, Paris, near the home of M. Munkacsy, the Hungarian artist, says the New York Tribune, may often see a tall, stately man, with a piece of statuary under his arm, step up to the gate of one of the palaces and press an electric button. The man's features are bronzed and little like those of the typical Frenchman. His hair is thick and white: his mustaches are like those of a Southern soldier, his nose is long and powerful, and his figure is well set. The people all stop to look at and greet him, for all Paris knows the man—Alexandre Dumas the younger, who a few days ago celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his birth. It is seldom that Dumas returns to his home without a new addition to his gallery of paintings or sculpture. He prides himself more on his knowledge of art than on his novels and comedies. Only recently he had a part of his garden covered that he might find place for his collections. Dumas the Elder took more pride in his knowledge of cookery than in writing *The Three Musketeers*, and the grandfather preferred people to wonder at his athletic powers than to admire his talents as an army leader.

The wealthy proprietor of the Avenue de Villiers palace was born in an attic-room of Paris, whose principal piece of furniture was a writing-desk, on July 29th, 1824. His father was then only twenty years old, and still a secretary of the Duke of Orleans, a place secured for him by his father, the old General Alexandre

Dumas, the Marquis de la Pailletterie, who had gone to an early grave as the result of confinement in Neapolitan prisons. But the occupant of the attic-room, who was one day to make the name glorious, had renounced the noble title and called himself plain Dumas, for it was plain in those distant days. Negro blood, as is well known, circulated in their veins, as the mother of the old general had been a native of Hayti.

The home to which young Alexandre Dumas came was not a happy one, and the father soon deserted the mother, leaving her and the boy to fight along for themselves. This desertion and this struggle and the love for his mother, his only parent, influenced most of Dumas's writings in later years, long after he had come to wealth, honors, and distinction. When only seventeen years old, at the College Bourbon, young Dumas made his literary début in a volume of poetry, entitled *Youthful Sins*. But no one seemed startled by his début, or by several novels which he wrote later on. He had an ability to make debts at that time more pronounced than his ability to produce books for which the public craved—following in money matters the footsteps of his father. He soon owed 50,000 francs. To help overthrow the burden, he became a reporter on one of the Paris papers, and chronicled the news of the French capital from day to day.

On one of his "assignments" Dumas met a woman of the half-world known as Marie Duplessis. He became interested in the poor creature and decided to immortalize her in a book. He went to St. Germain, hired a little room in one of the inns, for which he paid twenty sous a day. In three weeks he had finished the novel, *La Dame aux Camélias*, which has made his name undying. That was in 1848. His triumph was immediate, and it was a triumph which no other book that he has written has brought him. In the last few years Dumas has been silent, since the appearance of *Denise* and *Francillon*. The *Clemenceau Case*, which caused the world to talk, was simply an adaptation for the theatre of his novel written thirty odd years ago.

Dumas is one of the few Frenchmen who speak German and read German literature. Years ago he published a criticism of Goethe's *Faust*, which made him many enemies and subjected him to severe treatment from many critics for a time. But he disavowed it later, practically. Dumas is a hard worker and spends several hours daily in his beautiful study, surrounded by his books and paintings. He is usually dressed in a Russian morning "gown," presented to him by his friend M. de Zichy, the private painter to the Czar, from whom he also possesses two paintings, *The Farewell of Two Lovers*, and a scene from *The Clemenceau Case*. These are among his favorites. The relations between Dumas and his father, after the reconciliation had taken place, are among the most beautiful in literary history. And Alexandre the Younger, although today an old man, still refers to his father with the homage of a child. In the recent edition of *The Three Musketeers* he wrote, among other things, the following, addressed to his father's spirit: "Wherever thou mayst be, my words will reach thee; for in the last twenty-three years in which we have been separated, no day has gone by on which I did not think of thee, my best friend; and if even the impossible had happened, and I had been able to forget thee, a thousand voices would have recalled thee daily to my memory."

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Christmas Eve...Scandinavian Legend...Lizette W. Reese...Travellers Record

Christ was born upon this Night;
 Mistress, spin no more;
 Master, seven good candles light;
 The Dead are at the door.
 He, that with his ship was lost,
 Happened in the salt sod;
 She, that at white Pentecost
 Left us for her God.
 One that went long time ago;
 One for bridal clad;
 One with golden locks a-flow,
 Just a little lad.
 Master, the long grave is sweet
 By the old sea-wall;
 Mistress, they that part shall meet—
 Christ was born for all.
 Spread the cloth as white as snow;
 Sprigs of rosemary set;
 That the blessed dead may know
 We remember yet.
 Pour the wine and break the bread;
 Put green boughs about;
 We, too, be remembered
 When our day is out!

We are the Music-Makers.....Arthur O'Shaughnessy.....(Stone & Kimball)

We are the music-makers,
 And we are the dreamers of dreams,
 Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
 And sitting by desolate streams;
 World-losers and world-forsakers,
 On whom the pale moon gleams;
 Yet we are the movers and shakers
 Of the world forever, it seems.
 With wonderful deathless ditties
 We build at the world's great cities,
 And out of a fabulous story
 We fashion an empire's glory:
 One man with a dream, at pleasure,
 Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
 And three with a new song's measure
 Can trample a kingdom down.
 We, in the ages lying
 In the buried past of the earth,
 Built Nineveh with our sighing,
 And Babel itself in our mirth;
 And o'erthrew them with prophesying
 To the Old and the New World's worth;
 For each age in a dream that is dying,
 Or one that is coming to birth.
 A breath of our inspiration
 Is the life of each generation;
 A wondrous thing of our dreaming,
 Unearthly, impossible seeming—
 The soldier, the king and the peasant
 Are working together in one,
 Till our dream shall become their present,
 And their work in the world be done.
 They had no vision amazing
 Of the goodly house they are raising;
 They had no divine foreshowing
 Of the land to which they are going:
 But on one man's soul it hath broken,
 A light that doth not depart;
 And his look, or a word he hath spoken,
 Wrought flame in another man's heart.

And therefore to-day is thrilling
 With a past day's late fulfilling;
 And the multitudes are enlisted
 In the faith that their fathers resisted,
 And, scorning the dream of to-morrow,
 Are bringing to pass, as they may,
 In the world, for its joy or its sorrow,
 The dream that was scorned yesterday.
 But we, with our dreaming and singing,
 Ceaseless and sorrowless we!
 The glory about us clinging
 Of the glorious futures we see,
 Our souls with high music ringing:
 O men! it must ever be
 That we dwell, in our dreaming and singing,
 A little apart from ye;
 For we are afar with the dawning
 And the suns that are not yet high,
 And out of the infinite morning
 Intrepid you hear us cry—
 How, spite of your human scorning,
 Once more God's future draws nigh,
 And already goes forth the warning
 That ye of the past must die.
 Great hail! we cry to the comers
 From the dazzling unknown shore;
 Bring us hither your sun and your summers,
 And renew our world as of yore;
 You shall teach us your song's new numbers;
 And things that we dreamed not before:
 Yea, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers,
 And a singer who sings no more.

A Shadow of the Night. T. B. Aldrich. Unguarded Gates (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Close on the edge of a midsummer dawn
 In troubled dreams I went from land to land,
 Each seven-colored like the rainbow's arc,
 Regions where never fancy's foot had trod
 Till then; yet all the strangeness seemed not strange,
 At which I wondered, reasoning in my dream
 With twofold sense, well knowing that I slept.
 At last I came to this our cloud-hung earth,
 And somewhere by the seashore was a grave,
 A woman's grave, new-made, and heaped with flowers;
 And near it stood an ancient, holy man
 That fain would comfort me, who sorrowed not
 For this unknown dead woman at my feet.
 But I, because his sacred office held
 My reverence, listened; and 'twas thus he spake:
 "When next thou comest thou shalt find her still
 In all the rare perfection that she was.
 Thou shalt have gentle greeting of thy love!
 Her eyelids will have turned to violets,
 Her bosom to white lilies, and her breath
 To roses. What is lovely never dies,
 But passes into other loveliness,
 Star-dust, or sea-foam, flower, or winged air.
 If this befalls our poor unworthy flesh,
 Think thee what destiny awaits the soul!
 What glorious vesture it shall wear at last!"
 While yet he spoke, seashore and grave and priest
 Vanished, and faintly from a neighboring spire
 Fell five solemn strokes upon my ear.
 Then I awoke with a keen pain at heart,
 A sense of swift unutterable loss,
 And through the darkness reached my hand to touch
 Her cheek, soft-pillowed on one restful palm—
 To be quite sure!

The Yankee Man-of-War.....Studies in Folk-Song.....(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

'Tis of a gallant Yankee ship that flew the stripes and stars,
And the whistling wind from the west-nor'west blew through the pitchpine spars;
With her starboard tacks aboard, my boys, she hung upon the gale,
On an autumn night we raised the light on the old head of Kinsale.

It was a clear and cloudless night, and the wind blew steady and strong,
As gayly over the sparkling deep our good ship bowled along;
With the foaming seas beneath her bow the fiery waves she spread,
And bending low her bosom of snow, she buried her lee cathead.

There was no talk of short'ning sail by him who walked the poop,
And under the press of her pond'ring jib the boom bent like a hoop,
And the groaning waterways told the strain that held her stout main tack.
But he only laughed as he glanced abaft at a white and silvery track.

The mid-tide meets in the channel waves that flow from shore to shore,
And the mist hung heavy upon the land from Featherstone to Dunmore;
And that sterling light on Tusker rock, where the old bell tolls the hour,
And the beacon light that shone so bright was quenched on Waterford tower.

The nightly robes our good ship wore were her three topsails set,
The spanker and her standing-gib, the spanker being fast.
"Now lay aloft, my heroes bold, let not a moment pass!"
And royals and topgallant sails were quickly on each mast.

What looms upon the starboard bow? What hangs upon the breeze?
'Tis time our good ship hauled her lee abreast the old Saltees,
For by her pond'ous press of sail and by her consorts four
We saw our morning visitor was a British man-of-war.

Up spoke our noble captain then, as a shot ahead of us past,
"Haul snug your flowing courses, lay your topsail to the mast!"
The Englishmen gave three loud hurrahs from the deck of their covered ark,
And we answered back by a solid broadside from the deck of our patriot bark.

"Out, booms! Out, booms!" our skipper cried, "Out booms and give her sheet!"
And the swiftest keel that ever was launched shot ahead of the British fleet.
And amidst a thundering shower of shot, with stunsails hoisting away,
Down the North Channel Paul Jones did steer just at the break of day.

Leonainie...James Whitcomb Riley...Armazindy (Bowen-Merrill Co.)

Leonainie—Angels named her;
And they took the light
Of the laughing stars and framed her
In a smile of white;
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy
Moonshine, and they brought her to me
In the solemn night—

In the solemn night of summer,
When my heart of gloom
Blossomed up to greet the comer
Like a rose in bloom;
All forebodings that distressed me
I forgot as Joy caressed me—
(Lying Joy! that caught and pressed me
In the arms of doom!)

Only spake the little lisper
In the angel-tongue;
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper—
"Songs are only sung
Here below that they may grieve you—
Tales but told you to deceive you—
So must Leonainie leave you
While her love is young."

Then God smiled and it was morning.
Matchless and supreme,
Heaven's glory seemed adorning
Earth with its esteem;
Every heart but mine seemed gifted
With the voice of prayer, and lifted
Where my Leonainie drifted
From me like a dream.

In a Gondola....Joaquin Miller....Because I Love You (Lee & Shepard)

'Twas night in Venice. Then down to the tide,
Where a tall and shadowy gondolier
Leaned on his oar, like a lifted spear:—
'Twas night in Venice. Then side by side
We sat in his boat. Then oar a-trip
On the black boat's keel, then dip and dip:—
These boatmen should build their boats more wide,
For we were together and side by side.

The sea it was level as seas of light,
As still as the light ere a hand was laid
To the making of lands, or the seas were made.
'Twas fond as a bride on her bridal night,
When a great love swells in her soul like a sea,
And makes her but less than divinity.
'Twas night,—the soul of the day I wis:
A woman's face hiding from her first kiss.

'Twas night in Venice. On o'er the tide—
These boats they are narrow as they can be;
These crafts, they are narrow enough, and we,
To balance the boat, sat side by side—
Out under the arch of the Bridge of Sighs,
On under the arch of the star-sown skies;
We two were together on the Adrian sea,—
The one fair woman of the world to me.

These narrow-built boats, they rock when at sea,
And they make one afraid. So she leaned to me;
And that is the reason alone there fell
Such golden folds of abundant hair
Down over my shoulder as we sat there.
These boatmen should build their boats more wide,
Wider for lovers: as wide—ah, well!
But who is the rascal to kiss and tell?

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

The Art of Plagiarism.....A Study in Originality.....The Baltimore Sun

Robert Louis Stevenson has come forward with a charmingly frank acknowledgment that his fascinating story of *Treasure Island* was written on motives borrowed from *Robinson Crusoe* and from *Tales of a Traveler*. He feels he is also indebted to Edgar Allan Poe for the skeleton episode and for the stockade to *Masterman Ready*. But for that he cares nothing. "It is," he says, "my debt to Washington Irving that exercises my conscience, and justly so, for I believe that plagiarism was rarely carried farther." Mr. Stevenson may well confess his sins as a plagiarist with a show of penitence that is manifestly humorous, for he is in so numerous a company of fellow sinners that if he had not appropriated anything from other authors his right to be classified as an author at all might well be doubted. For they have all done it. Ralph Waldo Emerson says, in his essay on *Quotation and Originality*—itself one of the finest pieces of plagiarism in the language, it being a mosaic made up of facts and ideas from all creation—"Originals are not original. There is imitation and suggestion to the archangels, if we knew their history."

Ninety-nine out of every one hundred readers believe, no doubt, that Abraham Lincoln's famous Gettysburg remark that "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth," was original with him. It was not. Daniel Webster used it in a speech in the Senate thirty-two years before. "Public office is a public trust" was an old phrase to which Mr. Cleveland gave a new vogue. Charles Sumner, in 1872, said: "The phrase, 'public office is a public trust,' has of late become common property." And Thomas Jefferson used it sixty-five years before that. Shakespeare's was an original mind, the most original that has ever clothed its conceptions in English forms of speech, according to the majority opinion. Yet the scholars who have explored Shakespeare will tell you from whom he plagiarized his plots, his dialogues, and his songs. "Conscience does make cowards of us all." Grand line, is it not? But here is Pilpay, the Brahmin, who lived at least 2,000 B. S. (before Shakespeare), saying: "Guilty conscience always makes people cowards." And Pilpay, we may be sure, was not the originator of that saying. Cain, after he had killed Abel, probably coined that Shakespearean remark. "As good luck would have it," is Shakespeare. "As ill luck would have it," is Cervantes. They were contemporaneous. Who was the originator? Neither, probably. "What the dickens," is another of Shakespeare's originalities—perhaps. Thomas Heywood also uses the expression in his play of "Edward IV.," written, it may be, before *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Nick Bottom, describing his dream, says that "The eye of man hath not seen, the ear of man hath not heard," etc. But we find that from the pen of St. Paul, from whom it is undoubtedly plagiarized. (See I. Corinthians, ii., 9.) Again, we read in *Hamlet* that "diseases desperate grown by desperate appliance are relieved, or not at all," and feel the force of Shakespeare's great creative mind. Yet he has merely plagiarized an aphorism of Hippocrates, who said: "Extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases."

Goethe was frank to confess himself a plagiarist. He says: "What would remain of me if this art of appropriation were derogatory to genius? Every one of my writings has been furnished to me by a thousand different persons. A thousand things, wise and foolish, have brought me, without suspecting it, the offerings of their thoughts, faculties and experience. My work is an aggregation of beings taken from the whole of nature; it bears the name of Goethe." Voltaire, commonly credited with being a highly original writer, is a self-acknowledged plagiarist, and he defends it boldly. "Of all the forms of theft," says he, "plagiarism is the least dangerous to society." Moliere took his plots and dialogues bodily from old Italian comedies. He candidly repudiated any respect for the prigs who cry plagiarist at every man who digs a good thing out of the mines of literature and gives it in a new dress as his own. "I conquer my own wherever I find it," he cries.

Disraeli (latterly called Lord Beaconsfield) was regarded as a unique and entirely original character in the English public life of his time. No more persistent plagiarist ever lived. His famous funeral oration over the Duke of Wellington was taken almost word for word from a panegyric written by the great Frenchman, Thiers, on Marshal Saint-Cyr! The London Examiner turned out this neat quatrain to commemorate the plagiarist:

In sounding great Wellington's praise,
Dizzy's grief and his truth both appear;
For a flood of Thiers he lets fall,
Which were certainly meant for Saint-Cyr.

Plagiarism was a pet pastime of Disraeli, who, nevertheless, added new brightness to all that he stole and enriched literature with not a few coinages that so far as yet discovered were brand-new. His oftenest quoted epigram: "The critics are the men who have failed in literature and art," is, however, a most flagrant plagiarism. We find it in Lander, Balzac, Dumas, Pope, Shenstone and Dryden. Who of all these was the author, and which were the plagiarists has never been determined. Dryden was very likely the father of it when he wrote: "Ill writers are usually the sharpest censors." Shelley puts it in the most acid form: "As a bankrupt thief turns thief-taker in despair, so an unsuccessful author turns critic."

A few years ago a lord mayor of London was caught interpolating half of a sermon by Spurgeon into one of his addresses. He said he knew it, and did it as a compliment to Spurgeon's superior eloquence. His apology was accepted. The truth is, and there is no need of blushing about it, that all men whose literary output is large draw upon works of reference continually. The literary animalculæ, who are always on the alert to detect a plagiarist, are of the same species of mental insect life that finds its supreme delight in shouting "Chestnuts" whenever one ventures to tell a droll story or repeat a current witticism. They want it understood that they know it all. There is no news for them. They were there on the spot when it occurred. They heard it all when they were children.

The accumulated literary riches of all the ages certainly include better, brighter, larger, nobler thoughts

than any one man now living, be he preacher, poet, author, playwright, editor or any other variety of brain and pen worker, can think out for himself. By all means let them be drawn upon boldly and liberally for the pulpit, the stage and the press. Give us more fine plagiarism and less feeble originality.

The Bible as Literature.....Richard G. Moulton.....The Outlook

One of our old dramas bears the somewhat remarkable title, *A Woman Killed with Kindness*. It would seem as if a similarly constructed title might well describe the Bible in the hands of its English readers; it is a *Literature Smothered by Reverence*. Of course, as a source of spiritual life the sacred Word has its full vitality and vitalizing force. But the Bible is something besides this; the very name "Bible" may be translated "Literature," and, considered as literature, it must be confessed that the Bible is exercising little influence upon those to whom it is familiar. Moreover, it would seem that it has been reduced to this state of inanition through an extreme reverence, which, being divorced from intelligence, has proved mischievous. It has been felt that, in the case of so transcendent a message, the very sentences containing it were sacred. But, in thus doing homage to the separate sentences, readers have lost that linking between sentences and sentences which gave to them all their real force; to the devout reader the Bible has become a storehouse of isolated texts, of good words. He scarcely realizes that it exhibits the varieties of literary form familiar to him elsewhere—essays, epigrams, sonnets, stories, sermons, songs, philosophical observations and treatises, histories and legal documents.

Even dramas are to be found in the Bible, and also love-songs; nay, so far does dumb show enter into the ministry of Ezekiel that some of his compositions might fairly be described as *tableaux-vivants*. The distinction between things sacred and things secular, which exercises so questionable an influence upon our times, seems unknown to the world of the Old Testament. Its literature embraces national anthems of Israel in various stages of its history, war ballads with rough refrains, hymns of defeat and victory, or for triumphant entrance into a conquered capital; pilgrim songs and the chants with which the family parties beguiled the journeys to the great feasts; fanciful acrostics to clothe sacred meditations or composed in compliment to a perfect wife; even the games of riddles which belong to such social meetings as Samson's wedding. With the single exception of humorous literature, for which the Hebrew temperament has little fitness, the Bible presents as varied an intellectual food as can be found in any national literature.

But the anxious inquiry will be made by some: Will not this literary treatment of Holy Writ interfere with its higher religious and theological uses? The question ought to answer itself: if the Divine Revelation, which might have been made in so many different ways, has in fact taken the form of literature, this must be warrant sufficient for making such literary form a matter of study. But this is an understatement of the case; not only is the literary study of the Bible permissible, but it is a necessary adjunct to the proper spiritual interpretation. No doubt edification of a kind may be drawn from an isolated verse or a brief succession of sentences; but it is only when each literary section has been under-

stood as a whole in its plain or natural meaning that it is safe to go forward to the deeper spiritual signification. The neglect of this principle is responsible for many of the fanciful and even grotesque interpretations of the old commentators. To take an example, Solomon's Song contains the following passage:

By night on my bed,
I sought him whom my soul loveth;
I sought him, but I found him not.

A commentator like Quarles was ready from this single verse to plunge into mystic interpretation. His book of emblems represents a female figure, conventionally signifying the human soul, standing with a flat candlestick in her hand by a bedside; she is turning down the bedclothes, and appears surprised to find nothing inside them; while on the floor, hidden from her but visible to the reader, is the figure of the Saviour, in the attitude of one who has tumbled out of bed. No irreverence, of course, is intended; but such ludicrous literalism would be impossible to any one reading the poem as a piece of literature, who must see that the words quoted are the beginning of an exquisite dream of the heroine losing and again finding her lover. Nor when the dream has been fully caught is there any loss of mystic symbolism. All sections of the poem are a celebration of conjugal love. But the Old and New Testament alike apply the imagery of Bride and Bridegroom to the relations between the soul and Christ, or the Church and its Head, and thus all the thoughts and emotions of the poem can have their spiritual applications. First in order of time is that which is natural—the plain literary interpretation—afterwards that which is spiritual.

The point to be pressed upon the reading world at the present time is that the Bible is, above all things, an interesting literature. No class of readers can afford to neglect it, for—with the single exception noted above—every variety of literary interest is represented in the books of the Old and New Testaments. And, in marvelous manner, all these kinds of literary beauty are concentrated in a single work—the Book of Job. This has an epic story for its basis; if it has less of lyric than of any other form, yet this lyric element—the Curse—is among the most famous passages in all poetry. The bulk of the book is a drama, in which there are characters finely discriminated and meeting in sharp contrast, and open-air scene and chorus of spectators, and a plot which has its dénouement in a thunder-storm—the overlooking of which scenic touch has led to misunderstanding of the speeches attributed to God. The matter of the poem embraces ethical questions, and even questions of social science, which are still the themes of our philosophers; while so artistically are the various elements blended that each stage of the drama—from prologue to epilogue—has the function of stating or shadowing a different solution of the world's great mystery of pain. Such a blending of all kinds of interest in a single work cannot be paralleled in any other of the world's masterpieces.

Among the separate branches of literature the lyric poetry of the Bible ranges from the early Songs of Deborah, or of Israel by the Red Sea, danced by answering choruses of men and women, to such ideal and deeply spiritual meditations as the Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm. Critics by no means partial to the religious side of Scripture have recognized that in lyric poetry the Hebrew leads the literature of the world. Of epic

poetry, on the contrary, it has been the custom to say that the Bible has no example. But the truth is rather that the definition of epic poetry needs enlarging to take in the stories of Scripture; the ignoring of these has led to the common mistake that "epic" is equivalent to "fiction." Except in this one matter of being part of the national history, these Biblical stories produce upon our minds just the effect of epic poems. Such a story is that of Joseph, with its irenic situations and poetic justice; or that of David and Saul, brimful of adventure; or the mixed verse and prose that make up the story of Balaam; or the exquisite idyl that unites in so sweet a bond the melancholy beauty of Naomi and the shy grace of Ruth; or the crown of them all, the Book of Esther, which is saved from being an exciting novel with a double plot only by the accident of its being historically true. These stories are epic gems in a setting of sober history. And this setting will appeal to a different literary taste, presenting history in all its forms, from the archæology of Genesis, or the constitutional history of the following books, to the ecclesiastical digests of Chronicles.

It is impossible here to name all the departments of Biblical literature. A nation's whole philosophy—in that picturesque dress which has given to Hebrew philosophy its name of "Wisdom"—may be read in the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, and the Apocryphal books of Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom of Solomon; read in their proper order, they display the whole development of that philosophy, from the brief, disjointed observations that make up Proverbs, to the first troubled attempt to read the meaning of life in Ecclesiastes, and the recovered serenity when, in the Book of Wisdom, a wider survey of life harmonizes analysis and faith. The literature of oratory is splendidly represented in Deuteronomy; and no collection of speeches in secular literature has the interest which is given to the orations of Moses by the dramatic setting of the book, which presents the pathetic situation of Moses at Pisgah, until pathos becomes triumph and rhetoric gives place to song. Philosophy and oratory belong to all literatures; but the Bible has all to itself the department of prophecy. This gathers into one distinct literary form sermons and political speeches; burdens on hostile peoples that suggest the satires of secular literature; the mystic poetry of visions; dramatic dialogues like Micah's controversy before the mountains, or Jeremiah's intercession in a season of drought; while all ordinary literary forms are transcended when Joel and Isaiah present advancing judgment in a spiritual drama that has all space for its stage and all time for the period of its action. In intrinsic worth, then, the Old Testament is second to none of the world's great literatures. Moreover, it has, in common with the literature of Greece and Rome, been the main factor in the development of our modern prose and poetry. For the English-speaking people, no liberal education will be complete in which Classical and Biblical literature do not stand side by side.

The Writing of Essays.....A Complete Recipe.....Pall Mall Budget

The art of the essayist is so simple, so entirely free from canons or criticism, and withal so delightful, that one must needs wonder why all men are not essayists. Perhaps people do not know how easy it is. Or perhaps beginners are misled. Rightly taught it may be learnt in a brief ten minutes or so, what art there is in it. And

all the rest is as easy as wandering among woodlands on a bright morning in the spring. Then sit you down if you would join us, taking paper, pens, and ink; and mark this, your pen is a matter of vital moment. For every pen writes its own sort of essay, and pencils also, after their kind. The ink perhaps may have its influence too, and the paper; but paramount is the pen. This, indeed, is the fundamental secret of essay writing. Wed any man to his proper pen, and the delights of composition and the birth of an essay are assured. Only many of us wander through the earth and never meet with her—futile and lonely men. And of all pens, your quill for essays that are literature. There is a subtle informality, a delightful easiness, perhaps even a faint immortality essentially literary, about the quill. The quill is rich in suggestion and quotation. There are quills that would quote you Montaigne and Horace in the hands of a trades-union delegate. And those quirky, idle noises this pen makes are delightful, and would break your easy fluency with wit. All the classical essayists wrote with a quill, and Addison used the most expensive kind the Government purchased. And the beginning of the inferior essay was the dawn of the cheap steel pen.

The quill nibs they sell to fit into ordinary penholders are no true quills at all, lacking dignity, and may even lead you into the New Humor if you trust overmuch to their use. After a proper quill commend me to a stumpy BB pencil; you get less polish and broader effects, but you are still doing good literature. Sometimes the work is crowded—Mr. George Meredith, for instance, is suspected of a soft pencil—and always it is blunter than quill work, and more terse. With a hard pencil no man can write anything but a graceless style—a kind of east-wind air it gives—and smile you cannot. So that it is often used for serious articles in the half-crown reviews. There follows the host of steel pens. That bald, clear, scientific style, all set about with words like "evolution" and "environment," which aims at expressing its meaning with precision and an exemplary economy of words, is done with fine steel nibs—twelve a penny at any stationer's. The J pen to the lady novelist, and the stylograph to the devil; your essayist must not touch the things. So much for the pen. If you cannot write essays easily that is where the hitch comes in. Get a box of a different kind of pen and begin again, and so on again and again until despair or joy arrests you. As for a typewriter, you could no more get an essay out of a typewriter than you could play a sonata upon its keys. No essay was ever written with a typewriter yet, nor ever will be. Besides its impossibility, the suggestion implies a brutal disregard of the division of labor by which we live and move and have our being. If the essayist typewrites, the unemployed typewriter, who is commonly a person of some education and capacity, might take to essays—and where is your living then? One might as reasonably start at once with the Linotype and print one's wit and humor straight away. And, taking the invasion of other trades one step further, one might, after an attempt to sell one's own newspaper, even get to the pinch of having to read it oneself. No; even essayists must be reasonable. If its clitter-clatter did not render composition impossible, the typewriter would still be beneath the honor of a literary man.

Then for the paper. The luxurious, expensive, small-sized, cream-laid note is best, since it makes your essay

choice and compact; and failing that ripped envelopes and the backs of bills. Some men love ruled paper, because they can write athwart the lines, and some take the fly-leaves of their friend's books. But whosoever writes on cheap sermon-paper, full of hairs, should write far away from the woman he loves, lest he offend her ears. It is good, however, for a terse, forcible style. The ink should be glossy black as it leaves your pen, for polished English. Violet inks lead to sham sentiment, and blue-black to vulgarity. Red-ink essays are often good, but usually unfit for publication. This is as much almost as any one need know to begin essay writing. Given your proper pen and ink, or pencil and paper, you simply sit down and write the thing. The value of an essay is not its matter, but its mood. You must be comfortable, of course; an easy-chair, with arm-rests, slippers, and a book to write upon are usually employed, and you must have been fed recently, and your body clothed with ease rather than grandeur. For the rest, do not trouble to stick to your subject or any subject; and take no thought for the editor or the reader, for your essay should be as spontaneous as the lilies of the field. So long as you do not begin with a definition you may begin anyhow. An abrupt beginning is much admired—after the fashion of the clown's entry through the chemist's window. Then whack at your reader at once; hit him over the head with the sausages, brisk him up with the poker, bundle him into the wheelbarrow, and so carry him away with you before he knows where you are. You can do what you like with a reader if you only keep him on the move. But one law must be observed: an essay, like a dog that wishes to please, must have a lively tail, short, but waggish as possible.

Books to be Re-read.....Agnes Repplier.....Atlantic Monthly

Many people have told us about the advantage of remembering what we read, and have imparted severe counsels as to ways and means. Thackeray and Charles Lamb alone have ventured to hint at the equal delight of forgetting, and of returning to some well-loved volume with recollections softened into an agreeable haze. Lamb, indeed, with characteristic impatience, sighed for the waters of Lethe that he might have more than his due; that he might grasp a double portion of those serene pleasures of which his was no niggardly share. "I feel as if I had read all the books I want to read," he wrote disconsolately to Bernard Barton. "Oh! to forget Fielding, Steele, etc., and read 'em new!"

This is a wistful fancy in which many of us have had our share. There come moments of doubt and discontent when even a fresh novel fills us with shivery apprehensions. We pick it up reluctantly, and look at it askance, as though it were a dose of wholesome medicine. We linger sadly for a moment on the brink; and then, warm in our hearts, comes the memory of happier hours when we first read Guy Mannering, or *The Scarlet Letter*, or *Persuasion*; when we first forgot the world in David Copperfield, or raced at headlong speed, with tingling veins and bated breath, through the marvelous *Woman in White*. Alas! why were we so ravenous in our youth? Like the Prodigal Son, we consumed all our fortune in a few short years, and now the husks, though very excellent husks indeed, and highly recommended for their nourishing and stimulating qualities by the critic doctors of the day, seem to our jaded tastes a trifle dry and savorless. If only we

could forget the old, beloved books, and "read 'em new!" With many this is not possible, for the impression which they make is too vivid to be obliterated, or even softened, by time. We may re-read them, if we choose. We do re-read them often, for the sake of lingering repeatedly over each familiar page, but we can never "read 'em new." The thrill of anticipation, the joyous pursuit, the sustained interest, the final satisfaction—all these sensations of delight belong to our earliest acquaintance with literature.

But other books there be, and it is well for us that this is so, whose tranquil mission is to soothe our grayer years. These faithful comrades are the "bedside" friends whom Thackeray loved, to whom he returned night after night in the dozy hours, and in whose generous companionship he found respite from the fretful cares of day. These are the volumes which should stand on a sacred shelf apart, and over them a bust of Hermes, god of good dreams and quiet slumbers, whom the wise ancients honored soberly as having the best of all guerdons in his keeping.

Art of Fiction...Herbert Crackenthorpe...The Yellow Book (Copeland & Day)

During the past fifty years, as every one knows, the art of fiction has been expanding in a manner exceedingly remarkable, till it has grown to be the predominant branch of imaginative literature. But the other day we were assured that poetry only thrives in limited and exquisite editions; that the drama, in England at least, has practically ceased to be literature at all. Each epoch instinctively chooses that literary vehicle which is best adapted for the expression of its particular temper: just as the drama flourished in the robust age of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; just as that outburst of lyrical poetry at the beginning of the century in France coincided with a period of extreme emotional exaltation; so the novel, facile and flexible in its conventions, with its endless opportunities for accurate delineation of reality, becomes supreme in a time of democracy and of science—to note but these two salient characteristics. And, if we pursue this line of thought, we find that, on all sides, the novel is being approached in one special spirit, that it would seem to be striving, for the moment at any rate, to perfect itself within certain definite limitations. To employ a hackneyed catchword, the novel is becoming realistic. Completely idealistic art—art that has no point of contact with the facts of the universe, as we know them—is, of course, an impossible absurdity; similarly, a complete reproduction of Nature by means of words is an absurd impossibility. . . . Art is not invested with the futile function of perpetually striving after imitation or reproduction of Nature; she endeavors to produce, through the adaptation of a restricted number of natural facts, a harmonious and satisfactory whole. Indeed, in this very process of adaptation and blending together lies the main and greater task of the artist. And the novel, the short story, even the impression of a mere incident, convey each of them the imprint of the temper in which their creator has achieved this process of adaptation and blending together of his material. They are inevitably stamped with the hall-mark of his personality. A work of art can never be more than a corner of Nature, seen through the temperament of a single man. Thus all literature is, must be, essentially subjective: for style is but the power of individual expression.

YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS: SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN

Reasoning by Analogy—A caller had mentioned that a neighbor had been obliged to shoot his dog because it had grown old and cross. After he had gone, little Edith, who had been quiet since the dog was spoken of, surprised her mother by asking: "Mamma, when do you think papa will shoot Aunt Sarah?"—*Tit-Bits*.

Juvenile Skepticism—Minister: "And how do you get on at Sunday-school, Billie?" Billie: "Pretty well; I've just learned about the whale swallowing Jonah." Minister: "That's good." Billie: "Yes, sir; and next Sunday I'm going to begin to believe it."—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

A Colored Solomon—A teacher of a Virginia district school recently asked one of her little colored pupils to go to the blackboard and write a sentence thereon containing the word "delight." George Washington Jackson went pompously to the front of the room and wrote, in a large scrawling hand: "De wind blowed so hard dat it put out de light."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Willie's Confidential Weakness—James Whitcomb Riley's fondness for children is a well-known characteristic of the "Hoosier" poet, and his keen appreciation of their quaint sayings is illustrated in the following dialogue he claims to have overheard, and which he related at a recent luncheon: "I don't like Willie 'tall," the first youngster asserted, emphatically. "Why not?" he was asked. "'Cause every night he goes and blabs everything to God."—*New York Tribune*.

Tommy Argues the Case—"I don't see what's the use of me being vaccinated again," said Tommy, baring his arm reluctantly for the doctor. "The human body changes every seven years, Tommy," replied his mother. "You are eleven years old now. You were in your fourth year when you were vaccinated first, and it has run out." "Well, I was baptized when I was a baby. Has that run out, too?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Object-Lesson on the Chair—Teacher (having directed the attention of the class to the various parts of a chair): "Of what use is the seat of a chair?" Bright little girl (who knows it all): "I know." Teacher: "You may tell the class." Bright little girl: "To keep people from flopping on the floor."—*Judge*.

A Retort Courteous—"Charles, you must do what I tell you. When I was a little child like you I was always good and obedient." "I'm glad to know that, mamma, and you may be sure that I'll say the same to my children when I have any."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

A Choice of Weapons—A little fellow had been seriously lectured by his mother and finally sent into the garden to find a switch with which he was to be punished. He returned soon and said: "I could not find a switch, mamma, but here's a stone you can throw at me."—*New York Telegram*.

Prayer with a Commentary—Little Mary has always been devoted to her aunt May, and prays for her each night long and fervently. One day, however, during a visit at her aunt's, the child did something wrong and had to be punished. When evening came, and she knelt at her aunt's knee to say her prayers, it was evident that the sore spot was there still. "Bless papa and mamma," began the childish voice, and then there

was an ominous silence, after which the prayer was concluded with no reference to Aunt May. "Now," remarked Miss Four-Year-Old, with flashing eyes, as she rose, "what do you think of that for a prayer?"—*Wasp*.

A Concrete Abstraction—Teacher: "An abstract noun is the name of something you can think of but not touch. Can you give me an example, Tommy?" Tommy: "A red-hot poker."—*Traveller's Record*.

Corroborative Satisfaction—Mother: "I gave you ten cents to be good yesterday, and to-day you are just trying to show how bad you can be." Willie: "Yes, but I am just trying to show you to-day that you got the worth of your money yesterday."—*Sunshine*.

Applied Irony—Georgie: "Auntie what does irony mean?" Auntie: "It means to say one thing and mean the opposite, like calling a rainy day a fine day." Georgie: "I think I understand you, auntie. Wouldn't this be irony, 'Auntie, I don't want a nice big piece of cake?'"—*Youth's Companion*.

With a Reservation—Mamma (to Johnny, who had been given a pear with pills artfully concealed in it): "Well, dear, have you finished your pear?" Johnny: "Yes, mamma, all but the seeds."—*Druggist's Circular*.

Like the Prince of Wales—An English schoolmaster promised a crown to any boy who should propound a riddle that the teacher could not answer. One and another tried, and at last one boy asked: "Why am I like the Prince of Wales?" The master puzzled his wits in vain, and finally was compelled to admit that he did not know. "Why," said the boy, "it's because I'm waiting for the crown."—*Tit-Bits*.

Speculative Mathematics—"Well, Elizabeth, you are at the head of your class, to-day. How did you manage it?" "Why, the teacher asked Mary Small how many are 5 and 7 and she said 13. He said that was too many; then he asked Josephine Little and she said 11, and that wasn't enough. So I thought I'd try 12, and I guessed it right."—*School Journal*.

Tommy's Storm Signals—Rev. D. Fourthly, accompanied by Mrs. Fourthly, was making a pastoral call at the Shackleford dwelling, and had unconsciously prolonged his stay until the afternoon sun was low in the sky and Tommy Shackleford had begun to grow hungry. Burning with righteous indignation, and moved by a strong sense of personal ill-treatment, Tommy strode into the parlor. "Maw," he said, in a high-pitched voice, "you'd better get a gait on you. If paw comes home an' finds supper ain't ready again, he'll raise the darnedest row ever you went anywhere."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Time Dragged—Little Johnny, having been invited out to dinner with his mother, was commanded not to speak at the table except when he was asked a question, and promised to obey the command. At the table no attention was paid to Johnny for a long time. He grew very restless, and his mother could see that he was having a hard time to "hold in." By and by he could stand it no longer. "Mamma!" he called out, "when are they going to begin asking me questions?"—*Puck*.

SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS, PROGRESS AND PROPHECY

The Wonderful Telescope Lens...Long-Distance Photography...New York Press

The man who will not be photographed on any consideration will hereafter be very much chagrined to know that he cannot help himself. The camera fiend is now able to "take him" whether he will or no. Furthermore, the camera fiend can do it under conditions which will not allow of any personal chastisement on the part of the man. Late developments in photography enable pictures of objects to be taken, though the camera be dozens of miles away. It is done by means of the telescopic lens, which will take a recognizable picture of a person on a hotel porch at a distance of half a mile or more. Given a half-mile start, there might be some trouble in catching a camera fiend who had taken your picture, even though he were loaded down with an outfit.

The very latest feat in long distance photographing was the taking of Mount Washington. It was successfully accomplished last week. The latest European feat was the taking of Mont Blanc. The possibilities that lie in long-distance photography are enormous. It will add wonderfully to our store of knowledge concerning forthcoming scenic events. Think of getting an absolute picture or series of pictures of a great battle scene. Every incident of the fight could be shown. The picture could be divided and individual scenes shown. The photographic artist could be miles away, yet he would be able to capture the very expressions on the faces of the men engaged in action. He could also develop the scenic or panoramic view, and thus obtain an accurate picture from both points of view. A series of such photographs might materially alter the historical rendering of the fight. There could be no subsequent disputes regarding the positions of various battalions.

The great yacht races which have been sailed in the series of contests between this country and England could be accurately pictured in photographs taken from a shore, perhaps far down on the horizon. Now the photographer has to go off in a boat and take his views from a slippery, unsteady deck. Anything within range of the eye can be taken by means of the photographic lens, but it goes further than the eye and carries out the details of the scene. Gazing with the naked eye at a landscape everything appears hazy, and the ordinary camera would depict it in just that way. But now the telescopic photographer may stand several miles from a church and take a picture so clear that we are able to distinguish the time on its clock face. Moreover, the new arrangement embraces a view of the church and but little of its surroundings. The intervening distance can be all done away with if necessary.

A vessel might founder off a rocky coast. Under ordinary circumstances an occasional rocket and a dim outline would be all that could be seen. She would go to the bottom, perhaps, and her name and destination, much less her passengers, remain unknown. A photograph of her, taken with the telescopic lens, on the other hand, shows her name, size, condition and even her passengers' faces. Again, in time of war the principle could be used to discover an enemy's position. It is recorded that when the British occupied Manhattan

Island during the Revolution, Washington came down from Dobbs Ferry and stood on the Palisades, from whence he could discern, by means of a glass, the fact that the enemy were camped at Fort George, and that he could see "one hundred tents." Perhaps the fortunes of war would have changed had he seen more. The telescopic lens would have enabled him to proceed on a sure basis, at any rate.

Mr. E. L. Wilson, editor of *Wilson's Photographic Magazine*, says, regarding long-distance photography: "The taking of pictures of objects which are some distance away is accomplished by means of an extra attachment which can be placed on any camera. In photographing distant objects the pictures produced by an ordinary lens and camera are generally too small. If to remedy this defect a lens of long focus is chosen, it requires a camera with a correspondingly long extension of bellows, which is generally very cumbersome. The teleo lens, as the new attachment is called, does away with the long focus lens, as well as the cumbersome camera. By simply screwing this attachment to the camera you can, without changing your point of view and with your ordinary camera, obtain a very much enlarged picture of the distant object. The possibilities of the lens are enormous. The arrangement itself is not new, but the practical tests to which it has been put have been more radical lately than heretofore. Mount Washington, for instance, has often been photographed, but now, with the attachment, a much better picture has been secured, I hear. Two pictures of the Church of Our Lady in Munich were secured. The first, with the ordinary camera, a long distance from the church, presented a long perspective distance, all the intermediate ground showing and the church itself looming up indistinct and unsatisfactory. Without moving the camera the new attachment was fitted to it and the bellows pulled out. The resulting picture looked as though it had been taken a few hundred yards from the church, and you could actually discern the details of the Arabian style of architecture."

*Mental Training: A Remedy for Education.....William George Jordan**

There are two great things that education should do for the individual—it should train his senses, and teach him to think. Education, as we know it to-day, does not truly do either; it gives the individual only a vast accumulation of facts, unclassified, undigested, and seen in no true relations. Like seeds kept in a box, they may be retained, but they do not grow. For years the mind is filled with facts that the mind is not trained to digest. To the physical body food is of value only when digested, so it is in the mind, with mental food; but if digestion were made continuous, perfect, and ever equal to the supply of food, overfeeding either in mind or body would be impossible. But in the education of to-day the digestion is not equal to the feeding.

The greatest educational need of the individual is a trained mind—a mind that is ready on the instant—not the next day. With most persons the intellectual brilliancy, the proper thing to say, comes as an afterthought. An after-thought is but a beautiful possibility.

* An extract from the *New Science Review*.

designed to fit a lost opportunity. It is no more helpful to a man than a flattering epitaph on his tombstone. With most persons this wit is like a night telegram—it is not delivered until the next morning. Man expects his hand to be instantly ready to perform any motion of which it is capable; but he is resigned if his mind does not act quickly. He says that readiness is born with people; it cannot be acquired. If man's heart, lungs, or stomach are weak, he consults specialists, and never gives up until he obtains relief. But if he cannot remember names or faces; if he is subject to that intellectual remorse known as after-thought; if he has no eye for color, or taste for music; if he has no command of language; if there is lack of power in any respect in his mind, he is perfectly resigned, and says, "I am as God made me, and so I must remain." When man fails he always does this. He says "I am as God made me;" but when he succeeds he proudly proclaims himself a "self-made man." It is not necessary to submit to any mental weakness. Training will do even more for the mind than for the body.

The system of mental training by analysis, law, and analogy, briefly outlined in this paper, seeks to educate the mind, to quicken, intensify, and develop its workings, as a physician does with the body, toning, and exercising all weak parts. By a system of exercises it would train every sense, every faculty, every memory, every power, part, and phase of mind, every mental muscle, making it supple and instantly responsive—as a massage stimulates the body. It would reveal to man his power and his weakness, teach him to know himself. Man, whatever be his line in life, needs a trained mind—one quickened and in best health and condition, to be used in whatever be his activity. Education should give all men this general groundwork of power, even if it give nothing more. An untrained mind is like a torch—flickering, uncertain, wasting, and losing its light. The trained mind is like a searchlight, that instantly can turn every ray of its energy in perfect concentration upon any one point. It is not the energy it takes to do a thing that tires men, it is the energy they waste. Most men every day waste enough energy to run a genius. The fault with persons is, not that they are not naturally bright, but merely that their minds are not trained, not systematized, not reduced to order. This power education does not give; but it should give it as the fulfillment of its first duty. In aught that may seem sweeping in this article, I wish it understood as relating to the "system" and in no wise a criticism of the splendid work of individual teachers, professors, and other educators who have been successful. Whatever success they may have had has been in revolt against conventional machine-methods.

Medical science to-day tells us that a single fundamental weakness in one organ in the physical body may assert itself successively in the course of years under perhaps a dozen distinct phases in as many parts of the body. All may be traceable, if our diagnosis be sufficiently analytic to discover the unity masquerading beneath these disguises, to one disorder. To this "root" we must direct all our energies. So it is with the many weaknesses and failures in the education of to-day. The root weakness is *constant impression without a corresponding expression*. Under a hundred phases is this constant basic failure shown. Before pressing this point further, let us seek for a moment to simplify the workings of the mind.

The mind may be divided roughly into three parts or faculties—impression, repression, and expression. The first, impression, receives all the raw material through the senses—seeing, hearing, touching, smelling, tasting, and the muscular sense. The second is repression or memory, which, by cerebration, analyzes all this raw material; combines, re-combines, deepens, and classifies it ready for expression. The third, or expression, uses the material the senses have received and memory has classified, in writing, speaking, clear formulation in words, drawing, or some other form of outward activity. Any thought expressed becomes modified by meeting new thought, re-enters the mind, is again retained in memory, again expressed; and this trifold process is endlessly repeated. In the perfect mind this process is constant and continuous; in all minds the tendency to this is as natural as the circulation of the blood. Our modern education forces material into the mind (and even this through untrained senses) and, without a corresponding expression, the mental food becomes congested, clogged, and unavailable. Impressions, instead of being classified for instant readiness, are buried under succeeding layers of impression, as geologic strata overlie and conceal each other.

Does not all the inability of an ordinary college graduate lie in this matter of expression? Is his mind quick to analyze a new subject and to see it in its relations? To ask a good question? To give a quick illustration? To make a fair description? To be ready in conversation? To sum up, to epitomize, to formulate his own views? To make a generalization? He has information, but so has a library; he has a vocabulary, but so has a dictionary. To be of service to him in the battle of life his information and his vocabulary must be held in immediate readiness. Mental training recognizes these three divisions; gives each careful exercises to keep each in its best condition as a part of the instrument, and then trains the mind to pass every impression through the trifold process, a training that soon results in automatic action. Perfect education in any line is but conscious training of mind or body to act unconsciously.

This system of training by analysis, law, and analogy, which later in this article I shall outline and illustrate, is seen in perfect working in the mind of a child before it has been perverted by false education. The mind of the child is constantly analyzing. It is constantly seeking to trace effects back to causes; to predict effects from causes. It then seeks constantly to know the how, the why, the reason, the law governing what it sees. Then the child, wiser than it knows, grasps the great truth that all law is universal, and seeks to project the law discovered in the single instance into other fields by analogy, saying, "Well, if that's so, then this must be so." A short time in the public schools tends to weaken and almost stifle this process forever. The mind of the greatest philosopher cannot rise above this trifold process of analysis, law, and analogy; his discoveries become great only as he dares to use this process to its perfection; dares to project it far into the hidden mysteries, reach the revelation, and then verify the revelation by slow, careful presentation of attesting facts. Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation and Darwin's law of the survival of the fittest were but supreme manifestations of this process. And a process, too, so wonderful as to be seen on close, careful study,

in a minified form, in every instance wherein the mind has done its duty. This bird's-eye view of the subject forbids fuller amplification, at this point, of the possibilities of these three words—analysis, law, and analogy. But when taught in this spirit, with growing reverence for law, from its most simple phase of mere "why" in a trivial instance, to the grandeur of some majestic law that binds a million of these "whys" into a simple formula—like a great cable of countless strands—mental training becomes more than mere mental education. The recognition of the inevitability of consequent that comes from the growing belief in law—law, natural, mental, physical, moral, spiritual—soon enters into the very fibres of man's character, and becomes an ethical training that puts him into harmony with all that is best, all that is highest, noblest, and exalted. It shows him that his true mental training must be based on the harmonious quickening, perfecting, and unifying of his mental, his physical, and his moral nature.

In a Submarine Boat.....A Gigantic Metal Fish.....Philadelphia Times

The submarine boat which Uncle Sam is going to build will realize the dream of Jules Verne. His account of the cigar-shaped Nautilus, which voyaged 20,000 leagues under the sea, is a pretty fair description of the newest wonder of science as applied to navigation. Such secrecy is maintained regarding vessels of this kind which have been newly constructed abroad, that up to date nothing very definite has been made public about them. The submarine boat, as it actually swims to-day, is like a huge fish, 150 feet or more in length—a fish with a single great eye for surveying the ocean all around, while the creature itself is under water, and with lungs capable of holding enormous quantities of compressed air. The fish has fins—pectoral fins, on the sides not far from the nose. They are horizontal rudders for diving. The tail is formed by two similar rudders, to help in the same movement. Electricity is the motive power, twin screws driving the boat. Though batteries take up a good deal of room, they make no smoke, require no fuel, and need no supply of air. The captain has only to touch a button and the craft responds. The interior of the vessel, lighted by electricity, is almost wholly occupied by machinery. There is no room for officers or crew to sleep or eat. If they want food they must take it along in the shape of sandwiches. The boat is built for business and not for pleasure. Cruises are very short, because at brief intervals the craft must return to port to have her storage batteries filled with electricity. She can run under water for fourteen hours, at the rate of ten knots an hour, before exhausting her supply of power.

An indicator shows the depth at which she is running. It is not desirable to travel far beneath the surface, on account of the pressure of the water, which, at 300 or 400 feet down, would crush the boat. Besides there is no object in doing so. As for speed, ten knots an hour is quite as fast as one could wish to travel under water. To go more rapidly would greatly increase the danger. It should be remembered that the fish moves in a liquid gloom and sometimes in complete darkness. How navigate, then? It is simple enough. The fish has an eye, and a very wonderful organ of vision it is.

Let us suppose that the boat is manoeuvring under water in the neighborhood of a hostile fleet. The cap-

tain wishes to take a view of his surroundings. He rises to a distance of six feet below the surface. Presently a metal tube a foot in diameter shoots up from the top of the vessel high enough for its upper extremity to emerge out of the waves. The tube contains telescopic lenses and is provided with a reflector. The lower end of it descends into the steering-room, where there is a pivoted circular table covered with a white cloth. You perceive, of course, the device is the camera obscura. By shifting the table the captain can see for miles all around. Every sail on the ocean, every ripple of the waves is as clear to his eye as if he stood on the deck of a ship with a good glass in the open air above. It is the eye of a lobster improved. Perhaps the crab serves better for the purpose of similitude. The crustacean, desirous of hiding from an enemy, covers itself with sand completely, leaving only its eyes, each of which is on a long stalk, projecting out. It sees everything, while itself invisible. Having ascertained his location and surroundings, the captain takes in his metal tube and steers by compass. That instrument in a boat of steel would be thrown out of all accuracy, and on this account the craft is built of bronze, save for some small parts that must be of the harder metal. Bronze is but slightly magnetic.

Such a submarine boat carries two officers, a couple of machinists and eight men. These twelve persons must breathe, and the air which they require is taken aboard like so much fuel. It is forced into metal walled compartments under such great pressure that a supply takes up but little room. The bronze fish does not have to go to its shore station in order to have fresh air pumped into its lungs. It can do that for itself, rising to the surface for the purpose. However, even this is not necessary. The fish may take breath while under the water. Suppose that the atmosphere on board the boat has become vitiated after several hours of submarine travel. She ascends to within a few feet of the surface and rests there, while three metal tubes shoot up from her high enough for the upper ends of them to emerge out of the water. Through these wind pipes she sucks in all the fresh air she wants and stores it away under pressure in her compartments.

There is another very important use for the compressed air. The boat, let us say, is at the surface of the water. The captain wishes to descend. He touches the button that actuates the mechanism which lets water into the compartments constructed for the purpose. This is continued until enough water has entered the vessel to all but overcome her buoyancy. Then, the boat having headway, the fin-like rudders are used to make her dive. When the indicator shows the desired depth, she resumes the horizontal. After a time the captain desires to return to the surface. All he has to do is to open communication by touching a button between the compressed air compartments and the water-filled compartments. The expanding air rushes into the latter, driving the water out. The vessel regains her buoyancy and rises. Nothing has been said yet as to the tremendous weapons with which the submarine boat is provided. From her nose project two 18-inch torpedo tubes, one shot from which, accurately aimed, will destroy a great ship. Struck by such a projectile, which explodes on impact, the most powerful armored vessel ever built will sink at once. The proud battle-ship—a floating mass of machinery that has cost

five millions of dollars to construct—is transformed in a moment into an iron coffin, carrying officers and crew to the bottom.

The mighty fish glides away, to come up presently to breathe and look around upon the scene of the destruction she has caused—herself at the same time invisible and safe from pursuit. No better submarine boat now exists than the *Gustave Zede*, property of the republic of France. It is a cigar-shaped vessel, cylindrical in section, 160 feet long, 12 feet in diameter and weighing 230 tons. It has a battery for each horse-power—that is to say, 720 batteries in all for motive power. To insulate so much electricity is difficult. Only the other day 100 of the *Zede's* batteries blew up, causing a damage of perhaps \$20,000. Experiments with the *Zede* in the Mediterranean have been highly successful. Conditions there are rather exceptionally favorable, and so, for the sake of getting more points on the problem, a smaller boat on the same pattern, about half the size of the *Zede*, is now being built on the English Channel at Cherbourg. It will be called the *Morse*, and is to be finished in a few months. The water of the Channel is muddy and choppy and the bottom is rocky.

Just what pattern of submarine boat Uncle Sam will select for his first attempt in this style of submarine architecture has not been decided as yet. Probably it will be the Holland type, named after its American inventor—a steel cigar-shaped vessel provided with steam engines for generating the electricity used for actuating the twin screws. This equipment renders it unnecessary for her to go to a shore station to be charged, like the *Zede*. She need only get up steam and load her own batteries. Naval experts, however, express the opinion that such facilities are not likely to be of much value to a vessel of this kind. Its natural duty is to defend a harbor, and there would be no difficulty in running back to the shore station once in twenty-four hours to have the storage batteries filled. Getting up steam on board involves coming to the surface for the necessary air, and that might be dangerous.

The Holland boat can run six hours continuously under water, at eight knots per hour. She is slightly less fast submerged than the *Zede*, but her speed at the surface is the same—sixteen knots an hour. When at the surface her hull is covered with three feet of water, the only part of her exposed being a turret of nickel steel, which is proof against rapid-fire guns. From this turret the pilot can look out over the water through a glass window. The present Secretary of the Navy has no faith in submarine vessels. Congress gave \$150,000 to build one, and he asked leave to spend the money on two torpedo boats. Permission was refused, and so now a Board of experts is trying to find out what type of craft is best. It is not practicable to copy the *Zede*, for her plans are a profound secret. Only a few French officers know them. It might be imagined that a few such boats as the *Zede* would render warfare on the sea impossible, because too destructive; that, while themselves invisible, they could destroy whole navies. But this is not true. Partly blinded as they are while under water and moving at a slow rate of speed, they could only attack successfully ships at anchor. Obviously, hostile vessels would take good care not to anchor within reach.

The problem of navigating under water was first solved by the Whitehead torpedo, which is a hollow projectile carrying 175 to 200 pounds of gun cotton, driven

by a screw, with compressed air for motive power, and susceptible of being shot with accuracy at a mark 200 yards distant. It is set for a certain depth before firing, and after plunging into the sea, it reaches that depth and then travels horizontally. The French fire these torpedoes at targets 700 yards away, and they will run 1,000 yards or more, exploding on impact. It is this kind of projectile that is discharged from the tubes of the submarine boat. The latter, in fact, is itself simply a very much enlarged Whitehead torpedo, made big enough to carry men and engines. One remembers Jules Verne's description of the attack by the *Nautilus* upon a vessel belonging to a country to which the stern Captain Nemo was an enemy. He had no torpedo, but ran upon the doomed craft with the steel beak of his boat, which passed through the hull of the great ship "as a needle passes through sailcloth." His engines must have been more powerful than any since invented. Unquestionably the pressure in the depths visited by Captain Nemo would have crushed the *Nautilus* like an egg-shell, no matter how strongly she was built. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the imaginative conception of the French romancer has been in the main realized by the building of a gigantic metal fish with a telescopic eye, lungs that condense air and electricity for a motive power. It may yet become the most dreaded agent of destruction in the naval warfare of the future.

Future of the Flying-Machine.....Lieut.-Col. Eldsle.....Contemporary

Of the great scientific problems of the future, the first to be mentioned is the conquest of the air. Aerial navigation has been the dream of enterprising and inventive men in all the ages, and that dream is now drawing near to its realization. The invention of balloons has no doubt given some impetus to the study of the subject, and navigable balloons of increasing speed and importance are at this moment being made on the Continent. Thus, the latest improved machine now under construction for the French War Office is expected to obtain a speed of forty kilometres, or nearly twenty-five miles, an hour. The navigable balloon, however, at its best, will, on a broad view, provide nothing more than a convenient stepping-stone or intermediate stage, to pave the way for the flying-machine proper, which will certainly follow and supersede it in the future. Meanwhile, unless some bold inventor should bring forward speedily a true flying-machine, we may expect to see successive modifications in, or progressive forms of, navigable balloons introducing the principle of the flying-machine proper gradually and tentatively.

Thus, whereas at present all the weight is sustained by the balloon, in future models the greater part of the weight only will probably be gas-sustained, and the rest of the lifting power, and necessary changes of elevation, will be provided for by the lifting action of air screws. By and by the air screw, or air propulsion in some form, will predominate. The balloon will be first reduced to an auxiliary appliance, and then laid aside altogether. The result, of course, of its final rejection will be an immense gain in a greatly diminished resistance and a corresponding increase in speed and power. When first it became my duty to study this subject, some thirteen or fourteen years ago, the flying-machine proper was a demonstrable impossibility, in the then condition of mechanical science. Since that time the problem has been attacked, and its great acknowledged difficulties

steadily minimized, from three different quarters simultaneously. The net result has been to reduce it to far more moderate and manageable dimensions; and if a corresponding rate of progress is to be maintained for another thirteen or fourteen years, this great problem is morally certain of solution.

I do not propose here to consider the subject in any detail, or to give any figures or calculations upon it, but rather to confine myself to such observations on its leading conditions as are necessary to explain and support the above statement, and to indicate generally our present position on the whole question. The problem of aerial navigation by flying-machines hinges primarily, of course, on the ratio of power developed by, to weight involved in, the motor. Only thirteen years ago that ratio was simply prohibitory. Any competent mechanical engineer who considered the matter could have no difficulty in concluding that it was then practically impossible to make a motor, on any large and safe-working scale, which would lift its own weight, much less the weight of a heavy passenger-carrying machine and passengers as well. Since that date a large progress has been achieved, and motors can now be made which for the same weight, will give a greatly increased power. One of the latest new departures in this line is the motor which Mr. Hiram Maxim has worked out for his flying-machine. I have had the privilege of inspecting it, and can certify that, whatever be the merits or ultimate success of the machine generally, it is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity, and the motor especially develops an extraordinary and unprecedented amount of power for weight carried.

Side by side with this great increase of power in the motors, and of equal importance perhaps in its bearing on the general question, we must next consider the great fall in the price of aluminum, together with the progress which has been made in the study of its valuable alloys, such as the alloy with about five per cent. of copper. Within my recollection the price of aluminum has fallen from a guinea to about two shillings the ounce weight. A very moderate further fall in price—far less than the above great and recent fall of 90 per cent.—and a little further corresponding progress in the study of the nature and properties of these alloys, will cause aluminum alloys to drive steel out of the market for many important engineering purposes, such as the construction of bridges of wide span. And the new metals will be of cardinal importance to aerial navigation, as they are the material upon which we must rely for the construction of the flying-machines of the future.

The third direction in which very important progress has been achieved recently is the theoretical and practical study of the conditions which govern the resistance of the air, and determine the laws of flight or locomotion, as well as suspension therein. The resistance of the air is the one all-sufficient fulcrum or basis on which every flying-machine must rely. In the investigation of its laws something has been done by the study of the flight of birds, and the analysis of the results of instantaneous photographs of them, especially by modern French writers. For the laws which govern the flight of birds must, "*mutatis mutandis*"—that is, in principle—apply to all aerial locomotion. Hence, in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* we see progress on the subject. Thus we find therein an instructive table, showing clearly that, con-

trary to many people's ideas upon the subject, the sustaining or wing area in all flying bodies in Nature increases in a much less proportion than the increased weight to be carried. For the swallow or the sparrow has a much less proportionate area of wing than the fly, the gnat, or the beetle; and the vulture or wild swan a much less area than the swallow. This is an important fundamental fact in aerial navigation, as showing that the flying-machine of the future can be made of very moderate dimensions. But by far the most useful progress in this direction has been made by Professor Langley in his excellent Experiments in Aerodynamics, wherein he may fairly be said to have laid down, for the first time, a really sound and reliable scientific basis for the study of aerial locomotion by a series of careful experiments and well-reasoned deductions from them. We may note with pleasure that Professor Langley is reported to be now engaged upon a model aerial machine on a working scale. Whatever its ultimate measure of success, his new experiments with it cannot fail to advance aerial navigation another stage.

I repeat that the net result of modern progress in these three directions—the study of the governing conditions of the work to be done, the increase in the power of the motor necessary for doing it, and the decrease in its amount, or in the weights to be lifted—has been to bring the problem of aerial locomotion well within the range of practical men. What is now required is that the field of research and experiment should no longer be left to unpractical enthusiasts, as for the most part it has been of yore. It is high time that really competent and well-informed mechanical engineers should follow the example of Mr. Maxim and Professor Langley by turning their attention to the subject. Once let this be done, and I am satisfied that the problem will be in a fair way of solution, and cannot fail ultimately of a satisfactory issue. Nevertheless, after some considerable study of the question, I have a persuasion amounting to a conviction, that whatever partial or temporary success may attend all such machines as Mr. Maxim's, which depend upon locomotion through the air for sustaining power in it, the ultimate solution of the problem will be something different. That is, I believe that a really safe, workable, and reliable flying-machine must be based upon the principle of dissociating the stable vertical suspension in the air, if required, from horizontal locomotion through it. Such a machine must be capable of rising vertically in the air in a dead calm, and remaining suspended in it, as apart from, or in addition to, any question of horizontal locomotion through the air. Moreover, it must be so constructed that no possible breakdown or failure in any engine, or in any part of the gear, will endanger the lives of the passengers. But these conditions will no doubt involve a considerable further reduction in the ratio of weight carried to power developed in the motor, and for this we must await the further progress of science.

Once let this vital issue of the stable suspension in the air be satisfactorily achieved in a really sound, safe, and reliable way, and the consequences which will follow from the new departure are enormous and incalculable. Locomotion through the air, as straight as an arrow from a bow, and at a hitherto unheard-of rate of speed, will immediately and easily follow, and the resulting machine is bound, for light transport, to distance all competition in locomotion, whether by land or by sea.

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

Bewitched.....Samuel Minturn Peck.....Boston Transcript

I know not if her fingers small
 Were brown or snowy white;
 Howe'er I strive I can't recall
 Their form and tint aright.
 I know it seemed the softest hand,
 The night when first we met;
 And, oh, the clasp she gave me
 I never can forget.
 I know not if her eyes were blue,
 Or jetty black, or gray,
 They owned a very charming hue,
 But more I cannot say.
 Have I forgot! I frankly vow
 I'm quite ashamed; and yet
 The gaze within them gleaming
 I never can forget.
 I know not where her dimple danced,
 If on her cheek or chin;
 I only know I gazed entranced
 And felt my heart fall in.
 A dimple! 'tis a tiny thing
 To dream of and regret;
 But how that dimple twinkled
 I never can forget.

First and Last.....Barton Grey.....Poems

They sat together, hand in hand;
 The sunset flickered low;
 The fickle sea crept up the strand
 And caught the after-glow.
 He sang a song, a little song
 No other poet knew;
 And she looked up and thought him strong,
 Looked down and dreamed him true.
 The fickle sea crept up the strand,
 And laughed a wanton laugh—
 Took up the song the poet planned,
 And sang the other half.

* * * * *
 Times change; the two went diverse ways,
 The evening shades increase
 On him, grown old in fame and praise,
 And her in household peace.
 The echo of the false sweet words
 He spoke so long ago
 Has passed as pass the summer birds
 Before the winter snow.
 But as to-night the angel's hand
 Loosens the silver cord,
 And calls her to that other land
 Of love's supreme reward,
 She hears but one sound, silent long,
 A whisper soft and low—
 The echo of that false sweet song
 He sang so long ago.

Buried.....Love's Memory and Hope.....All the Year Round

We stand upon the church-yard sod and gaze
 Into the grave of our beloved dead;
 We hear the solemn words of prayer and praise;
 We mark the yew-trees waving overhead;
 We see the sunshine flicker on the grass—
 The green grass of the graves—and daisies white;
 Adown the lane the village children pass,
 And shyly pause to watch the holy rite.
 Deep in the earth upon the coffin-lid
 Lies the last gift despairing love could make,
 White scented blossoms that soon must be hid
 With all we loved, from eyes and hearts that ache.

Love, strong as life, was powerless to save;
 We can but strew fresh flowers upon the grave.
 Yet in this grave, tear-moistened and new-made,
 Where we must leave the happiness of years,
 May not a worthier sacrifice be laid
 Than even our fairest flowers or wildest tears?
 If we should bury with the pure white bloom
 A cherished folly or a secret sin,
 It might make holier the silent tomb,
 Deepen the peace the dead lies folded in.
 Oh, mute, cold grave! that doth receive our lost,
 And with our lost the offerings of our love,
 Take these things also; we do count the cost,
 And God in heaven doth, looking down, approve.
 Sleep, darling, sleep; pray God *that* dies with thee
 Which might have parted us eternally!

The Balance of Life.....Amy Seville Wolff.....Great Thoughts

I fear no more the coming years
 What they may bring.
 Days will be sunless, night bereft of stars;
 Mayhap the brightest blossoms of the spring
 Shall first be bound with winter's icy bars.
 But still beyond the cloud is always light,
 The stars are in the sky all night,
 And deepest snows are they which hide the bright
 Green heart of spring.

Not all of life is dreamed away
 In summer skies.
 Time holds a loss, a loneliness for me,
 But Hope is strong, and Faith dare not be weak,
 And Love abides, the greatest of the three.
 Enough if sweet to-morrow will repay
 The disappointment of to-day;
 Light follows dark; sun, rain; seas ebb away
 Again to rise.

And if the rugged road of life
 Doth wind around
 The mountain side where heavy clouds hang low,
 And, as I climb, the pilgrim staff be changed
 Into a cross, still onward would I go!
 The peaks of only highest mountains rise
 Above the clouds to bluest skies,
 And round the heaviest cross is hung the prize,
 The brightest crown.

The Old Story....The Beautiful Long Ago....Lover's Year Book (Roberts)

My heart is chilled and my pulse is slow;
 But often and often will memory go,
 Like a blind child lost in a waste of snow,
 Back to the days when I loved you so,
 The beautiful long ago.

I sit here dreaming them through and through—
 The blissful moments I shared with you,
 The sweet, sweet days when our love was new,
 When I was trustful and you were true,
 Beautiful days, but few.

Blest or wretched, fettered or free,
 Why should I care how your life may be,
 Or whether you wander by land or sea?
 I only know you are dead to me,
 Ever and hopelessly.

Oh, how often, at day's decline,
 I pushed from my window the curtaining vine
 To see from your lattice the lamplight shine,
 Type of a message that half divine
 Flashed from your heart to mine!

Once more the starlight is silvering all;
 The roses sleep by the garden wall;

The night bird warbles his madrigal,
And I hear again through the sweet air fall
The evening bugle call.

But summers will vanish, and years will wane,
And bring no light to your window-pane;
Nor gracious sunshine, nor patient rain
Can bring dead love back to life again.
I call upon the past in vain.

My heart is heavy, my heart is old,
And that proves dross which I counted gold;
I watch no longer your curtain's fold.
The window is dark and the night is cold,
And the story forever told.

Love SongLife and Death.....Pall Mall Budget
To look for thee—sigh for thee—cry for thee,
Under my breath,
To clasp but a shade where thy head hath been laid,
It is death.
To long for thee—yearn for thee—burn for thee—
Sorrow and strife!—
But to have thee—and hold thee—and fold thee—
It is life—it is life!

If I Spoke Untenderly..Elizabeth B. Browning...Lover's Year Book (Roberts)

I love you. If I spoke untenderly
This morning, My Beloved, pardon it;
And comprehend me that I love you so
I set you on the level of my soul,
And overwashed you with the bitter brine
Of some habitual thoughts. Henceforth, my flower,
Be planted out of reach of any such,
And lean the side you please, with all your leaves!
Write woman's verses and dream woman's dreams;
But let me feel your perfume in my home
To make my Sabbath after working-days.
Bloom out your youth beside me—be My Wife.

Till Death Us Part.....Dean Stanley.....London Spectator

"Till death us part,"
So speaks the heart,
When each to each repeats the words of doom;
Through blessing and through curse,
For better and for worse,
We will be one till that dread hour shall come.
Life with its myraid grasp
Our yearning soul shall clasp,
Aye, ceaseless love and still expectant wonder;
In bonds that shall endure,
Indissolubly sure,
Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.
"Till death us join,"
O voice yet more Divine!
That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime
Through lonely hours,
And shattered powers.
We still are one, despite of change and time.
Death, with his healing hand,
Shall once more knit the band,
Which needs but that one link which none may sever.
Till, through the Only Good,
Heard, felt and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one forever.

Passion and Patience..Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler..London Speaker

The wine of life tastes stale and sour,
The gilt comes off the golden year,
All shadowed is "each shining hour,"
Because, Sweetheart, you are not here.
The stupid people come and go,
And prate of pleasures old and new;

But they offend and bore me so,
Because, Sweetheart, they are not you.

And you, meanwhile, accept what good
The gods provide, and leave the rest;
Nor would you alter if you could
The state of things that Fate thinks best:

For you—as happy days pass by
And bring you friendships not a few—
May meet another Me; but I
Shall never find another You.

Credo.....M. W. Connolly.....Southern Magazine

In years long gone, down dim-lit aisles I wandered,
Where lights burned low behind an altar rail;
And, kneeling down, in awe and love I pondered,
But did not grieve;
For there, in fertile soil, faith-seeds were scattered,
To spring, secure from all that might assail,
And ripen in convictions, strong, unshattered,
I just believe.

I cannot, with the sages wise and knowing,
Who see, and weigh, and measure God's design,
Tell how we must, in language grand and glowing,
Lost souls retrieve;
I cannot tell, with scholiasts, why and wherefore;
To intuition I my course resign;
Too deep and subtle are their secrets, therefore
I just believe.

When Reason on her throne, in moods and measures,
Makes wise men fashion future codes and creeds,
To win for us the wealth of Heaven's treasures,
I can conceive
Of no new faith or form to add, or offer
One light or pathway to my spirit's needs;
I cannot leave the old for seer or scoffer;
I just believe.

Thus, walking wearily and heavy-laden,
To lay my burden at the Saviour's feet,
When, in God's time, I reach the distant Aiden,
And there receive
Reward or censure for my poor, blind trying,
As to His love and mercy seemeth meet,
I know not what will greet my sad soul's sighing;
I just believe.

If I Should Lose You..Frank L. Stanton..Songs of the Soil (Appleton)

If I should lose you, sweetheart,
And alone be doomed to tread
The bleak and gloomy highway,
With its flowers drooped and dead,
I would feel one sweet emotion,
That would quicken love anew—
It would be that God's own blessing
Made me happy, once, with you!

If I should lose you, sweetheart,
And the songs you sang to me
Were but the faintest echo
From the land of memory,
They would cling, and be my music,
As in days when loving grew—
I would listen, and in dreaming,
Once more, sweetheart, be with you!

If I should lose you, sweetheart,
And the touch of tender lips
Be denied me in the future
As the weary waiting slips,
I would kiss the rose you gave me,
Gave me crowned with sparkling dew,
And its fragrance would, forever,
Bring sweet thoughts to me of you!

THE SKETCH-BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

Woman's Inhumanity to Man.....Satire in Kansas.....Atchison Globe

An Atchison wife has had a cruel truth told her by a heartless doctor. He said her husband would not live long unless he got some rest. Last night, as she sat in an easy-chair and watched him take off his coat on coming from the office, put on a gingham apron and go to work cheerfully washing potatoes for supper and pounding steak, occasionally stopping to care for the baby, her heart smote her.

She noticed that he looked thin and careworn and that he brought the bucket only half full of water from the well. She spoke to him kindly, and her heart smote her a second time when he looked up surprised. Was it true that in the rush and worry of stirring the country up to political truths she had forgotten to be kind to him? She kissed him tenderly when he handed her a cup of tea at the table, and his eyes filled with tears; it was so long since he had heard a tender word. She praised his biscuits; then he broke down and cried.

The result of this tender little scene was that this morning the woman canceled all lecture engagements and resigned from all committees. She realized that since it would not do to hire a strong girl to assist him with the heavy housework, it would be better for her to stay at home and aid him by tender sympathy and loving words. Oh, wives, take warning from this little tale. Speak gently to your husbands ere the cold sod closes over them. Praise their coffee and biscuit. A kind word costs so little and never gets through travelling.

The Lady with the White Fan.....Anatole France.....Brooklyn Times

Tchouang-Tsen, of Soung, was a man of letters, who had cultivated a philosophical spirit to the exclusion of all material things. He had had the conscience to escape the common errors of men, who agitate themselves in acquiring useless riches or vain honors. His satisfaction must have been profound, for after his death he was proclaimed happy and worthy of envy. Now, during the days which the unknown spirits accorded him to spend under a green sky, among blossoming trees, under graceful willows and bamboos, Tchouang-Tsen was accustomed to take long walks in the country where he could dream and think at ease.

One day, as he wandered on the flowery slopes of the mountain Nam-Hoa, he found himself unconsciously in the middle of a cemetery, where the dead were lying, according to the custom of the country, under hillocks of beaten earth. At the sight of the innumerable graves which extended toward the horizon, the learned man meditated upon the destiny of man.

"Alas," said he, "here is the place where all the roads of life end. When one has once taken his place in the home of the dead one never returns." As he walked his thoughts centered on the tombs. He suddenly saw a young woman dressed in mourning, that is, a long seamless robe of a coarse, heavy white material. Seated beside a grave, she waved backward and forward over the fresh earth of the funeral mound a large white fan.

Curious to know the motive of such a strange action, Tchouang-Tsen saluted the young woman politely:

"Dare I ask, madame, who is interred in this tomb, and why you give yourself so much trouble to fan the

ground which covers whoever it is? I am a philosopher. I seek reasons for things, and here is a reason which escapes me."

The young woman continued to wave her fan. She blushed, lowered her head, and murmured several words that the sage did not hear. He renewed his question several times, but in vain. The young woman paid no further attention to him, and it seemed as though her soul was centered in the hand which wielded her fan.

Tchouang-Tsen walked away regretfully. Although he recognized that all is vanity, he was by nature inclined to seek for the motives of human actions, and particularly those of women. This species of little beings inspired him with a malicious, but very lively curiosity. He continued his promenade slowly, occasionally turning his head to see the fan, which continued to beat the air like a great butterfly, when all at once an old woman, whom he had not perceived before, made a sign to him to follow her. She led him into the shadow of a higher mound than the others and said:

"I heard you ask my mistress a question which she did not answer. But I will satisfy your curiosity from a natural desire to oblige you, and in the hope that you will be kind enough to give me enough money to buy from the priests a magic paper to prolong my life."

Tchouang-Tsen took a coin from his purse and the old woman said: "The lady whom you saw at yonder tomb is Mme. Lu, the widow of a learned man, named Tao, who died a fortnight ago, after a long illness, and the tomb is that of her husband. They loved each other tenderly. Even when dying, M. Tao could not reconcile himself to part from her, and the thought of leaving her in the bloom of her youth and beauty was insupportable. He, however, resigned himself, for he was of a gentle disposition and his soul willingly submitted himself to necessity. Weeping at his bedside, which she had not left during his illness, Mme. Lu swore to the gods that she would not survive him, and that she would share his coffin even as she had shared his couch.

"But, M. Tao said to her:

"'Madame, do not swear that.'

"'At least,' replied she, 'if I must not follow you, if I am condemned by the gods to see the light of day when you no longer can see it, know that I will never become the wife of another, and that I shall have but one husband, even as I have but one soul.'

"But, M. Tao said to her:

"'Madame, do not swear that.'

"'Oh! Monsieur Tao, Monsieur Tao! Let me swear then that for five years at the least I will not re-marry.'

"But, M. Tao said to her:

"'Madame, do not swear that; swear only to guard my memory until the earth on my tomb is dry.'

"Mme. Tao took an oath and the good M. Tao closed his eyes, never again to re-open them. Mme. Tao's despair was inconceivable. Her eyes were devoured by hot tears. She tore her porcelain cheeks with her little nails, which were as sharp as knives. But everything comes to an end, and this passion of grief exhausted itself. Three days after the death of M. Tao, Mme. Tao's grief became more human. She

learned that a young disciple of her husband desired to see her and share her grief. She felt that under the circumstances she could hardly refuse to see him. She received him sighing dolorously. The young man was very distingué and of fine figure. He spoke a little of M. Tao and much of her. He told her she was charming, that he felt that he loved her already. She allowed him to say it. He promised to return. In awaiting his return, Mme. Tao, seated beside her husband's grave, where you saw her, spends the day drying the earth of the mound with the wind from her fan."

A Specialist in Murder.....Jones' Assignment.....San Francisco Argonaut.

"It was in a western city some years ago," remarked the city editor, "that I was holding down the city desk on a daily for the first time. We had a man on the paper who was simply a crank on homicides; and he was more than a mere reporter, for he had detective talent of the highest order. He didn't care much for the common crimes—burglaries, larcenies and such—but give him a good, mysterious murder and he was splendid. Not only did he have the history of all the famous murders at his fingers' ends, but he delighted in ferreting out the most mysterious crimes that came within our province. In every case, except the one I am telling about—and there were a good many killings in that town—he traced out the murderer before the detectives even dreamed of his identity.

"I have since thought the secret of his success was that he put himself mentally in the place of the murderer and reasoned it out from motives rather than from the 'clews' of the ordinary detectives.

"There is seldom much method in murder," he once said to me, when in a rarely communicative mood. "Most men would commit it in about the same way under the same circumstances. It is only when a murderer goes about it systematically, as do the thugs of India, that a murder becomes truly mysterious."

"One morning the body of a fine-looking man was found in an alley adjoining the electric light works, in the very heart of the city. The afternoon papers had a chance at it, but didn't make much of it, so I at once assigned it to Jones—as we will call him. Although he did not show up at the usual hour, I had no doubt that he was already at work on it, as it was as mysterious a case as he could desire.

"The victim was identified as a travelling man, who had just arrived, and, as far as known, he had no friends or acquaintances in the city. It was not a case of robbery, for all his money and valuables were left on the body. There was a slight contusion on the back of the head and a small, needlelike hole directly through the man's heart. It was especially strange that such a crime could have been committed in a public thoroughfare, while there was absolutely no clew to the murderer or his motive.

"But these difficulties were only such as would ordinarily put Jones on his mettle, so I did not doubt that he would have a good account of the affair. I was therefore somewhat surprised when he came sneaking in about six o'clock in the evening to see what his assignment was. He looked worn and haggard, but denied that he was ill, so I gave him the murder assignment. I thought I saw a startled look in his eyes, but he maintained his composure and went out without a word.

"I did not see him again that evening. About mid-

night I began to wonder why I had not heard from him, but only speculated on the possibility of something having happened to him, for the idea that he could possibly fail never occurred to me. Finally, after an hour had gone by, I telephoned to the police station. Word came back that there were no new developments in the case, and that Jones had not been there. Sending two men out to hunt him up, I set to work myself to make up a story of the murder from the afternoon papers. Just then Jones came in. His step was unsteady and his face flushed. He had evidently been drinking heavily—something I had never known him to do before—but he was not drunk, rather he seemed at high nervous tension, although outwardly as calm as ever.

"He sat down in apparent despair at his desk. Then I relented and cajoled him a little, begging him not to spoil his great record by falling down on such an assignment. 'There's a starter for you,' said I, throwing him the article I had commenced. 'Now go ahead and fill that out with a column description of the scene.'

"I haven't even visited it," he replied. Nevertheless he picked up the pages and read them as if impelled by some hateful fascination. Then he took up his pen to make a few minor corrections. Then, as if totally oblivious of my presence, began to write.

"As sheet after sheet fell from under his fingers I snatched them up, read them hurriedly and shot them down the 'copy tube' to the composing room. I read rapidly, as an editor will, taking but small account of the matter, so long as it ran smoothly, while I had too much confidence in him to question the accuracy of his statements. I only realized that he was writing a great story—the greatest he had ever done. He seemed inspired with the very innermost thoughts of the murderer, and under his touch every trivial incident came out with distinctness and coherency that made the cause and method of the crime perfectly plain.

"First he described the scene with accuracy of detail that would have been impossible for one who had not studied it closely. The selection of the spot he explained by the fact that the bright electric light streaming through the windows of the power-house made it impossible for the passer-by to see into the shadows. Thus, while impenetrable darkness screened the assassin, ample light guided his blow, and, moreover, the rattle and roar of the machinery near by drowned all sound of the struggle of the falling body.

"The blow on the head, he demonstrated, must have been from a sandbag, while the wound through the heart could only have been made by one of those long, fine-bladed stilettos of Italian make. Furthermore, the fact that this peculiar weapon was driven home with a firm hand, after the victim had been stunned by a blow on the head, indicated premeditated and deliberate murder, while the theory of robbery was disproved by the fact that the man's valuables had been untouched. The only tenable theory, therefore, was that the motive of the murder was revenge.

"A more masterly analysis of the case I never read, but here he branched off into what I at first supposed to be purely imaginary speculations as to the wrong which had led the murderer to seek the life of the unknown man. These seemed purposely vague at first, but gathered in strength and certainty, until I concluded that he must have some good foundation for them. Starting with hypotheses, he soon began to state them

as facts. He described how the dead man, once a trusted friend, had entered the home of another; how by subtle wiles and deceit he had stolen the love of the wife; then followed an elopement and the breaking up of that once happy home.

"He told with the bitterness of truth how the scoundrel had deserted the weak and erring woman and left her to perish alone; how the idea of revenge had filled the mind of the wronged husband; how, himself unseen, he had followed every movement of the intended victim for months and carefully plotted his destruction; how he had decoyed the doomed man to the city and to the very spot where the murder was committed, and how he had destroyed the only clues—a couple of letters in the pockets of the dead man—and finally made his escape, the secret safe in his own heart alone.

"As I read this remarkable tale through the conviction forced itself upon me that this was the absolute truth. If the writer himself had committed the deed he could not have described it more graphically. Suddenly the thought flashed over me—could he describe such a crime thus without having committed it?

"We were alone in the room. I glanced at Jones apprehensively. He was writing rapidly—fiercely. His eyes were fixed, but he seemed to be looking through and beyond the paper across which his pen flew, at something fascinating—terrible! When he finished it was with a start, as if waking from a trance. I glanced at the last page, which was a confirmation of my fears.

"My God! Jones, is this true?" I managed to say.

"Every word of it, as I live!" he replied, firmly.

"Then you have written the warrant for your own arrest," I said.

"His head dropped on his desk, but he said not a word. 'Jones,' said I, shaking him by the shoulder to arouse him to an understanding of my meaning, 'enough to hang you is already in type. In an hour the papers will be on the street; in another hour the police will be after you. Go—make your start!'

"It was as I predicted," said the city editor, after a pause. "Before daylight a detective called on me to ascertain the source of that story. I simply pointed to Jones's name on the assignment-book, and they went after him."

"Did they catch him?" asked the reporter, eagerly.

"They found him in his room with a stiletto through his heart," said the city editor.

Returning to the South.....Eugene Field.....The Chicago Record

The bluster that is being made over the proposal for the relief of the negroes in the South reminds us of a talk we had with a negro in Louisiana some months ago. This negro had participated in the famous exodus which boomed and fizzled a number of years ago. His experience illustrates very fairly, we think, the sentiment of the average negro toward the whites of that section.

"I had a little money left when I had been in Kansas six months, an' I was so lonesome that I made up my mind to get back to Gawd's own kentry as quick as I could. Kansas may be good enough for white folks, but it ain't no place for this nigger. So I rode on the railroad as fur as they'd let me and then I started out to walk the rest of the way; and I kep' sayin' to myself all the time: 'Wonder how fur 'tis to Gawd's own kentry.' I was jus' that lonesome, boss, that I mos' died. Long about noon I'd come to a house. Mebbe

they had a dorg there. I stood in the road and hollered. A man would come to the do' of the house an' holler back. Then I'd ask him could I get sumfin to eat there. 'Hus you got any money, sir?' he asks. 'Yes, a little,' says I, an' he tell me to come in. 'Wife,' he says to the white lady, 'cook this colored gen'man a meal of victuals,' an' shore enough the white lady would fly around an' get a fine breakfas'. But fo' the Lawd, boss, I couldn't eat a bite with them white folks waitin' on me—I was too 'shamed. White folks got no business waitin' on niggers. So I'd pay my money an' keep on walkin', wishin' all the time I was back in Gawd's own kentry an' wonderin' if I'd ever git there agin.

"I kep' on walkin' an' walkin'. One day I come to a little house that stood back in a clearin'. Seven yaller dogs come round the corner an' barked when I hollered 'hullo.' It looked so nat'ral, says I, 'Onless I be mistaken, this is Gawd's own kentry,' but I kep' on hollerin' an' ther dorgs kep' on barkin'. Bimeby a gen'man come out'n the house. 'What you want, you dam brack nigger?' says the gen'man. 'Sho' enough, this is Gawd's own kentry at las'!' says I. 'Boss, I'se so hungry I kin jes' move.' 'Go out to that woodpile an' chop some wood,' says he, 'an' I'll fetch you sumfin.' Seemed powerful good to be choppin' wood again. Bimeby out comes the gen'man an' hands me a pan of victuals. 'Hy'ar, you dam nigger, eat 'em victuals an' then finish yo' choppin'.'

"Boss, I was so glad to set on that woodpile an' eat my dinner without no white folks standin' round watchin' me and waitin' on me. You never seen a nigger eat as I done eat! That night the gen'man says, 'H'yar, you dam nigger, go out and make yo'self a shake down in the stable an' sleep there!'

"Boss, I was so glad to get back to Gawd's own kentry an' be treated like a plain nigger once mo' that I stayed with that gen'man an' his fam'ly all winter. No mo' ex'dus for this nigger—Gawd's own kentry is good 'nough for me!"

For Two Long Months.....Garçon and His Popotte.....New Orleans Picayune

It was at the Louisville and Nashville depot, and the "good-bys" were being said as the shrill whistle of the engine sounded and the coast train prepared to back out of the depot. All was bustle and confusion, when suddenly the attention of the excursionists was drawn to a little old man and woman, so old, indeed, and dried-up looking that one would have thought all the sentiment in their hearts was dried up, too.

"Adieu, chère Popotte," he said, holding her withered hands in his.

"Non! non! Ne dites pas adieu. Au revoir! Au revoir!" she added as she clung to him, sobbing.

The old man wiped his eyes hastily with his red bandana handkerchief and tried to look brave. "Ma chère Popotte," he said gently, "you just look like one silly girl, yas; fer what you make like dat? You go'ne cry your heart out, yas; fer what you go'ne make it so hard? Come, all your eyes red like one crawfish."

But she only sobbed: "Garçon, Garçon, mon pauvre Garçon, he got fer stay two long months without lil' Popotte!"

"Allons!" he said, softly stroking her old hand, "don't make like dat, chérie. You go'ne make it so hard fer say 'good-by.' You go'ne make me cry, you." But the old woman only clung to her aged knight closer

and said: "Mon chère Garçon, mais you go'ne make me one promise fer write every day, eh, Garçon?"

"Oui, ma chère Popotte, I go'ne write you two letters every day since you bin gone."

"An' you go'ne make your bead every night for your poor lil' wife like you bin promise?"

"Before le bon Dieu! I go'ne make dose bead every night," he answered solemnly.

"All aboard!" again cried the conductor.

There was hurrying and scurrying among the passengers, but still the old woman clung to her garçon.

"You sure you got dose bead what I bin give you in your pock?"

"Mais oui, chérie," he said, drawing out his rosary, "you t'ink I go'ne let dose bead go out my hand?"

"All aboard!" again cried the conductor angrily. But the old woman held her "garçon" fast and sobbed:

"An' you go'ne come some time to de bay fer pass de day wid your Popotte, an I go'ne make you some fine crab gumbo and some nice court bouillon, what you bin love for eat, eh, mon cher Garçon?"

"Mais oui, chérie," he said, drawing out, "I go'ne send you some pretty flower an' some nice court bouillon, what you bin love lettre every day an' tell you all dose news what pass."

"Puff! Puff!" went the engine.

"Come along, old man, hurry up!" cried the conductor, as the train steamed out.

But still Garçon found time to hold Popotte in his arms once more, and to call her "chérie."

And then the conductor pulled him by the arm and helped him off the train, while the old woman, blinded with tears, poked her head out of the window, crying: "Au revoir, Garçon, au revoir!" and so she sat, straining her aged eyes to catch a glimpse as far as she could of the little old man and the red bandana that answered the silent "au revoir" of her old silk handkerchief.

Paying the Church Debt.....Deacon Gozzle's Story.....New York Sun

"You know," said Deacon Gozzle, "I'd often heard of men going away from their native village to the city and getting rich, and finally coming back to settle and building a fine house, or building a house and coming there to spend their summers; or giving the town a library, or building a new church or a school-house, or doing something good that showed that their heart was in the old town. But the queerest thing of that sort I ever heard of happened in my town, and it happened in the church that I belonged to.

"There came to our church one Sunday a stranger, just an ordinary looking stranger in good Sunday clothes, and we put him as we always did strangers in as good a seat as we had, which happened to be in this case the best seat in the middle aisle, a fact for which we were afterward very grateful. We didn't observe anything very remarkable about this man, he listened to the sermon, and stood up with the rest when they sung, and when the plate was passed he dropped in a bill. That was kind o' remarkable, but not so dreadful remarkable, for fo'ks sometimes did put bills in the plate in our church. But when we came to straighten out the collection and count it, which we always did after meeting, we did encounter the most remarkable thing that had ever happened in that church; the bill that the stranger had put in folded up so small and quiet was a thousand-dollar bill.

"Well, if there'd been an earthquake in the town there couldn't any more people have heard of it, nor any quicker, and everybody wondered who he was. He was stopping at the hotel and keeping very quiet, and next day he went away, and then everybody wondered if he'd ever come back. He did the next Sunday, and he went to church, and he dropped another bill in the plate when it got to him, folded up small, just like the other. It was another thousand!

"Then there was excitement. The man went away the next morning just the same, but he came back the next Sunday and put in another thousand, and he kept coming and going in that way until he'd put in nine thousand-dollar bills, with the excitement growing.

"There was a mortgage on the church of \$10,000. By this time, of course, everybody had got it into their heads that the stranger was paying off this mortgage, and everybody was very glad of it. It wasn't a poor town by any means, but it was a farming town, where cash wasn't overplentiful and \$10,000 seemed like a great deal of money—which it was—and this man was paying it, or everybody thought he was, and when it came to the next Sunday, the tenth Sunday, which everybody sort of felt was going to be the last one, and the one that would tell who the stranger was, you couldn't get into the church. But we managed to make room for him when he came, and he did come, and we gave him the identical pew he sat in the first Sunday. Well, when the plate came around he put in another. He'd done it—he'd paid the debt of the church.

"After that he didn't keep himself quite so quiet. He was around the village more, and first one and then another recognized him, and then everybody that was old enough wondered that everybody hadn't recognized him from the beginning. He was born and raised there and had gone away when he was a young man of twenty to make his fortune, and he'd made it, not in cities, but out on the plains raising cattle, and nobody had met him or heard of him. But he didn't look like a cowboy when he came back; he looked just like anybody."

The Fall of Man.....Told by a Frenchman.....New York Tribune

This is a Frenchman's version of the fall of Adam and Eve: "Monsieur Adam, he vake up—he sees une belle demoiselle aslip in ze garden. Voila de la chance! 'Bon jour, Madame Iv.' Madame Iv, she vake; she hole her fan before to her face. Adam put on his eye-glass to admire ze tableaux, and zey make von promenade. Madame Iv, she feel hungry. She sees appel on ze arbre. Serpent se promene sur l'arbre—make one walk on ze tree. 'Monsieur le Serpent,' say Iv, 'vill vous not have ze bonté to peek some appel? j'ais faim.' 'Certainement, Madame Iv, charmes de vous voir.' 'Hola, mon ami, ar-r-retez, vous!' says Adam—'stop! stop que songez vous faire? Was madness is zees? You must not pick ze appel!' Ze snake, he take one pinch of schnuff, he say: 'Au, Monsieur Adam, do you not know how zere is nossing proheebet ze ladies? Madame Iv, permit me to offer you some of zeese fruit defendu—zeese forbidden fruit.' Iv, she make one courtesy—ze snake, he fill her parasol wiz ze appel. He says: 'Eritis sicut Deus. Monsieur Adam, he will eat ze appel, he will become like one Dieu; know ze good and ze evell—but you, Madame Iv, cannot become more of a goddess than you are now.' An' zat feenish Madame Iv."

SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

Punishment of Children....A Domestic Problem....Intern. Journal of Ethics

Conscientious parents can have no interest in life higher than the well-being of their children. Children furnish an opportunity to do for them what we wish we had done for ourselves. The perplexing problems of life will remain unsolved until we have learned how to educate the future men and women. The home has been called a miniature moral empire, which suggests the idea of order. Order is born of authority and obedience. There can be no order without law, and a law must have a sanction, else it is void. Penalty or punishment suggests suffering. All punishment is painful. But pain and pleasure, however, are the two educators of life. The discipline of the one is negative, that of the other positive. The one attracts to virtue, the other repels from vice. This is not a capricious arrangement of man, but the method of nature. The hands that caress can also hurt, the voice that sings can also rebuke. The little child must know the mother that gives and the mother that denies.

There are those who would make education stand only on one foot. They argue against all punishment. Not authority without freedom, nor freedom without authority, but authority reconciled to freedom should be the aim of education. The instinct of liberty in the child accounts for its resistance to authority; the instinct of love explains its willingness to obey. We cannot live on equal terms with our children, for, as Perez has said, if we treat them as our equals, they will treat us as their inferiors. There is nothing more humiliating than the spectacle of a parent helpless in the presence of a child. Reliance upon the principle of natural consequences will frequently lead us astray. Will nature always adjust the effect to the act? Will the adjustment be always moral? It is a matter of experience that sometimes the natural consequence of an act comes so late that it is hardly recognized as having any relation to the act which provoked it. Then, again, it comes with such haste and suddenness that it leaves no time for reflection. It ought to be the aim of parents to prevent their children from being thus marred and maimed for life. In fact, this is the mission of the parent—to stand between the child and danger, physical as well as moral. Children are impulsive; we must counteract this quality by our constancy.

In order to be successful in the administration of discipline, two things must be understood: the child and the method of Nature. Every shortcoming in the child should be traced to its beginnings. Why is the child untruthful? Who teaches the child to dissimulate? Nature? There is a difference between the moral and the physical nature of man. We can treat the finger or the eye without very much affecting the entire body. There can be local physical treatment, but no local moral treatment. All moral weakness is organic. Moral education, therefore, must not be limited or local; it must begin with the heart, out of which are the issues of life. What does it mean to punish? It means to direct disobedience to its normal result—pain. The purpose of punishment is to associate in the mind of the child sin with suffering. It is to intensify the hatred of wrong and to provoke repentance. Our aim should

not be merely to make the child do right, but to make it love to do right. He who punishes must assume all the dignity and impartiality of an instrument of justice. He must act not from passion but from principle.

The abuse of punishment is more dangerous than the greatest indulgence. At the present day we have outgrown the harsh methods of the past. Corporal punishment is almost entirely excluded from our schools. The arguments in favor of it were ingenious but not convincing. The hurt occasioned by corporal punishment is not to the body but to the mind. It is, after all, the mind that is struck. But this is not all. In appealing to the mind we treat the child as a rational creature. This is a claim of the child which we cannot ignore. Corporal punishment is one-sided. Besides, corporal punishment, as Herbert Spencer has shown, is associated with man in the childhood of the world. It is the savage, who has not patience to reason or explain, who strikes. Corporal punishment can seldom be administered without passion. When we show excitement we give signs of weakness. Then the young boy or girl becomes conscious of a power over us. This is a temptation to youth. The danger of corporal punishment, therefore, is that we can seldom administer it without losing our head. On the other hand, we cannot appeal to the reason without becoming more reasonable.

Besides corporal punishment, there are other punishments which are not justifiable. To shut up a child in a dark room is to spur its imagination into wild fancies. Darkness is a bad companion. It will contract and terrify the child. Denying children the necessary amount of sleep or food, exposing them to the inclemency of the weather, withholding from them for too long a time the tokens of affection, treating them as strangers, or as enemies, or ignoring them altogether—these are measures which do more harm than good. Punishment should be of such a nature that, if necessary, the parents can share it with the children. The child must know that it cannot suffer alone, physically, much less morally. Its suffering brings suffering to others. This is the lesson which will develop the social element in the child. In the second place, we must correct the faults of the child by its virtues; that is to say, the strong qualities of the mind must spur the weak faculties into play. If a child is physically strong, but morally weak, let the parent hold up to view the two sides of its nature, until the physically strong child shall be ashamed of its moral cowardice. Let the child look into the mirror and see first the robust, healthy, powerfully built frame; let it look again into the mirror and see the small, selfish soul. To make the higher nature shrink from the lower nature and feel uncomfortable in its presence—to make the discipline self-administrative, the fault self-corrective—this is the economic principle in education.

Women Gamblers.....Mrs. J. D. Richardson.....The Humanitarian

In spite of every consideration we are shocked by the answers to the question, "Do betting and gambling prevail among women?" which was sent out, on the occasion of the census before referred to, by the Committee of the Northern Convocation. The majority of the replies affirm that these evil habits are increasing most of

all among women. Mothers of families bet away their husband's wages and pawn clothes and furniture to obtain funds for gambling purposes. Hundreds of young women engaged in factories bet regularly. Some see the bookmakers personally; others send their money through middlemen. Betting among ladies is on the increase, and drawing-room sweepstakes are becoming popular. This is a tremendous indictment, yet I do not propose to refute it. It is a deplorable state of things, but even if the "half has not been told," it is within the pale of credibility. "Gambling is on the increase among women." Betting is largely practiced, and with disastrous effects on the family life, by the mothers of England, who are constantly and proudly enough proclaimed the social saviours of our land.

There are three causes of this state of affairs, all of them worth consideration. In the first place, the habit of gambling being the exception and not the rule with the feminine half of our population, those women who adopt it have a certain predisposition for it. They are usually of impetuous, ardent temperaments, and love dearly all excitement. For the steady-going, self-controlled, unemotional women, play presents few attractions. Their time is too closely taken up with the duties and privileges of life, too keenly alert to the serious purpose and possibility of living to be led away into the primrose path of dalliance, beset with all the incidental dangers that accompany this venture into gambling.

The second cause is of a more complex nature, but is, in the main, the truest reason why women are more desperate gamblers, and lack generally the judgment and discretion which keep so many male gamblers' heads above water. It lies in the fact that with the ladies of other centuries—as with many of them to-day—money-getting and money-making partook always of the nature of a lottery. Only in exceptional instances was it in the power of women in times past (and alas! too often in times present) to earn an honorable wage by honorable means. The reputable wife and daughter, as well as the disreputable mistress, were equally "kept women." Marriage was the only genteel profession for women of the upper and middle classes, and marriage itself was a lottery. Women staked their life's happiness on a single throw. The innocent-minded girl, even before she emerged from the schoolroom, learned that her supremest duty in life was to make the most of her chances—to put her little fingers into society's lucky-bag and draw thence the prize of a wealthy husband.

The third cause is woman's inferior education (her one-sided mental training), and it grows out of the second. Mere book education will do very little to lessen the passion for gambling; witness the prevalence of the habit at our universities, and the vast sums lost and won on the race-course by members of our most cultured classes. But education, which not only imparts learning, but trains the mind to grasp the subtleties of mathematics and appreciate problems of social and political economy, education which disciplines the nature to have sympathy with all men and to "do as one would be done by," will do much to stamp out this evil.

When female labor shall no longer be so cheap as to oust that of the male from its rightful sphere, working-women will be less tempted to increase their small earnings by that process of rash speculation which is ever induced by a low exchequer. At present the infinite littleness of women's wage not only precludes the possi-

bility of thrift, but promotes the insidious practice of gambling. Underpaid women (as well as underpaid men) cannot avoid the subtle, delusive thought that in reckless betting they have everything to gain and nothing to lose. The vice of gambling is engendering its thousand evils in all corners of our land, and against its continuance every patriot should set his face as a flint. But, among women, do we not already see a lessening of the evil? No longer is the example set flauntingly in high places. In the home life of the first lady in the land other and purer interests are sought as amusements and recreations. Only where semi-ignorance and semi-depravity already exist do the insidious germs of gambling find a generous soil. Yet there is one aspect of the habit of gambling—especially that of card-playing—which gamestresses of the upper classes would do well to note. The great evils of the practice are undoubtedly the loss of money, substance, health, happiness, and, in some cases, alas! honor. These evils the wary and genteel are not conscious of promoting in themselves or others. But how about the loss of time? Not the time lost in cutting and shuffling—once bemoaned by a lady whist-player—but the precious hours spent in idle and frivolous pastime. The fascinations of gambling, without its disastrous consequence, may be procured for the "canny" ones by a game of "nap" or "vingt-et-un" at a shilling a dozen, but a nightly habit of this species of card-playing will engender a sad waste of time. Such play is sought at times as a mild sedative, but it may prove a subtle intoxicant, and, like all intoxicants, induce a vacuous state of mind, and call in time for stronger doses. From the seers of earth the cry goes up, "Who shall teach the people wisdom?" Women of England, God is answering it through you. Yours is the task to purify your country from this sin of gambling. You can, and must, do it. When you, as a body, have washed your hands—not partly, but wholly—clean of this enervating vice, the world may hope that mankind's progress will not long be clogged and fettered by it.

Ingersoll on Suicide.....F. W. Betts.....To-Day

Colonel Ingersoll by his latest utterances concerning suicide has done more to discredit himself with thoughtful men than has been accomplished in a generation by all his clerical critics. Mr. Ingersoll is always protesting against the abstractions and speculations of theology. Some one ought to suggest to him that just now he indulges in this vagary for the purpose of sustaining himself in a position that is entirely "in the air." This problem of suicide is not to be argued by examples "from the moon." It is not a question of burning mariners, tortured captives, or rat-eaten heretics. We may well leave each of these possible horrors to the judgment of the victim. It is when Mr. Ingersoll sets these hypothetical instances in the midst of our modern life, and argues from these the right of one to kill one's self when the strain and stress of life are heavy that he destroys our confidence. It is not necessary to discuss our "duty to God" or our "fear of hell." It is upon entirely different grounds that we may discredit the position of Mr. Ingersoll.

All this poetry of a "dreamless sleep" is fine, but our skeptical brother should do what he so often advises us to do, stick to this world and what he knows, and not go off on imaginary journeys to Sheol after an excuse to get rid of the only life of which he professes to know

anything. Setting aside special instances, the main factor in one's attitude toward the problems of life is one's value of life itself. Woe to the man who, set in the midst of the turmoil and strife that are the universal conditions of achievement, has come to think of himself as of little value. Woe to him who, under such circumstances, does not consider himself of real worth in the economy of creation. A man's efforts to overcome and master the difficulties of his lot will always rise or fall with his estimate of himself.

Passing all exceptional cases and all special arguments, the meat of the matter is here: the whole position of Mr. Ingersoll cheapens man's conception of himself. It conceives of life as something to be thrown away at will. It forgets its whole antecedent argument of our limited knowledge, and assumes that at the very moment when one is least prepared to give a just and balanced judgment he is at liberty to perform an act that involves the whole mystery of being. There are many who have found in Mr. Ingersoll's passionate protest against the brutality of the popular theology the utterance of their own thoughts. These have a right to protest that, having rescued man from the vengeance of a false god, we are not to turn him over to his foolish and morbid self. If a man is too noble to be the victim of a fickle and passionate deity he is worth too much to be the victim of his own fickle and passionate moments. Mr. Ingersoll forgets that the supreme need of the tried and tempted soul is to be saved from himself. As well give a man a knife in the moment of mental aberration as to put into his mind the argument of suicide just when a moment's self-control might enable him to go forward into life instead of ending the whole matter with a confession of complete failure. We may well wonder if the logic of the iconoclasm of Mr. Ingersoll gets its finishing touch in this latest utterance. If so, then compared with the brilliant orator the superstitious devotee with his "God given, sacred existence" has a more satisfactory "working theory" of life. Whoever conceives of human life as noble, valuably sacred, however rough the road by which he comes to this, has a profounder philosophy than culture or eloquence when it belittles man and fails to hold him with hands as of steel to the doing of his duty, regardless of pain or loss.

American Life of To-day.....Gilbert Parker.....St. James's Gazette

Here is one of the striking characteristics of American life. The poor man there does not growl at—is hardly envious of—the rich man; for he knows that he has his chance, and he is on the watch for it, and feels that he must act "as if he was going to be rich to-morrow." And in the whirligig of life and time he may easily be. A sudden land boom in Seattle, or Tacoma, or Cheyenne, or Grand Forks, or Duluth; a day's palpitation in the affairs of some trust; or the unexpected confidence of a rich man who wants a working partner; or the fall and rise of a railway stock in which he has bought at "rock bottom" prices and sold "high up," may give him a "brownstone front" all in a day. That is one reason why in business matters the rich man is so accessible. That is why the President is almost as easy to reach as the keeper of a grocery store. That is why the cabmen get down from their cabs on a reception day at the White House and walk in, just as they are, to shake hands with the President. That is also why the gentleman who went down to the Bowery,

and took off his coat, when making a speech, just to show that there was no nasty pride about him, had a dismal reception. They knew why he did it, and they went all hands up for his opponent, who came straight from a dinner at his club in evening dress. The gentleman from the Bowery likes the well-groomed man; for he likes to see himself as he might be—as he may be. Such things are not impossible—as witness among so many, Mr. Richard Croker.

In the West this exists even more so; for no man knows but that the baggage man who smashes his luggage to-day may not play football with his commercial schemes to-morrow. That is why in the West the social lines are not so very distinctly drawn, neither by that Arbiter called Money nor by Mr. Ward McAllister. If there is a tendency to gaudiness in the social life of the West, a liberal touch of "plush and gold," it is more than met by the spontaneity, the enjoyment of life, the hearty freedom, the love of doing something, the spirit of vivacity, which is inflected to the mind and temperament from Action and Progress; the charm of atmosphere which sweetens the national character, and freshens, if not refines, the manners. That bluff freshness and rude sweetness you cannot resist. And as for what is "gauche," it is surely not harder to bear than the smug conceit of the provincial Briton or the half-bred Cockney, who is more unpleasant to meet abroad than the raw Westerner from, by, or beyond the Missouri, who at least has an eloquence of his own and a sort of humor too—a sort of silver-plated Artemus Ward humor. One thing is certain: there is character to even the crudities of the Western American. His personality is so strong that he influences most with whom he comes in contact. Who ever heard of an American, after a year or so, becoming provincial in provincial England? Yet America has hundreds of thousands of Britishers who have found it impossible to resist the pressure of the American personality. The average Englishman living in the States for a few years comes back with what is more than Americanisms.

I think that the American personality is the most influential in the world; it imposes itself most, and the national personality is as potential among the races as the individual. Thought and action are simultaneous in the States, and large schemes are as the breath of the nostrils; and these things, which have nothing to do with depth of mind or delicacy of manners, carry the acute, sensitive, alert American further in a day than any other race goes in three days. In any city North, East and West in the United States you can do more business in an hour than you can in London or Edinburgh in half a day. Men make up their minds with little hesitation, and abide the result of their decisions with "sang-froid" and nonchalance. Nowhere is business so much a game as in America; and yet it is thorough too, and the average American boy knows more about it at seventeen than the English youth does at twenty-three. He is ambitious, and, generally speaking, he is moral, with sympathies for the right thing; and, however "sharp" in business, good-humored withal, and commendably considerate of women. He longs for money to buy "the best of everything"—architecture of no origin, copies of the old masters, wonderful tapestries, rugs and "curios," and the plush and gold; and he will choose his wine badly, believing in his heart there are only two, champagne and cocktails.

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES: HOME AND ABROAD

*Dr. Roux, the Physician
who Cures Diphtheria*

Dr. Roux is just now the hero of all Paris. He is, says the New York Press, a young man, not yet forty years of age, but he has long been known to physicians for his valuable work in the Pasteur Institute. With his usual modesty, he disclosed what he has been about with so much success only at the recent Budapest Congress of Hygiene. He was able to give the results of his treatment for diphtheria and croup during six months in one of the largest city hospitals of Paris. Out of many hundreds of sick children, he had lost only one-fifth, while the old methods scarcely cured one-half of the cases, and often two-thirds and more died. Considering how many children are brought to the hospital only when the disease is far advanced, he felt warranted in saying that not more than two out of a hundred need die under ordinary circumstances, if properly treated. The assembled doctors gave Dr. Roux an ovation, and now Parisian charity, with the Rothschilds at the head, is buying up horses to supply the precious vaccine, which is to be sent out from the Pasteur Institute over all Europe.

Dr. Roux has been the assistant of Pasteur for fifteen years. Pasteur himself, who has pushed so far all researches relating to microbes and vaccinating against them, is only a chemist. When he came to study human diseases with his peculiar methods, it was necessary that he should have some trained physician with him. He applied to Vulpian, who was then at the height of his fame and at the head of the Faculty of Medicine in Paris. He chose the young Dr. Roux, who was but an unknown student.

Fortunately, the student was of the stamp of Pasteur himself. He is capable of working twelve or thirteen hours a day, week after week, and he is as curious to know as he is keen in understanding the results of his observations. He has had a great deal to do with all of Pasteur's discoveries, from the vaccine against carbuncles to that against hydrophobia.

The discovery of the special poison of the microbe of diphtheria and croup was made by a German professor of Berlin, but he was unable to reduce it to a method of practical vaccination. It is this which has occupied Dr. Roux for the last two years. The 2,500 doctors assembled in Budapest from all parts of the world seemed to believe that he has at least been partially successful. In appearance Dr. Roux resembles an English Protestant minister more than a French doctor. He is tall, thin, with blond hair and a small head, from which two keen eyes look out piercingly. He is always dressed with the utmost soberness, wearing no ornament but the rosette of officer of the Legion of Honor, which was given him at the jubilee of Pasteur. He looks on strangers with distrust, and the mention that one is a journalist is sufficient for him to wrap himself up in icy silence. Some of the Paris journalists have even had a harsher experience at his hands. They have at least learned that the power of his tongue is as great as that of his knives.

He belongs to the vigorous peasant race of Auvergne, where he was the schoolmate of M. Dupuy, the present Prime Minister of France. The latter is full-faced,

jovial and pot-bellied. There could be no greater contrast between two men, but they are always great friends. Dr. Roux has never married. He lives with his widowed sister, to whose children he gives a parent's attention. Wonders are also told of his charity.

All last winter his daily visits to the children's hospital were enough to exhaust the strength of one man. But he was often seen in the remote quarters of Paris at the bedside of little ones down with the terrible disease. Sometimes he has passed the whole night watching them. When the poor parents in the morning asked what they could give him, the famous physician darted out of the door and disappeared, as if afraid even of their thanks. This disinterestedness, which he carries to an extraordinary degree, is known to all his associates of the institute.

He is now the head of the service, but as the institute is always in want of funds, he does not even draw the small salary which is allotted him. His friends say that he belongs to another age, that he knows nothing of money and cares less, and that he has given up his whole existence to serve science and humanity. Among his other good qualities is an absolute devotedness to the person of Pasteur, whom he considers as his master. He is also one of the best bicyclists in Paris and arrives each morning at the institute on his wheel.

*Dr. William Howard
Russell, the
War Correspondent*

There is no name more intimately connected with some of the most stirring incidents of the latter half of the present century, says the London Sketch, than that of Dr. William Howard Russell. When still at college he began to write for the Times; but it was not until the Repeal agitation of O'Connell that he was specially engaged by that newspaper. While the trial of O'Connell and his associates was going on in Dublin, a fast steamer lay in readiness in Kingstown Harbor to carry Mr. Russell across the Channel the moment the verdict was given. His experience of the excitement of being "first in the field" with important news must have been pleasant for the young Irishman, who was then twenty-two years of age. But no idea of becoming a war correspondent had at that time entered his mind. On the contrary, whenever he thought of the future and greatness, it was more probably in connection with the Woolsack. To the Bar he was in due course called in 1850, and he presently found some Parliamentary business—election petitions, railways, and similar work. One evening in February, 1854, Mr. Delane, the editor of the Times, informed Mr. Russell that a very agreeable "short excursion" had been arranged for him to accompany the Guards, who had just been ordered to Malta. The Government was resolved to make a display of supporting the Sultan against Russian aggression. "You will be back by Easter, depend on it," observed Mr. Delane, when Mr. Russell pointed out that he was married and had two young children, and that a prolonged absence from England would injure his prospects at the Bar, adding, "Your wife and family can follow you."

After a few weeks at Malta, during which Mr. Russell wrote letters to the Times describing the movements

of the troops there concentrating for the East, it became known that the British Government had decided to send a strong force to Turkey, and a letter arrived from the editor of the Times to say he hoped Mr. Russell would take the "delightful opportunity of spending a few weeks in the East." Mr. Russell succeeded in securing a berth in the Golden Fleece, bound to Gallipoli with the vanguard of the British expedition. His presence was a cause of considerable wonderment to General Sir George Brown and his staff. The captain could give no further explanation of Mr. Russell's presence beyond the fact that the proper authorities had given orders for his passage. On April 5 he landed at Gallipoli, and remained there till the Light Division went on towards Bulgaria. An amusing incident happened while he was at Pera. Missirie, a well-known hotel proprietor, charged his guests, who, perforce, occupied double-bedded sleeping-rooms, board for two. To this Sir Colin Campbell objected. His objections were overruled. One day a "hideous mendicant" appeared with Sir Colin Campbell's card, and said he had been invited by the General to dine and sleep in his room. Missirie at once struck his colors, gave the beggar a dinner in the kitchen and a piece of gold, and went on his knees to Sir Colin for mercy. From Scutari the army moved in sections to Varna, on the Danube. Mr. Russell followed the fortunes of the Light Division in Bulgaria, and when the Governments decided that their armies should invade the Crimea he accompanied the headquarters of the second division, under Sir de Lacy Evans, and, after a most interesting and exciting voyage from Baltchik Bay, landed in the Crimea on September 14, 1854.

Mr. Russell was not a man easily daunted. In spite of suppressing influences in high quarters, he was at the fore during the march to the Alma, and was in the thick of the great battle which took its name from that river; witnessed, for the first time, the sickening sight of a great battlefield; heard the hurraing of the victorious; heard the groans and cries from those who lay in agony—waiting; saw the extremes of triumph, the extremes of pain. In the moment of victory "thought for the dead was forgotten or unexpressed." Though worn out with excitement, want of food, and ten hours in the saddle, the moment had come for him to take up his pen. A description of the battle must be on its way to Printing House Square. He supped among the dead and dying. To sleep or write was impossible with cries for help ringing in his ears. He spent hours with others in as sorry condition as himself, doing the most that inexperienced hands could do to relieve the sufferings of those around. The following morning Mr. Russell awoke with a maddening headache, after only a short sleep, and struggled out of the overcrowded tent. Every one was busy clearing the battlefield of the wounded and dead. Surgeons were hard at work; it was not their fault that the injured were neglected. A party of sappers were repairing the redoubt, the taking of which had cost so many lives the previous day. Mr. Russell sat down on a parapet, and began writing on his knees. An officer, noticing him, sent a plank and two casks, out of which an impromptu table was devised. The letter was fated never to reach England.

As Mr. Russell wrote his letter, the question, "What will they say at home?" never occurred to him. He did not flinch from the duty of describing the misery

during the winter. To stand alone and face the indignation of highly respected officials, sooner than condone their incapacity, requires a courageous man. Mr. Russell awoke to the fact that in his hands was vested an opportunity of serving thousands of his countrymen—men whose calling negated the right to complain, especially when the complaints were directed against officers high in command. Had the Times been represented by a less observant correspondent, the awful privations our soldiers had to face during the siege of Sebastopol might have remained screened from the public, and the wholesome knowledge that exposure follows neglect might still be absent from the minds of those responsible for our soldiers in the field. He remained in the Crimea till the peace. He was correspondent for the Times during the Mutiny in the following year and in the great American Civil War. He was on board the Great Eastern when she laid the first Atlantic cable in July, 1866. He accompanied the Prince and Princess of Wales in March, 1869, to Constantinople, Athens and the Crimea. He was present at the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869; went through the Franco-German War in 1870-'71; and in 1875 accompanied the Prince of Wales to India. His sterling worth, wit, powers of good comradeship, and never-failing fund of interesting anecdotes make him one of the most delightful companions.

The Count of Paris

The Count of Paris, the head of the royal house of France, says The Outlook, who died recently at the Stowe House, in Buckinghamshire, England, was in his fifty-sixth year. He was the son of the amiable Duc d'Orleans, who lost his life by the fall of his horse in 1842, and was the grandson of Louis Philippe, the last King of France. He was born in the Tuileries during his grandfather's reign, and lived there till he was ten years old, when the Revolution of 1848 drove the royal family into exile. He lived with his mother and brother at Claremont, in England, where the princes were educated. When the Count of Paris was twenty-three years old he came to this country with his brother, the Duc de Chartres, and their uncle, Prince de Joinville. The two young princes were volunteer aids, with the rank of Captain, on the staff of General McClellan. They accepted commissions with the understanding that they should receive no pay and be free to resign at any time. They saw service for about a year in the Virginia campaign of 1861-'62, and participated in several battles. At Gaines's Mill, as staff officers of the Commanding General, it became their duty to guide reinforcements to General Fitz-John Porter, who, with 27,000 men, had been attacked by an army of 64,000. Soon after this battle they resigned and returned to England. The cause of their departure was, no doubt, the attitude of the French and United States Governments towards each other on account of Louis Napoleon's interference in the affairs of Mexico. It would have been most impolitic for French Princes, one of whom hoped some day to be King of France, to be in the service of a country at war with the French. War between the two countries was not very imminent in 1862, but it became so several years later. When the Count of Paris returned to England he kept close watch of military affairs in America, and was engaged for many years in collecting data for a history of the war. This he published in 1874 and 1883, and his volumes contain much valuable material relating to

the great contest between the North and South. When the history of the war comes to be written, the volumes of the Count of Paris will be frequently referred to. In very many regards it is at present the fairest and most unprejudiced account of the war that we have. In 1890 he paid a visit to this country and was entertained by his old companions in arms. Wherever he went he was received with distinguished attentions. He visited the battlefield of Gettysburg and had the movements of the armies explained to him by distinguished survivors of that great fight.

The impression that the Count of Paris made on those who met him on his last visit to this country was most agreeable. They found him to be accomplished, amiable, and graceful, and always modest, tactful, and considerate. These same qualities had always made him a man of much popularity in England, where he was long prominent in society. He lived for many years at Sheen House, near London, and was a familiar figure at the picture shows and book sales of the English capital. To Americans he was always most hospitable, and his interest in the people and the affairs of the United States was not in the least affected. He was probably also sincere in the belief that the republican form of government was not suited to the tastes and characteristics of the French people, and for that reason he no doubt felt justified in the mild little conspiracies that he assisted in to re-establish the French monarchy, with himself as King. The total and ridiculous failure of the most conspicuous of these conspiracies did much to injure the Count of Paris in the estimation of serious Frenchmen, whether Republicans or Royalists. It has been generally believed that he supplied much of the money spent by Boulanger to keep himself prominent. When the Boulanger bubble burst, the cause of the Count of Paris was utterly ruined.

During the Presidency of Thiers the Count of Paris was admitted to membership of the National Assembly, by vote of which the property of the Orleans family confiscated by the State was restored to the owners. About the same period the Count of Paris, who was then, in a measure, imitating the example of his great-grandfather, Philippe Egalité, by posing as a republican, recognized the pretensions of the Count of Chambord to the throne of France as superior to his own. Ten years later, in 1883, when the Count of Chambord died, the hopes of the Legitimists were centered in the Count of Paris, for he became the head of both the Bourbon and Orleans branches of the royal house of France. In 1886 the Count of Paris was expelled by law from France, and thereafter he lived in England. Every now and then he would issue a manifesto to inform French royalists that he had not abandoned his hopes. His most recent utterance contained this clause: "France is beginning to yearn for a strong government to end scandals and avert dangers arising from the existing régime. Experience proves that she will never find such a government under the republican form. Still, the royalists, while reserving the question of principle, must not allow themselves to be accused of systematic obstruction." This sentiment was published very lately, and may have been his last address to his friends in France. His successor in the empty pretension is his eldest son, the Duc d'Orleans, who was born in England twenty-five years ago. This young man made a stir in France a while ago by trying to enlist in

the French army. He was put in prison for a few months and then sent out of France. He does not appear to have the serious virtues of his father, who was a man of intellectual force, and who, had he been born in a less conspicuous station, would in all probability have made for himself a still more honorable name and fame than he possessed. Not often can this be said of princes.

The Czar's Russian Doctor.....A Sick-Room Autocrat

Dr. Zacharin, who treated the Czar in his recent illness, is known, says the New York Tribune, as one of the most impolite men—to use no stronger expression—in his profession. He is a fierce democrat and has respect for no one. Like Professor Schweningen, the physician of Bismarck, he insists upon the literal execution of his orders, it matters not who the patient may be, and will brook no interference. He is a man of middle-age and began life as a butcher-boy. He has become one of the richest men in Russia by his practice. When the malady of the Czar began to look serious a few weeks ago, the Emperor at once asked that Zacharin be sent for. A telegram was dispatched to the Governor of Moscow, says one of the imperial attendants in the Copenhagen Politiken, ordering him to send Zacharin to St. Petersburg. The Adjutant of the Governor found the Professor in his clinic, and asked him to make as rapid preparations as possible, as the fast train would leave the city for the capital in a few hours. "The fast train? What?" was the Professor's answer. "The Emperor of Russia sick, and you talk of the fast train! Will you kindly order me an 'extra,' which must be ready in half an hour."

At the time appointed he started for St. Petersburg, and, arriving there, hurried with an adjutant to the castle. "His majesty awaits you, Professor," said a chamberlain who received him at the entrance. "Your rooms are at the head of the stairway, and you will find everything in readiness to make your toilet after the journey." "Toilet!" answered the physician. "His majesty is sick and wants my advice, not to see me in 'toilet.' Take me to him at once." The Emperor was lying in bed in a dark room. All the windows were closed and the curtains were down. The Empress sat in a rocking-chair next to the bed. Three body-physicians stood about the room. Zacharin entered the room, made his obeisance to the imperial pair, but almost totally disregarded the presence of his colleagues. "What an atmosphere! It is disease-breeding. And in this atmosphere you allow Russia's sick Emperor to lie? Quick! Put back the curtains and raise the windows." Such was his first order. He then became silent, and began a thorough examination of his patient. Then, taking a chair, he rested his arm on his knee and began to think. Almost ten minutes passed without his uttering more than a half-dozen words. As the other physicians, who apparently did not like his action, began to talk softly to one another he rapped with his pencil and told them to "be still."

A year ago, when the Emperor was suffering from influenza, Professor Zacharin was called also to the palace of the Czar. Upon his arrival with his assistant the doctor was asked to take a suite of rooms on the third story. Zacharin refused to be housed there. He had the habit, he said, of always sleeping on the ground floor, and did not wish to change his habits. It was bad for the health. He had his way and was led to

chambers on the first floor. The Czarina, wishing to show her friendly interest in the physician, invited him to take his meals with the family at the imperial table. To this Zacharin replied: "I never eat with women, Your Majesty." He insisted upon being served in his rooms, and the good-natured Empress allowed him to have his way. One day the Czarina, believing that the evil from which the Czar suffered was increasing, descended to the room of the doctor and begged him to examine the temperature of the patient and see if it were not higher. "My assistant," replied the autocratic physician, "will go examine him." A little later the assistant returned to the rooms with the announcement that there had been no change in the temperature of the sick ruler. "You see, Your Majesty, that it is not worth while to disturb me." The doctor was accustomed to go about the palace in the early mornings wearing a gown and the felt slippers of a peasant. But no one ever dared to call him to account.

Once Zacharin attended a wealthy merchant. On the mantel in the sick chamber stood a costly bronze clock under an exquisite crystal cover, which was somewhat too heavy to be removed. While examining the patient the professor heard the clock strike. "Oh, that clock!" he exclaimed. The wife of the sick man hurried on tip-toe to remove the offending clock, and as she did so she sneezed. This mark of disrespect roused the eccentric medico to open wrath, and he shouted, "Silence!" so vigorously, the frightened woman let fall her burden and broke the clock into a hundred pieces.

James Anthony Froude.
His Literary Standing

It is a noteworthy coincidence, says the New York Sun, that Froude should have passed away just after the publication of his life of Erasmus, who, among all the lights of the Renaissance, was the prototype of the broad, incisive, and resuscitative rather than minutely accurate scholarship of which his biographer has been in our own day a leading representative. Not only to discern the truth in its important features, but to set it forth in such wise as not merely to persuade the intellect but to arouse emotion; to combine, in other words, the artist with the man of learning, was the unswerving purpose and fruitful labor of Froude's life. As a master of English prose, at once correct, unconventional, and eloquent, he will be placed ungrudgingly on the plane still occupied by Ruskin, while among the workers in the field of historical research he belongs to the school which in the teeth of criticism remains illustrious, the pictorial and impressionist school of historical writing which Herodotus founded, and in which Hume, Prescott and Macaulay were Froude's immediate precursors.

Although Freeman could never be made to see it, style must play a mighty part in every work of exposition, and, above all, in history, which deals with human beings, who, though dead, have not lost their right to justice and sympathy. It is acknowledged on all hands, even by those who have found most fault with him as a transcriber of facts, that Froude, partly through a natural aptitude, partly through a patient study of the finest models, and partly through unerring taste, used our English speech with almost incomparable grace and felicity for the twofold purpose of convincing and pleasing, of swaying the reason and of touching the heart. Even his narrative diction, though limpid as a mountain brook, is nevertheless tinged or flecked with a soft

color, as if the moonlight played on it; his argument, not hard and cold like the logic of a dialectician, comes to us fired and fused in the heat of the imagination; his portraiture, when at its best, speaks with the very accents and glows with the lineaments of life. If one tries to discover how it is that in the unpromising province of descriptive and ditactic writing, such effects have been produced by men like Jeremy Taylor, Addison, Sterne, and Froude, one finds, in the first place, that in them something of the preacher and the poet was blended with the student and the philosopher. If, then, by an analysis of the mechanism of their language, we seek to detect the secret of its seemingly untutored and inimitable charm, we perceive that this is due in at least some measure to the happy and intuitive admixture of colloquial and academic speech. All the authors just mentioned wrote—and therein lay the spell they cast over their contemporaries—not as college lecturers or pulpiteers ratiocinate and perorate, but as well-bred and highly cultivated men may talk in drawing-rooms. In a word, Froude gave us in English a counterpart of what Renan, according to Parisian experts, used to produce in French, a captivating compound of the chat of the Salon and the phrase of the Academy.

Even Freeman would have admitted that nobody could tell a story better than Froude, only he persisted in asserting that the story was untrue. But punctilious accuracy in every detail is not the only form of truth. The exactitude of the photographer is one thing; the deep veracity attained by the great portrait painter is another. It did not follow that Froude could not write history; that he could not bring out in right perspective and authentic impression the broad lines and vital realities of the past; because Freeman's microscope, applied to his pages with a fanaticism that almost reached the pitch of malice, exposed some minor imperfections in the version of a trivial incident, in a name here or a date there. No doubt absolute precision in the smallest matters is essential in the chronologist, the annalist, the mere collector of historical materials. But those materials lie sterile; they fail to answer the end of their existence, until they fall under the procreative touch of the true artist, who deals with the past of a nation exactly as we deal every day with the past of an individual, laying stress not upon the very date upon which a deed was done, but on its intrinsic purport, its relation to the doer's environment, its effect for good or evil on his character and his career. No one of us could gain much profit from his personal experience and observation, if the conditions of their fruitfulness were as hide-bound and rigorous as those laid down by Freeman for the writing of history. The trouble with Freeman's own painstaking, and, so to speak, pre-Raphaelite delineations, is that we cannot see the forest for the trees; our minds, fatigued by the protracted and fastidious exploration of trifles, can feel but a listless interest in the commanding figures and profound lessons of his narrative; the result is, that his works, notwithstanding all their merits as embodiments of careful research, leave no sharp imprint on the reader's memory, but are relegated to the library, to be used as books of reference. Froude, on the other hand, may have been an impressionist, as his enemies have called him, but the impression, on the whole, was as trustworthy as it was vivid, bringing out in clear outlines the inner significance of a great epoch, a great event, or a great personage.

IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS IN CHARACTER VERSE

Cotton Is All Dun Picked....Opie P. Read....Atlanta Constitution

I's gwine up ter town an' spen' my money—
Cotton is all dun picked;
I's gwinter eat bread an' lasses an' honey—
Cotton is all dun picked.
I wucked mighty hard while de sun was hot—
Cotton is all dun picked;
An' I's arned all de money what I hab got—
Cotton is all dun picked.
White man sets on de fence and figgers—
Cotton is all dun picked;
He's got a mighty knack fur ter cheat po' niggers—
Cotton is all dun picked.
An' er rake away de leaves, an' we'll all hab a dance;
Tune up de banjer—pling, plang, plung;
Look out for de pinch bug; watch fur de ants;
Tune up de banjer—gling, glang, glung.
De mules hab gone in de fiel' fur ter graze—
Cotton is all dun picked,
An' aroun' de sun dar is a thick haze—
Cotton is all dun picked.
De white boy goes ter de woods an' shoots—
Cotton is all dun picked,
An' de black boy struts in a new par o' boots—
Cotton is all dun picked.
Oh, de 'taters am sweet, an' de 'simmons is ripe—
Cotton is all dun picked;
An' I sets on de log an' smokes my pipe—
Cotton is all dun picked.
An' er roas' de ole 'possum, an' er po' on de grease,
Makes nigger's mouf go clip, clap, clon;
Jes han ter de ole man a mighty big piece,
Make a nigger's mouf go flip, flap, flop.

Fisherman Jim's Kids....Eugene Field.....Chicago Record

Fisherman Jim lived on the hill
With his bonnie wife an' his little boys;
'Twas "Blow, ye winds, as blow ye will—
Naught we reck of your cold and noise!"
For happy and warm were he an' his,
And he dangled his kids upon his knee
To the song of the sea.
Fisherman Jim would sail all day,
But when come night upon the sands
His little kids ran from their play,
Callin' to him an' wavin' their hands;
Though the wind was fresh and the sea was high,
He'd hear 'em—you bet—above the roar
Of the waves on the shore!
Once Fisherman Jim sailed into the bay
As the sun went down in a cloudy sky,
And never a kid saw he at play;
And he listened in vain for the welcoming cry:
In his little house he learned it all,
And he clenched his hands and he bowed his head—
"The fever!" they said.
'Twuz a pitiful time for Fisherman Jim
With them darlin's a-dyin' afore his eyes,
A-stretchin' their wee hands out to him
An' a-breakin' his heart with the old-time cries
He had heerd so often upon the sands,
For they thought they wuz helpin' his boat ashore—
Till they spoke no more.
But Fisherman Jim lived on and on,
Castin' his nets an' sailin' the sea,
As a man will live when his heart is gone.
Fisherman Jim lived hopelessly,

Till once in those years they come an' said:
"Old Fisherman Jim is powerful sick—
Go to him, quick!"

Then Fisherman Jim says he to me:
"It's a long, long cruise—you understand—
But over beyond the ragin' sea
I kin see my boys on the shinin' sand
Waitin' to help this ol' hulk ashore
Just as they used to—ah, mate, you know!
In the long ago."

No, sir! he wuzn't afeard to die;
For all night long he seemed to see
His little boys of the days gone by
An' to hear sweet voices forgot by me!
An' just as the mornin' sun come up—
"They're holdin' me by the hands!" he cried,
An' so he died.

The Lover's Complaint.....An Old Irish Song.....McClure's Magazine

Oh! don't be beguillin' my heart with your wilin',
You've tried that same thrick far too often before,
And by this blessed minnit an' day that is in it,
I'll take right good care that you'll try it no more!
You thought that so slyly you walked with O'Reilly,
By man and by mortal unheard and unseen, [pleasin',
While your hand he kept squeezin', and you looked so
Last Saturday night in your father's boreen.

His thricks and his schamin' has set you a dhramin';
That anyone blessed with their eyesight may see.
You're not the same crature you once war by nature,
And they that are thraitors won't do, faith, for me!
Tho' it is most distressin' to think that a blessin'
Was just about fallin' down plump on the scene,
When a cunning culloger, as black as an ogre,
Upsets all your hopes in a dirty boreen.

And 'tis most ungrateful, unkind, and unfaithful,
When you very well know how I gave the go-by
Both to pride and to pleasure, temptation and treasure,
To dress all my looks by the light of your eye.
Oh! 'tis Mary Mullally, that lives in the valley—
'Tis she that would say how ill-used I have been,
And she's not the deluther to smile and to soother,
And then walk away to her father's boreen.

I send you your garter, for now I'm a martyr,
And keepsakes and jims are the least of my care;
So when things are exchangein', since you took to rangin',
I'll trouble you, too, for the lock of my hair.
I know by its shakin', my heart is a-breakin';
You'll make me a corpse when I'd make you a queen.
But as sure as I'm a-livin', it's you I'll be givin'
A terrible fright when I haunt the boreen!

The School-boy's Favorite....James Whitcomb Riley....Armazindy

An' pa ist snuggles me 'tween his knees—
An' I help hold the lines,
An' peek out over the buffalo robe—
An' the wind ist blows!—an' the snow ist snows!—
An' the sun ist shines! an' shines!—
An' th' old horse tosses his head an' coughs
The frost back in our face—
An' I' ruther go to my gran'ma's
Than any other place.

"Over the river an' through the wood
Now gran'mother's cap I spy;
Hurrah for the fun!—is the puddin' done?—
Hurrah for the punkin-pie!"

REGGIE HASTINGS IN SOCIETY: A GREEN CARNATION

A selected reading from "The Green Carnation." D Appleton & Co. The Green Carnation is a keen, brilliant and epigrammatic satire on the ultra-cleverness of society. Lord Hastings is a society Narcissus, enamoured of his own beauty; he is fond of reflecting—before a mirror; he is his own Boswell, a biographer worshipping his subject. His specialty is scintillating witticisms, perfumed cynicisms, and recklessly daring inversions of the commonplace. He is an intellectual understudy to Esmé Amaranth, the apostle of the Green Carnation cult. The two epigram machines star in London society, in a sort of continuous performance of dazzling jugglings with conversational situations. Oscar Wilde has been accused of writing the book, but denies it.

Lord Reggie Hastings slipped a green carnation into his evening coat, fixed it in its place with a pin, and looked at himself in the glass, the long glass that stood near the window of his London bedroom. The summer evening was so bright that he could see his double clearly, even though it was just upon seven o'clock. There he stood in his favorite and most characteristic attitude, with his left knee slightly bent, and his arms hanging at his sides, gazing as a woman gazes at herself before she starts for a party.

The low and continuous murmur of a flowing tide on a smooth beach stole to his ears monotonously, and inclined him insensibly to a certain thoughtfulness. Floating through the curtained window the soft lemon light sparkled on the silver backs of the brushes that lay on the toilet-table, on the dressing-gown of spun silk that hung from a hook behind the door, on the great mass of gloire de Dijon roses that dreamed in an ivory-white bowl set on the writing-table of ruddy-brown wood. It caught the gilt of the boy's fair hair and turned it into brightest gold, until, despite the white weariness of his face, the pale fretfulness of his eyes, he looked like some angel in a church window designed by Burne-Jones, some angel a little blasé from the injudicious conduct of its life.

He frankly admired himself as he watched his reflection, occasionally changing his pose, presenting himself to himself, now full-face, now three-quarters face, leaning backward or forward, advancing one foot in its silk stocking and shining shoe, assuming a variety of interesting expressions. In his own opinion he was very beautiful, and he thought it right to appreciate his own qualities of mind and body. He hated those fantastic creatures who are humble even in their self-communings, cowards who dare not acknowledge even to themselves how exquisite, how delicately fashioned they are. Quite frankly he told other people that he was very wonderful, quite frankly he avowed it to himself. There is a nobility in fearless truthfulness, is there not? and about the magic of his personality he could never be induced to tell a lie.

This evening Reggie stood before the mirror till the Sèvres clock on the chimneypiece gently chimed seven. Then he drew out of their tissue paper a pair of lavender gloves, and pressed the electric bell.

"Call me a hansom, Flynn," he said to his valet.

He threw a long buff-colored overcoat across his arm, and went slowly down stairs. A cab was at the door, and he entered it and told the man to drive to Belgrave Square. As they turned the corner of Half Moon Street into Piccadilly, he leant forward over the

wooden apron and lazily surveyed the crowd. Every second cab he passed contained an immaculate man going out to dinner, sitting bolt upright, with a severe expression of countenance, and surveying the world with steady eyes over an unyielding rampart of starched collar. Reggie exchanged nods with various acquaintances. Presently he passed an elderly gentleman with a red face and small side-whiskers. The elderly gentleman stared him in the face, and sniffed ostentatiously.

"What a pity my poor father is so plain," Reggie said to himself with a quiet smile. Only that morning he had received a long and vehement diatribe from his parent, showering abuse upon him, and exhorting him to lead a more reputable life. He had replied by wire—

"What a funny little man you are.—Reggie."

The funny little man had received his message.

As his cab drew up for a moment at Hyde Park Corner to allow a stream of pedestrians to cross from the park, he saw several people pointing him out. Two well-dressed women looked at him and laughed, and he heard one murmur his name to the other. He let his blue eyes rest upon them calmly as they peacocked across to St. George's Hospital, still laughing, and evidently discussing him. He did not know them, but he was accustomed to being known. His life had never been a cautious one. He was too modern to be very reticent, and he liked to be wicked in the eye of the crowd. Secret wickedness held little charm for him. He preferred to preface his feelings with an overture on the orchestra, to draw up the curtain, and to act his drama of life to a crowded audience of smart people in the stalls. When they hissed him, he only pitied them, and wondered at their ignorance. His social position kept him in Society, however much Society murmured against him; and, far from fearing scandal, he loved it. He chose his friends partly for their charm and partly for their bad reputations, and the white flower of a blameless life was much too inartistic to have any attraction for him. He believed that Art showed the way to Nature, and worshiped the abnormal with all the passion of his impure and subtle youth.

"Lord Reginald Hastings," cried Mrs. Windsor's impressive butler, and Reggie entered the big drawing-room in Belgrave Square with the delicate walk that had led certain Philistines to christen him Agag. There were only two ladies present, and one tall and largely-built man, with a closely-shaved, clever face, and rather rippling brown hair.

"So sweet of you to come, dear Lord Reggie," said Mrs. Windsor, a very pretty woman of the preserved type, with young cheeks and a middle-aged mouth, hair that was scarcely out of its teens, and eyes full of a weary sparkle. "But I knew that Mr. Amaranth would prove a magnet. Let me introduce you to my cousin, Lady Locke—Lord Reginald Hastings."

Reggie bowed to a lady dressed in black, and shook hands affectionately with the big man, whom he addressed as Esmé. Five minutes later dinner was announced, and they sat down at a small oval table covered with pale pink roses.

"The opera to-night is 'Faust,'" said Mrs. Windsor.

"Ancona is Valentine and Melba is Marguerite. I forget who else is singing, but it is one of Harris' combinations, a constellation of stars."

"The evening stars sang together!" said Mr. Amarinth, in a gently elaborate voice and with a sweet smile. "I wonder Harris does not start morning opera—from twelve till three, for instance. One could drop in after breakfast at eleven, and one might arrange to have luncheon parties between the acts."

"But surely it would spoil one for the rest of the day," said Lady Locke, a fresh-looking woman of about twenty-eight, with the sort of face that is generally called sensible, calm, observant eyes, and a steady and simple manner. "One would be fit for nothing afterwards."

"Quite so," said Mr. Amarinth with extreme gentleness. "That would be the object of the performance—to unfit one for the duties of the day. How beautiful! What a glorious sight it would be to see a great audience flocking out into the orange-colored sunshine, each unit of which was thoroughly unfitted for any duties whatsoever. It makes me perpetually sorrowful in London to meet with people doing their duty. I find them everywhere. It is simply impossible to escape from them. A sense of duty is like some horrible disease. It destroys the tissues of the mind, as certain complaints destroy the tissues of the body. The catechism has a great deal to answer for."

"Ah! now you are laughing at me," said Lady Locke.

"Mr. Amarinth never laughs at any one, Emily," said Mrs. Windsor. "He makes others laugh. I wish I could say clever things. I would rather be able to talk in epigrams, and hear Society repeating what I said, than be the greatest author or artist that ever lived. You are luckier than I, Lord Reggie. I heard a bon-mot of yours at the Foreign Office last night."

"Indeed! What was it?"

"Er—really I—oh! it was something about life, you know, with a sort of general application—one of your best. It made me smile, not laugh. I always think that is such a test of merit. We smile at wit; we laugh at buffoonery."

"The highest humor often moves me to tears," said Mr. Amarinth, musingly. "There is nothing so absolutely pathetic as a really fine paradox. The pun is the clown among jokes, the well-turned paradox is the polished comedian, and the highest comedy verges upon tragedy, just as the keenest edge of tragedy is often tempered by a subtle humor. Our minds are shot with moods, as a fabric is shot with colors, and our moods often seem inappropriate. Everything that is true is inappropriate."

Lady Locke ate her salmon calmly. She had not been in London for ten years. Her husband had had a military appointment in the Straits Settlements, and she had been with him. Two years ago he had died at his post of duty, and since then she had been living quietly in a German town. Now she was entering the world again, and it seemed to her odd and altered. She was interested in all she saw and heard. To-night she found herself studying a certain phase of modernity. That it struck her as maniacal did not detract from its interest. The mad often fascinate the sane.

"I know," said Reggie Hastings, holding his fair head slightly to one side, and crumbling his bread with a soft white hand—"I know. That is why I laughed

at my brother's funeral. My grief expressed itself in that way. People were shocked, of course, but when are they not shocked? There is nothing so touching as the inappropriate. I thought my laughing was very beautiful. Anybody can cry. That was what I felt. I forced my grief beyond tears, and then my relations said that I was heartless."

"But surely tears are the natural expression of sad feelings," said Lady Locke. "We do not weep at a circus or at a pantomime; why should we laugh at a funeral?"

"I think a pantomime is very touching," said Reggie. "The pantaloone is one of the most luridly tragic figures in art or in life. If I were a great actor I would as soon play the pantaloone as 'King Lear!'"

"Perhaps his mournful possibilities have been increased since I have been out of England," said Lady Locke. "Ten years ago he was merely a shadowy absurdity."

"Oh! he has not changed," said Mr. Amarinth. "That is so wonderful. He never develops at all. He alone understands the beauty of rigidity, the exquisite serenity of the statuesque nature. Men always fall into the absurdity of endeavoring to develop the mind, to push it violently forward in this direction or in that. The mind should be receptive, a harp waiting to catch the winds, a pool ready to be ruffled, not a bustling busybody, forever trotting about on the pavement looking for a new bun-shop. It should not deliberately run to seek sensations, but it should never avoid one; it should never be afraid of one; it should never put one aside from an absurd sense of right and wrong. Every sensation is valuable. Sensations are the details that build up the stories of our lives."

"But if we do not choose our sensations carefully, the stories may be sad, may even end tragically," said Lady Locke.

"Oh! I don't think that matters at all; do you, Mrs. Windsor?" said Reggie. "If we choose carefully, we become deliberate at once; and nothing is so fatal to personality as deliberation. When I am good, it is my mood to be good; when I am what is called wicked, it is my mood to be evil. I never know what I shall be at a particular moment. Sometimes I like to sit at home after dinner and read *The Dream of Gerontius*. I love lentils and cold water. At other times I must drink absinthe, and hang the night hours with scarlet embroideries. I must have music, and the sins that march to music. There are moments when I desire squalor, sinister, mean surroundings, dreariness, and misery. The great unwashed mood is upon me. Then I go out from luxury. The mind has its West End and its Whitechapel. The thoughts sit in the Park sometimes, but sometimes they go slumming. They enter narrow courts and rookeries. They rest in unimaginable dens seeking contrast, and they like ruffians whom they meet there and they hate the notion of policemen keeping order. The mind governs the body. I never know how I shall spend an evening till the evening has come. I wait for my mood."

Lady Locke looked at him quite gravely while he was speaking. He always talked with great vivacity, and as if he meant what he was saying. She wondered if he did mean it. Like most other people, she felt the charm that always emanated from him. His face was tired and white, but not wicked, and there was an al-

most girlish beauty about it. He flushed easily, and was obviously sensitive to impressions. As he spoke now, he seemed to be elucidating some fantastic gospel, giving forth some whimsical revelation; yet she felt that he was talking the most dangerous nonsense, and she rather wanted to say so. Her father had been great in the Artillery. Her two brothers were serving in India. Her husband had been a bluff and straightforward man of action, full of hard common sense, and the sterling virtues that so often belong to the martinet. Mr. Amarinth and Lord Reggie were specimens of manhood totally strange to her. So she said nothing, and allowed Mrs. Windsor to break in airily—

"Yes, moods are delightful. I have as many as I have dresses, and they cost me nearly as much. I suppose they cost Jimmy a good deal, too," she added, with a desultory pensiveness; "but fortunately he is well off, so it doesn't matter. Yes; do smoke, Mr. Amarinth. You shall have your coffee while we put on our cloaks."

She rustled out of the room with her cousin. When she had gone Esmé Amarinth lit a gold-tipped cigarette and leaned back lazily in his chair.

"How tiring women are," he said. "They always let one know that they are trying to be up to the mark. Isn't it so, Reggie?"

"Yes, unless they have convictions which lead them to hate one's mark. Lady Locke has convictions, I should fancy."

"Probably. But she has a great deal besides."

"Comment?"

"Don't you know why Mrs. Windsor specially wanted you to-night?"

"To polish your wit with mine," said the boy, with his pretty, quick smile.

"No, Reggie. Lady Locke has come into an immense fortune lately. They say she has over twenty thousand a year. Mrs. Windsor is trying to do you a good turn. And I dare say she would not be averse to uniting her first cousin with a future marquis."

"H'm!" said Reggie, helping himself to coffee with a rather abstracted air.

"It is a pity I am already married," added Amarinth, sipping his coffee with a deliberate grace. "I am paying for my matrimonial mood now."

"The true artist will always be an amateur," said Lord Reggie, dreamily, and gazing towards Lady Locke with abstracted blue eyes, "just as the true martyr will always live for his faith. Esmé is like the thrush. He always tells us his epigrams twice over, lest we should fail to capture their first fine careful rapture. Repetition is one of the secrets of success nowadays. Esmé was the first conversationalist in England to discover that fact, and so he won his present unrivalled position, and has known how to keep it.

"Conversational powers are sometimes very distressing," said Madame Valtési. "Last winter I was having my house in Cromwell Road painted and papered. I went to live at a hotel, but the men were so slow, that at last I took possession again, hoping to turn them out. It was a most fatal step. They liked me so much, and found me so entertaining that they have never gone away. They are still painting, and I suppose always will be. Whenever I say anything witty they scream with laughter. What am I to do?"

"Read them Jerome K. Jerome's last comic book,"

said Amarinth, "and they will go at once. I find his works most useful. I always begin to quote from them when I wish to rid myself of a bore."

"But surely he is a very entertaining writer," said Lady Locke.

"My dear lady, if you read him you will find that he is the reverse of Beerbohm Tree as Hamlet. Tree's Hamlet was funny without being vulgar. Jerome's writings are vulgar without being funny. His books are like Academy pictures. They are all deserving of a place on the line."

"I think he means well," said Mrs. Windsor, taking some strawberries.

"I am afraid so," Amarinth answered. "People who mean well always do badly. They are like the ladies who wear clothes that don't fit them in order to show their piety. Good intentions are invariably ungrammatical."

"To be intentional is to be middle class," remarked Reggie. "Herkomer has become intentional, and so he has taken to painting the directors of railway companies. The great picture of this year's exhibition is intentional. The great picture of the year always is. It presents to us a pretty milkmaid milking her cow. A gallant, riding by, has dismounted, and is kissing the milkmaid."

Madame Valtési blinked at him for a moment in silence. Then she said with an air of indescribable virtue—

"What a bad example for the cow!"

"Ah! I never thought of that!"

"One seldom does think how easily proper cows—and people—are put to confusion. That is why they so often flee from the plays of London to those of Paris. They can be confused there without their relations knowing it."

"Why are old men who have seen the world always so proper?" asked Lord Reggie. "The other day I was staying with an old general at Malta and he took Catulle Mendez' charming and delicate romance, Mephistophela, out of my bedroom and burnt it. Yet his language on parade was really quite artistically blasphemous. I think it is fatal to one's personality to see the world at all."

"Then I must be quite hopeless," said Lady Locke, "for I spent eight years in the Straits Settlements."

"Dear me!" murmured Madame Valtési. "Where is that? It sounds like one of the places where that geographical little Henry Arthur Jones sends the heroes of his plays to expiate their virtues."

"It is quite a mistake to imagine that the author or the artist should stuff his beautiful, empty mind with knowledge, with impressions, with facts of any kind," said Amarinth. "I have written a great novel upon Iceland, full of color, of passion, of the most subtle impurity, yet I could not point you out Iceland upon the map. I do not know where it is, or what it is. I only know that it has a beautiful name, and that I have written a beautiful thing about it. This age is an age of identification, in which our god is the Encyclopædia Britannica, and our devil the fairy tale that teaches nothing. We go to the British Museum for culture, and to Archdeacon Farrar for guidance. And then we think that we are advancing. We might as well return to the myths of Darwin, or to the delicious fantasies of John Stuart Mill. They at least were entertaining."

TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

Dining with the Prince of Wales.....Cassell's Saturday Journal

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales gives in the course of the season certain special dinners at Marlborough House, which in many essential respects differ from those which he attends at other people's houses. The Prince makes it a point of preserving the singular and unique features of these entertainments, and he is accustomed personally to supervise them down to the smallest detail. Of course, these gatherings are quite private, and the guests are selected with special reference to the occasion. They do not number more than forty-five people, including the ladies and gentlemen in attendance upon the Prince and Princess of Wales. The names of the guests are recorded at length in the "Court Circular." When members of the Royal Family arrive at Marlborough House, at the outer gate, the fact is at once signaled from the lodge, so that the Prince and Princess of Wales are never taken by surprise, and are in readiness to receive them.

The dining-room in which the banquet is served is a magnificently-decorated apartment, with a ceiling of white and gold. The lamps droop in clusters and the light is very much subdued. On the wall, on the left-hand side, is a great square of red plush, to set off the presentations of plate which have been made to their Royal Highnesses during recent years. Place of honor is given to the Silver Wedding present, and on each side of it are the bay-windows of the room, in which stand enormous silver statues and more of the presentation pieces. On the opposite side of the room is a handsome sideboard, a few service tables, and a door into the corridor communicating with the other apartments.

The Prince of Wales, as host, sits not at the end, but in the middle seat at the side of a large and long table, with his guests on the right and left and opposite to him. His Royal Highness has a preference for different kinds of chairs, and the formality of a suite of furniture is thus avoided. Table decorations are of a massive, ornate, and rather heavy character. A very high centrepiece is filled with flowers, and more blossoms are placed in tall vases, resembling specimen glasses. Probably Marlborough House is the only place in London in which knives and forks are laid so curiously. To each guest two forks, and no more, are provided, and these are placed prongs downward, reversing the usual method. In addition, there is one large tablespoon and one large knife. In no circumstances are two knives permitted upon the cloth simultaneously. A strange reason is assigned for this rule. His Royal Highness is extremely superstitious, and on no account will he incur the risk of having knives crossed inadvertently.

On one occasion the wine-glasses laid by the servants were two white ones, perfectly plain, except for the Prince of Wales's feathers, and a ruby glass, to hold a quarter of a pint, the size of a large hock-glass. Proving that His Royal Highness narrowly scrutinizes the minutiae of the table, it is said that, taking a last look round before his guests arrived, he ordered these ruby tumblers to be removed, and substituted for them a remarkable barrel-shaped plain glass with a handle, which would hold rather more. The wine-glasses are placed, by the bye, in a line as straight as a company of

soldiers, and the serviettes are simply folded in two. It is, perhaps, worthy of note that silver Louis XIV. dessert-stands ornament the table, filled with fruits, which, if not out of season, are certainly the first arrivals. Small water-bottles are used, but, apparently, finger-bowls are tabooed at Marlborough House.

Dinner begins at 8.45 P.M., and lasts for one hour and ten minutes. Rapid service is insisted upon; yet guests will notice that four or five waiters only are allowed to enter the dining-room, which is, however, some distance from the kitchen. Celerity and despatch are obtained by the employment of a small army of assistants stationed behind the scenes, in the service-room and kitchen. If we take a peep into the kitchen, we shall find that gas is exclusively used for all culinary purposes. There is a gas grill, and a roast-spit, and special metal frames are fitted to the entrée dishes whilst they are being garnished. From the kitchen leads the larder, which is exceedingly neat. The refrigerator is a large room, with ice at the top, the iced water running down the sides. During dinner soft and low music is played. The menu cards are severely plain, with a narrow gold border and a royal crest. They are printed in French, and the courses are divided into a first and second service. Turtle—genuine, of course—is put into a silver dish; and a "bisque" soup in a china plate. A similar alternation is observable in the first course, a fillet of trout, garnished, being upon an oval entrée dish; and soles served on a rice "soucle," upon a china plate. Guests are not expected to partake of both kinds of fish. "Côtelettes de volailles" and "chaud froids" follow, and then come the haunches of venison in large metal dishes, and saddles of mutton, which are served upon silver plates. Both the lamb and venison are carved in the service-room. With these roasts vegetables are handed round in deep dishes, which stand in the centre, having three divisions for "sauté" potatoes, French beans and cauliflower. After the joints to each guest is handed a "sorbet" of champagne—a description of ice contained in a large glass of an exceedingly delicate shade of green. These sorbets were brought up from the kitchen by girls, and the glasses are placed upon china plates with silver spoons.

The second course begins with "petits poussins," which is the poulterer's name for very small spring chickens, large numbers of them being reared in Sussex for killing at a month old, when they are between the size of a pigeon and a quail, and are so tender that they can be eaten bones and all. At Marlborough House these baby birds are delicately roasted. Rouen ducks are offered as an alternative dish, but the legs and the back are detached, and the breast and wings simply are left. These are cut into long fillets and served on silver plates. Russian salad, with a border of egg, is offered to the company. Asparagus, from Sandringham, provided with a skeleton wire, comes next, and then follow the sweets—"soufflés" and "timbales" of fruit.

Cheese, with aspic, is a specialty which looks nicer than it tastes. Contrary also to the usual custom, butter, Cheddar cheese, radishes, and cream cheese (which is a popular article at Marlborough House), are offered. Ices on fruit moulds, assorted pastry, biscuits, and long

cheese straws wind up the banquet. As for the wines, they are all decanted, and the short and crisp champagne, very much iced, is of the famous year 1880. For desert royal blue Sèvres is used, and when the time has come for coffee and cigars the custom is once during the year, and only once—the night of the Derby Dinner—to hand to each guest a silver lighter of unique design. No two or three lamps are alike, as they have at various times been presented by different donors to the Prince of Wales, and each one has its history.

At a Banquet in China.....Frank G. Carpenter.....Chicago Herald

Li Hung Chang has been stripped of his yellow jacket. He has lost his three-eyed peacock feather, and the report has been disseminated that he has been degraded from his high position. Few people in America realize how high his position was and the wonderful pomp with which he has been entertaining his friends at his vice-regal capital, Tien Tsin. The crude ideas that we have concerning the Chinese make us think of them as ignorant, poverty-stricken, and barbarous, and few people realize the luxuries with which some of them are surrounded. I cannot better show the real state of the richer classes in China than in describing a banquet which I attended a few months ago in one of Li Hung Chang's palaces. The dining-room was as large as that of the White House, and it was gorgeously decorated with golden scrolls, Chinese pictures, and bunting. The menu comprised many courses, and hundreds of dishes were served during the feast. The bird's-nest soup for each guest cost, I venture, \$5 a plate, with shark fins that were worth their weight in silver, and the Chinese nobles who sat with us were dressed in silks and satins as costly as those worn at our Presidential receptions, and we ate with ivory chopsticks tipped with silver. The dinner was given in honor of General John W. Foster, our ex-Secretary of State, who was then on his way round the globe, and who was treated by the Chinese with the same honors which they accorded to Secretary Seward and to General Grant. The most striking of these favors appeared in this banquet.

Chinese custom keeps woman in the background. You seldom meet the wives of the nobility, and at big dinners Chinese ladies are never invited and foreigners are not expected to bring their wives. As soon as Secretary Foster arrived in Tien Tsin, Li Hung Chang called upon him. He was introduced, during his visit, to Mrs. Foster and to her nieces, the Misses Orr, who were with Secretary Foster during his tour of the world. The great viceroy was charmed with the ladies, and when he spoke of the banquet he said he would make a great innovation in Chinese custom and would ask them to honor him with their presence. Of course they accepted, and the viceroy took Mrs. Foster to the table on his arm. The dinner was given at the admiralty palace, on the edge of Tien Tsin, and this was decorated with thousands of Chinese lanterns, and the gardens about it were ablaze with light. All of the streets leading to it shone with red paper lanterns, and upon the sidewalks were companies of Li Hung Chang's famous soldiers, who, with modern rifles, guarded the incoming guests. During the feast, which lasted for hours, some of the finest of the Chinese bands played American airs outside the palace, and the strains of Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia, and The Star Spangled Banner floated in through the windows. Toasts were made and

responded to by celebrated Chinamen. Secretary Foster talked, through an interpreter, of the good relations which ought to obtain between China and America, and Li Hung Chang responded in the same way in a speech full of compliments to the United States. I wish I could describe the dinner.

It was so different from anything that we have in America that I despair of giving you an accurate picture. The invitations were on cards larger than one of the pages of our magazines. These cards were of crimson and the invitations were engraved upon them in letters of gold. The Chinese dragon and what I suppose is Li Hung Chang's coat-of-arms were at their head, and under this the words stating that the Viceroy of China, grand secretary of state and president of the imperial admiralty, requests the honor of my company at dinner in the naval secretariate on Tuesday at 6 P.M. These golden words were surrounded with an engraved golden border, and accompanying them was the card of Li Hung Chang, which was as big as a sheet of note-paper and as red as the pressed bricks which make up the City of Washington. In going to the dinner I had to have my own Chinese card carried before me by a servant in official livery, and I rode in a blue silk chair borne upon the shoulders of four servants, who were gorgeously dressed up for the occasion and who charged me, by the way, just \$2 in silver for the job. We passed through court after court of this admiralty palace, and my card was carried in through a crowd of Chinese officials and I was motioned to follow. The Secretary of the Navy met me at the door, and then Tseng Laisun, the old confidential secretary of the viceroy, took me in hand and led me in to his excellency's presence. I was in evening dress, but I felt very shabby in comparison with the gorgeously clad men about me. Laisun, for instance, was clad in a silk gown of light blue, lined with the finest of ermine; he had on boots of black silk and his skirt was of the richest yellow satin. A costly sable hat covered his head and valuable rings sparkled upon his long, thin fingers.

He is now 68 years of age, but he speaks English as well as any American, and after presenting me to the viceroy he took me with him to the banqueting table and gave me descriptions of everything concerning the feast. The other nobles in the rooms through which we passed were dressed fully as gorgeously, and the viceroy had on his court clothes. On Li Hung Chang's head was a fur cap, the brim of which was rolled up, and the famous three-eyed peacock feather which he has since lost stood out about a foot behind it. The losing of this must be, by the way, a great disappointment to Li. He is the only one outside of the royal family who has been permitted to wear it, and it is the very highest of Chinese decorations. At the banquet he wore a gorgeous yellow gown, light pink pantaloons and heavy black satin boots, with white soles at least two inches thick. His giant form towered above those of the French, English, German and other diplomats who surrounded him, and as he reached down and took my hand he made me think of a giant. In going out to the dinner he led the way, Secretary Foster and the new French Minister following, and in taking his place at the table, which reached through the centre of a room almost as long as the East Room of the White House, he sat in the middle, with Mrs. Foster at his right hand with the new French Minister at his left. Just across the table sat Secretary Fos-

ter. A little further down were the Misses Orr, each of the young ladies being sandwiched between Chinese nobles, and Miss Emily Orr at the left of Lord Li, upon whom she evidently made a great impression.

Just here let me give a word about the ladies' dresses. They were nearly as gorgeous as those of their Chinese neighbors. Mrs. Foster shone resplendent in a royal purple moiré velvet coat, white satin vest and red gown. This was decorated with Louis Quinze buttons, and her diamonds were very fine. Miss Orr was dressed in an embroidered cerise crepe du Chine, with Chantilly overdress and ruby and diamond ornaments. Miss Martha Orr wore a white silk embroidered with pink roses, a bodice of pink chiffon, and she carried a bouquet of purple and green artificial flowers, which was given her by a son of the viceroy. Outside of these ladies the only two of their sex who were at the dinner were Mrs. Sheridan P. Read, the wife of the American Consul at Tien-Tsin, who wore a heavily corded black silk, with white antique lace and diamonds, and Mrs. C. D. Tenney, the wife of Professor Tenney, the head of the famous school at Tien-Tsin, where the young Chinese nobles go to learn English.

The Chinese took off their coats as they sat down to the table. Nearly every one of them had a servant in gorgeous livery with him, and these took charge of his clothes and saw that he was especially well waited on during the feast. From time to time these servants would hand to their masters white cloths wrung out of boiling hot water, and the nobles would wipe their lips with these and rub them about over their faces in order to refresh themselves between the courses. Li Hung Chang had two or three servants about him all the time, and these assisted him in eating and in keeping his dress straight. Both the viceroy and all his Chinese guests had their pipes and cigarettes lit by their servants for them, and inasmuch as the food was served in little bits not larger than an ivory dice, in order to be easily grasped by the ivory chopsticks, they had little else to do but swallow.

There were about fifty guests at the table, and both Chinese and foreign dishes were used. By my plate were knives and forks as well as chopsticks, and quite a number of dishes on the bill of fare were foreign. The dinner consisted of twenty-one courses. The menu was engraved in letters of gold on a red card a foot long and about six inches wide. It was printed in both Chinese and English and was as follows: Pigeon eggs soup, fried fish, champignon sauce, bird's nest soup, meat pie, red shark fins, wild duck, bamboo shoots, fillet and vegetables, stewed leg of mutton, fungus in clear sauce, pates de fois gras, Corean shrimp dumplings, truffled turkey, ham, salad, roast duck, asparagus, butter sauce, fruit custard, Chinese cakes, fruit jelly, cousee, etc., fruit, coffee.

The foreign dishes were served in American plates, and the Chinese in exquisite little bowls of the finest porcelain, each holding about a pint of stew or soup. At each plate there were six of the finest cut glasses for wine, and two silver goblets for Chinese liquors. One of these was as big as an egg-cup, and the other did not hold much more than a thimble. The first contained samshu, or rice wine. This tasted like sherry, and it was served hot. The other contained a liquor made of sorghum. This was as hot as boiling oil. It was the color of amber, and was more stimulating than

chartreuse. The wines were the regular ones which you find at any foreign dinner, ranging from sherry to champagne. I ate most of the Chinese dishes and found them not at all bad. The pigeon eggs soup had little yolks of pigeon eggs floating about in it, and the bird's nest soup was served in bowls about the size of a large coffee cup, and needed salt to make it palatable.

This is one of the greatest of Chinese delicacies, and the material from which it is made is perhaps the costliest eatable found in the markets of the world. It sells as high as thirty dollars a pound, and China spends hundreds of thousands of dollars a year for it. It is made from the birds' nests of a swallow which is found in caves and damp places of certain islands of the Indian Ocean. The nests are of the same shape as those of a chimney swallow, and they are made of sea-weed. The bird chews the sea-weed and mixes it with its saliva, and the soup is, in fact, made of this saliva. The nests are carefully cleaned, all the feathers and dirt being picked from them. They have to be soaked thoroughly and then boiled until they are tender. They come out the color of transparent white jade stone. They make a sort of a white jelly when they are mixed together. On the top of these shreds of boiled ham are placed and pigeon eggs below. The soup is again boiled, and when served it looks more like angels' food than swallows' spittle. It is said to be very invigorating, and will give a man of sixty the vigor of twenty-five. The shark fins are said to have the same strengthening properties. They are made of the splinters of the fin of a shark and are cooked into a soup and are served with a bit of ham. Bamboo shoots are the roots of the bamboo. They taste like cooked nuts and make you think of white carrots.

All of the Chinese dishes were served in such shape that they could be easily taken up with chopsticks. In place of salt each man had a little bowl of Japanese soy into which he dipped his food before eating it. The Chinese consider it barbarous to bring food on the table as we do. They think that everything should be cooked in small pieces and they stew and boil almost everything. Such meats and vegetables as are fried are first cut up into the shape of hash and the only pigs which are cooked whole are those intended for sacrifices.

As to the cooking, this dinner of Li Hung Chang's was as well cooked and served as any dinner ever given at the White House. The Chinese chef, after a few lessons in foreign cooking, surpasses the French, and they have the best of taste in table decoration. It is much easier to give a big dinner here than in the United States. A high-priced cook might cost you perhaps \$20 in silver or \$10 in gold a month, and he would board himself. For such a sum you would get a man who would take entire charge of a diplomatic dinner, and who would serve you the finest of everything, from soup to dessert. Your bills for the same would be about one-third what a similar dinner would cost you in America, and all you would have to say to the cook would be to mention the number of guests; as for instance, "John, my wanchee number one dinner for thirty piecee men to-morrow night, you go makee all proper." You could then leave your house and come back at the hour set for the dinner in your dress suit, and you would find your table beautifully set, the wines properly arranged, and a first-class menu for your guests. Truly these Chinese are a wonderful people.

VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

Silhouettes in Fashion.....Society's New Diversion.....New York Press

The fashion for silhouettes is gaining a strong hold in New York, and in the fashionable drawing-rooms very many will be seen hanging about the walls. Fantastic ideas in photographing appear to be the popular method just now. The fad was imported from Paris some time ago of indulging in what are known as uniques, that is, a photograph of the hand or the arm simply, as though they were entirely distinct from the body proper. And now this new method, probably originating in Paris, also is known as photo-silhouettes. It is a word that everyone is familiar with, but no one probably has thought of its origin, and the explanation of that origin shows upon how frail a basis some of our popular words are constructed. Somewhere in the neighborhood of a hundred years ago a man started in Paris what he called Chinese shadows, in which the exhibition consisted of throwing upon a sheet the black outlines of an object and making these objects perform a play. About that time the finances of the country were very low, and a banker by the name of Silhouette was called upon to take hold of them and bolster them up. This he did, but failed eventually to accomplish the results that the people wanted, and this failure largely came about through a scheme that M. Silhouette was greatly interested in and upon which he published a book called *A General Idea for the Government of the Chinese*. The popularity of the Chinese shadows caused many people to say that the Minister of Finance was publishing this book as an advertisement for the shadows. The show was called Silhouette in derision, and that name has clung to them.

Lavater, who is about the only man who has made a study of this shadow art, and certainly the only one who has acquired any fame through it, reduced it to a science, and said that there were nine sections to be considered in making these portraits: (1) The arc from the top of the head to the end of the hair; (2) the shape of the forehead to the eyebrows; (3) the space between the eyebrow and the top of the nose; (4) the nose to the beginning of the upper lip; (5) the upper lip; (6) the point where the two lips meet and the completion of the lower lip; (7) the portion between the lower lip and the chin; (8) the chin; (9) the throat. Lavater claims that every one of these sections should be absolutely correct, and that the slightest change would ruin the portrait.

The method pursued by those few artists here who make this sort of thing a feature is to employ a chair made especially for the purpose, and which has rests that will hold the body and the head in an immovable position. The shadow is then reflected upon a paper that is stretched over a piece of glass and placed in a movable frame, and which works up and down in another frame that is attached to one arm of the chair. The shadow is thrown on this paper by an artificial light that is stood upon a table at the opposite side of the chair away from the frame. The artist then outlines upon the paper with a crayon the shadow that is there cast. This is an absolute silhouette. Those that are cut off-hand from a piece of black paper are often excellent, but are not what the early artists understood by the word, and are not what has now come into fashion. In making them for society purposes, and in the attainment

of their popularity, these silhouettes are photographed; that is, after the subject has been seated and the shadow thrown on the paper the camera is brought to bear upon it and a negative is made, which is printed off as any other photograph, but in place of the former profile, showing the features in a natural condition, there now exists merely the outlines and a solid black mass within. The electric light used to produce the shadow must be strong, and in no case is a magnesia light used.

Electricity as a Cosmetic.....Harrydele Hallmark.....Pittsburg Leader

Electricity is greater than any cosmetic as a beautifier. It also puts more and firmer flesh on the face in a shorter space of time than any known tonic. The fact has been found true lately by women, with the result that those of the sex who go in for fine rosy skins are taking electricity along with other athletic aids to physical culture. The machinery required is a small, portable electric battery with a faradic current. Be sure that it is a faradic, for its opposite, the galvanic, burns and blisters, while the other is only, to quote an old darkey—"pow'ful stimerative." One of small size is the right sort to get. Women who are adopting them apply the current to the muscles of the face, rubbing the sponges firmly over cheeks and forehead. The same treatment is applied to the throat and shoulders. The muscles begin to enlarge and harden, the face fills out, lines disappear, and a fine, natural bloom shows under the skin.

This is what the advocates claim for it. I know one woman who was very slender and she has gained twenty pounds in three months since using her battery. Women who have a thin neck and shoulders are trying electricity to develop the latter into a condition that will permit of an 1830 gown this winter at social affairs. Its effect is healthier than any oil, cold cream or manufacturers' evils that are in continual use by slender women, desirous of the abolishing of prominent bones and wrinkles. Then it is less expensive, the batteries costing only \$7 and \$14. More expensive ones can be bought, of course, but those at this price are adequately beneficial. The amount of current to be turned on can be learned from any physician, and there are not sufficient volts to cause death. It should be applied at the two extremes of the day.

The New York women, especially those who have any nervous strain, such as great social responsibility, writing or illustrating, are enthusiastic over the effect. It removes all tired lines, they say, restores the nervous equilibrium and, better than all, "fleshes" one up. I asked a physician about the truth of the women's claims, whether the result to the face was from scientific reasons or chance. He said an increase of flesh from this faradic current was undoubtedly true, and that he would advise any thin woman to use it. "You know," he continued, "its effect is on the muscles," and he illustrated to me practically how its application on the muscles bellied them out, as a sail when the wind strikes it. This constant movement makes them enlarge. "The flesh," he said, "is not gained by mere contact with the electric current, as the laity suppose, but one's system is charged and stimulated, the impurities of the skin

are thrown off, the appetite increases and the person quickly takes on flesh." "Its after effect on the muscles is not bad, is it?" "No. There is nothing injurious about electricity, except too much of it. The flesh is gained by sound methods. Any woman can have a full face and throat if she uses her wires systematically." So the little battery will be the winter substitute for dumb-bells and rackets in muscle-gaining and half the slender-faced women I know are going in for it.

Queer Tricks for a Living.....Society's Shady Side.....St. James's Budget

Many ladies of position nowadays, whose income is too slight to satisfy their requirements, add to it by various methods, which, as a rule, show more ingenuity than scruple. One of these methods has been explained as chaperonage for a regular hire. There are others equally curious. One of these is a regular system of blackmail, which is levied on fashionable tradespeople. Lady Fanny Folleton, for instance (to give her a name which is not her own), never pays her dressmaker's bill, and yet Madame Tourmaline never complains. Nay, the long-suffering French modiste will actually put aside other work, if necessary, in order to supply Lady Fanny with a new gown for some important social function—such as a Court ball, for instance; and her demeanor towards her impecunious customer is respectful to the verge of servility. The explanation is something like this: Tourmaline supplies the gowns without charge, but on well-understood conditions. Lady Fanny exhibits them to her wealthy friends—especially to her new friend, Mrs. Million, let us say, who wishes very much to get into the best society and to buy all her "things" from the very best and smartest shops. Mrs. Million probably admires the gown, which is one of Tourmaline's best, you may be sure; for Tourmaline knows well that it is folly to spoil an advertisement by undue economy. From that moment the game is in Lady Fanny's hands; and she is such an experienced player that it is almost a certainty that in the course of the following week Lady Fanny and Mrs. Million will together visit the Tourmaline establishment, where Mrs. Million will be introduced as Lady Fanny's particular friend, for whom Tourmaline is to do her very best. Tourmaline understands; and when Mrs. Million is at last favored with a bill it is calculated at a rate that not only furnishes a very handsome profit on the goods supplied, but also pays off a considerable percentage of Lady Fanny's own bill. Then there is Mrs. Nemo, the fascinating widow, who has recently built on a couple of rooms to her tiny house and thereby made it far more habitable. How did she do it on her small income—the amount of which can be ascertained by any one who chooses to pay a shilling at Somerset House? The fact is, that the builder did it for her free of charge; and this was her "commission" for having introduced the man of bricks and mortar to a personage of high rank, whose custom was not only a good paying thing itself, but was an advertisement which raised the builder in the estimation both of his other customers and the trade.

Another adept is Lady Sally Volatile. One of Lady Sally's expedients was a raffle, which she got up for a diamond necklace of her own. The necklace was worth a good deal and the tickets were sold at a high price. All her friends bought them, partly out of sympathy and partly out of a feeling of compulsion. Just for the luck of the thing, as she said, Lady Sally herself also

took a ticket. Curiously enough, her ticket won the prize; and so she not only obtained several hundred pounds by the raffle, but retained her beautiful diamond necklace as well. Some rude people made ill-conditioned remarks about this coincidence. The raffle in question was, frankly, for Lady Sally's benefit; but lately ladies have been imitating her methods in a manner not quite so frank. There was the Hon. Mrs. Sumwat Sharpe, who, not so very long ago, got up a concert for a poor widow who, she said, had been left destitute, with a large family, owing to an unhappy accident which had befallen her husband. Charitable ladies of every age played, sang, skirt-danced, and recited at that concert. Other charitable ladies took tickets, and some people actually attended the concert, which was an immense financial success, realizing over a hundred pounds clear profit. Mrs. Sharpe said that the widow and children were overwhelmed with gratitude; but she would not disclose their address or whereabouts—not even to Miss Keene, who wanted very much to get one of the children into a charitable school which she subscribed to, and wished to see the mother to arrange matters. On that point there was a sharp passage of arms between the two ladies: Mrs. Sharpe persisting in her refusal to allow Miss Keene to "interfere," and Miss Keene hinting in scarcely veiled terms her disbelief in the existence of the alleged objects of charity. Whether they actually did exist was a question which was never solved; but it is quite certain that they were never seen in the flesh by Mrs. Sharpe's friends.

Another dodge may be roughly described as private trading. This is how it is done: You go to call on a lady whom we will call Mrs. X. We will assume that you are wealthy and known to be fond of pretty things. Incidentally, as it seems, she shows you something in silver—say a coffee-pot or tea-caddy—which is really elegantly worked and possibly may be an antique. She meanwhile tells you a pathetic story about how it belonged to a lady who has come down in the world, and that she is trying to sell it for her. The price is reasonable, the thing is good, and probably you buy it. In time you find out that Mrs. X. generally has something in silver which she wishes to sell for the benefit of some poor lady, and you begin to doubt. The fact is that Mrs. X. attends what are known as "forced sales," picks things up cheap, and sells them to her friends at a price which, though moderate in itself, brings her in a handsome profit. She is a good judge of marks and work, and her friends never have any reason to regret their purchases. Generous souls who know that she is poor sometimes add a little to the price she asks.

Honeymoon Souvenirs.....Latest Fad for Brides.....Washington Star

"I suppose," said a society woman to a writer, "that you have heard of the newest fad for brides. No, I don't mean bouquets of purple flowers, which I should hate to have any one I cared for carry; they must be so unlucky, purple being emblematic of mourning, you know. I mean the bridal albums, which so many of this summer's fashionable brides are getting up to celebrate their honeymoons. I think the notion is charming, and a friend of mine has one that is lovely. She made every bit of it herself, including the cover. She paints very well in water colors, and that made it much easier to have the book pretty. For the cover she took two pieces of rough cardboard about nine inches square,

and then she had quite a lot of heavy linen paper cut to the same size, with two holes through one side of it to put the pink ribbons through to tie it together. The bridegroom had a bunch of white carnations in his buttonhole during the ceremony, and these she painted in the centre of the upper cover, while over the rest she scattered the Catherine Mermet roses which composed her bouquet. The effect was simply lovely—very dainty.

"What did she have inside all this gorgeousness? Why, all sorts of souvenirs of the trip, of course. First there was a picture of the first hotel they stopped at, which she cut from the bill of fare, and a sketch of the picturesque old darkey who waited on them at the first meal they ate together as husband and wife. They took a country drive, and while out chanced upon a wandering photographer, who took a picture of them and their conveyance, and this was pasted in and framed with the blossoms of the wild hydrangea which they bought from a barefooted urchin on the road. The boy, as he stood with the great bunch of flowers in his hand, makes a cunning little sketch in the corner. Another page shows a sketch of a couple strolling, arm in arm, through a field of daisies, and a chain of these modest flowers frames the little picture. One page is given up to violets, some being pressed and tied up with little bows of the light-blue ribbon she wore on her dress when her husband brought them to her, and others were painted in. Photographs of all the pretty or interesting places they visited are used, with an occasional bill of fare or theatrical programme, each being accompanied by some memento of the occasion, either a flower, a ribbon, or a sketch depicting some little incident. Stems of raspberries with their leaves, served as a reminder of an afternoon they had spent in an old-fashioned garden, and as the goldenrod was just out last week when they went home, they are to appear on the back of the cover. Just think what a delightful souvenir it makes to keep all your life."

A Fifteen Thousand Dollar Piano.....Music and Art.....New York World

When Cornelius Vanderbilt opens his new house at Fifty-eighth street and Fifth Avenue, New York, with a ball soon to be given to introduce his daughter to society, Seidl will sit down to a \$15,000 piano, which has now been put up in place in one of the magnificent parlors. This piano is said to be one of the finest instruments ever made. It is not expected that the exquisite paintings by Kammerer which decorate the sides and top of this piano will materially assist the Vanderbilt children in acquiring lightness and delicacy of touch and that perfection of instrumentation which make the great player. But the pictures will much enhance the beauty of the room in which the instrument is placed.

A piano is ordinarily an odd-looking piece of furniture, and divested of its casing would be hideous. But modern pianomakers have succeeded in making the instrument graceful and pleasing in its outlines and impressive in its solidity. Occasionally some millionaire comes along who is not satisfied with the mahogany, satin-wood, ebony and other expensive woods with which the finest pianos are finished. He must have something out of the ordinary, and has a piano built to order. Mr. Vanderbilt's piano was built to order, but according to the *New York World* the principal reason why it was so costly is that it was sought to make it harmonize with the room in which it should be placed

and be in itself a work of art. So far as the essential parts of its mechanism are concerned it is no better than the first-class pianos of the same make which any poor man can buy or rent. But as an art object it is unique, and the case alone would be prized by any museum. In general terms it is a Steinway concert grand piano, straight along one side and curved on the other, with three legs and a top which lifts from the side. The legs of this piano, which were specially designed, are flat and decorated with carvings of palm leaves.

The groundwork of the whole instrument is in four shades of green, ranging from the delicate pistache to the darker chrome green known to artists. Upon top and bottom and around the sides of this beautiful instrument are many elaborate carvings, all of glittering gilt. The whole scheme of decoration is in the style of Louis XV., so that the piano is in harmony with the Louis XV. rooms in Mr. Vanderbilt's house. It is not supposed that this instrument will be placed in a Louis XIV. room or by mistake be set up against a Charles X. sideboard. Of course the piano stool which goes along with the instrument is in the Louis XV. style. The piano stool is said to have cost over \$2,000. Like the instrument, it is conceived in a scheme of green and gold. But none of the exquisite paintings of Kammerer which decorate the main body of the piano is duplicated or repeated on the piano stool. These paintings are in separate panels along the sides and on the top of the cover, and one of the finest is on the cover which drops down over the keyboard. All of the decorative work on Mr. Vanderbilt's piano was done in Europe. The whole piano case, including all the woodwork, was done in this country. Then it was taken apart and shipped to Paris to Gilbert Cuel, of 20 Rue des Capucines, under whose supervision the decoration was begun. Kammerer was secured to paint the panels, which number half-a-dozen. He is noted in Paris for decorative work in the Louis XV. style, and a few samples of his skill are to be seen in the private houses of New York. His painting was directly on the wood, which had previously undergone elaborate preparation to prevent it from warping or cracking, and in this condition it is said it will last for centuries. Another noted artist was put at work on the minor decorations.

Kammerer's panels show some exquisite color work in a light key. There are landscapes and allegorical pieces with a bewildering array of cupids and little goddesses and many pleasing fancies emblematical of music and the arts. When all the work had been completed in Paris, the various pieces going to make up the whole case were carefully packed and shipped to the makers of the instrument in New York city, where the frame, the keyboard and the essential parts of the instrument were waiting. Music-lovers do not expect any great results from the \$15,000 piano, but artists in decoration are deeply interested in it. It is said that the ultimate fate of this instrument, after perhaps it has been handed down through several generations of Vanderbilts, will be to find a final resting-place in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In the Vanderbilt family there are several other very costly instruments, but none to approach that which is now in readiness for the light fingers of Seidl, whose orchestra has been engaged for the elaborate affair which will soon celebrate the coming out of Miss Vanderbilt. Among the friends of the family there has been much curiosity to see the piano.

BETWEEN LOVE AND DUTY: A STRANGE CONFESSION

By S. R. CROCKETT

A reading selection from *The Lilac Sunbonnet*. By S. R. Crockett. D. Appleton & Co. Ralph Peden, a young theological student under the charge of Allan Welsh, has just been of service to Winsome Charteris, who has been insulted by Agnew Creatorex. Ralph returns to the parsonage, where this scene with Allan Welsh occurs.

It was growing slowly dusk again when Ralph Peden returned from visiting Craig Ronald along the shore road to the Dullarg and its manse. He walked briskly, as one who has good news. Sometimes he whistled to himself—breaking off short with a quick smile at some recollection.

Once he stopped and laughed aloud. Then he threw a stone at a rook which eyed him superciliously from the top of a turf dyke. He made a bad shot, at which the black critic wiped the bare butt of his bill upon the grass, uttered a hoarse "A-ha!" of derision, and plunged down squatly among the dock-leaves on the other side of the dyke.

As Ralph turned up the manse loaning to the bare front door, he was conscious of a vague uneasiness, the feeling of a man who returns to a house of gloom from a world where all things have been full of sunshine. It was not the same world since yesterday. Even he, Ralph Peden, was not the same man. But he entered the house with that innocent-affectation of exceeding ease which is the boy's tribute to his own inexperience. He went up the stairs, through the dark lobby, and entered Allan Welsh's study. The minister was sitting with his back to the window, his hands clasped in front of him, and his great domed forehead and emaciated features standing out against the orange and crimson pool of glory where the sun had gone down.

Ralph ostentatiously clattered down his armful of books on the table. The minister did not speak at first, and Ralph began his explanation.

"I am sorry," he said, hesitating and blushing under the keen eyes of his father's friend. "I had no idea I should have been detained, but the truth is——"

"I ken what the truth is," said Allan Welsh, quietly. "Sit down, Ralph Peden. I have somewhat to say to you."

A cold chill ran through the young man's veins, to which succeeded a thrill of indignation. Was it possible that he was about to reproach him, as a student in trials for the ministry of the Marrow kirk, with having behaved in any way unbecoming of an aspirant to that high office or left undone anything expected of him as his father's son?

The minister was long in speaking. Against the orange light of evening which barred the window, his face could not be seen, but Ralph had the feeling that his eyes, unseen themselves, were reading into his very soul. He sat down and clenched his hands under the table.

"I was at the Bridge of Grannoch this day," began the minister at last. "I was on my way to visit a parishioner, but I do not conceal from you that I also made it my business to observe your walk and conversation."

"By what right do you so speak to me?" began Ralph, the hotter blood of his mother rising within him.

"By the right given to me by your father to study your heart and to find out whether indeed it is seeking to walk in the more perfect way. By my love and regard for you, I hope I may also say."

The minister paused, as if to gather strength for what he had yet to say. He leaned his head upon his hand, and Ralph did not see that his frail figure was shaken with some emotion too strong for his physical powers, only kept in check by the keen and indomitable will within.

"Ralph, my lad," Allan Welsh continued, "do not think that I have not foreseen this; and had your father written to inform me of his intention to send you to me, I should have urged him to cause you to abide in your own city. What I feared in thought is in act come to pass. I saw it in your eyes yestreen."

Ralph's eyes spoke an indignant query.

"Ralph Peden," said the minister, "since I came here, eighteen years ago, not a mouse has crept out of Craig Ronald but I have made it my business to know it. I am no spy, and yet I need not to be told what happened yesterday or to-day."

"Then, sir, you know that I have no need to be ashamed."

"I have much to say to you, Ralph, which I desire to say by no means in anger. But first let me say this: It is impossible that you can ever be more to Winifred Charteris than you are to-day."

"That is likely enough, sir, but I would like to know why, in that case, I am called to question."

"Because I have been, more than twenty years ago, where you are to-day, Ralph Peden. I—even I—have seen eyes blue as those of Winsome Charteris kindle with pleasure at my approach. Yes, I have known it. And I have also seen the lids lie white and still upon those eyes; and I am here to warn you from the primrose way, and also, if need be, to forbid you to walk therein."

His voice took a sterner tone with the last words.

Ralph bowed his head on the table and listened, but there was no feeling save resentment and resistance in his heart.

The minister went on in a level, unemotional tone, like one telling a tale of long ago, of which the issues and even the interests are dead and gone.

"I do not look now like a man on whom the eye of woman could ever rest with the abandonment of love. Yet I, Allan Welsh, have seen 'the love that casteth out fear.'"

After a pause the high, expressionless voice took up the tale.

"Many years ago there were two students, poor in money but rich in their mutual love. They were closer in affection than twin brothers. The elder was betrothed to be married to a beautiful girl in the country; so he took down his friend with him to the village where the maid dwelt to stand by his side and look upon the joy of the bridegroom. He saw the trysted (betrothed) of his friend. He and she looked into one another's eyes and were drawn together as by a power beyond them. The elder was summoned suddenly back

to the city, and for a week he, all unthinking, left the friends of his love together, glad that they should know one another better. They walked together. They spoke of many things, ever returning back to speak of themselves. One day they held a book together till they heard their hearts beat audibly, and in the book read no more that day.

"Upon the friend's return he found only an empty house and distracted parents. Bride and brother had fled. Word came that they had been joined by old Joseph Paisley, the Greta Green 'welder,' without blessing of minister or kirk. Then they hid themselves in a little Cumbrian village, where for six years the unfaithful friend wrought for his wife—for so he deemed her—till in the late bitterness of bringing forth she died, that was the fairest of women and the unhappiest."

The minister ceased. Outside the rain had come on in broad single drops, laying the dust on the road.

Ralph could hear it pattering on the broad leaves of the plane-tree outside the window. He did not like to hear it. It sounded like a woman's tears.

But he could not understand how all this bore on his case. He was silenced and awed, but it was with the sight of a soul of a man of years and approved sanctity in deep apparent waters of sorrow.

The minister lifted his head and listened. In the ancient woodwork of the manse, somewhere in the crumbling wainscoting, the little boring creature called a death-watch ticked like the ticking of an old verge watch. Mr. Welsh broke off with a sudden causeless anger very appalling in one so sage and sober in demeanor.

"There's that beast again!" he said; "often have I thought it was ticking in my head. I have heard it ever since the night she died——"

"I wonder at a man like you," said Ralph, "with your wisdom and Christian standing, caring for a worm——"

"You're a very young man, and when you are older maybe you'll wonder at a deal fewer things," answered the minister with a kind of excited truculence very foreign to his habit, "for I myself am a worn and no man," he added dreamily. "And often I tried to kill the beast. Ye see thae marks——" he broke off again—"I bored for it till the boards are a honeycomb; but the thing aye ticks on."

"But, Mr. Welsh," said Ralph eagerly, with some sympathy in his voice, "why should you trouble yourself about this story now—or I, for the matter of that? I can understand that Winsome Charteris has somehow to do with it, and that the knowledge has come to you in the course of your duty; but even if, at any future time, Winsome Charteris were aught to me or I to her—the which I have at present only too little hope of—her forbears, be they whomsoever they might, were no more to me than Julius Cæsar. I have seen her and looked into her eyes. What needs she of ancestors that is kin to the angels?"

Something like pity came into the minister's stern eyes as he listened to the lad. Once he had spoken just such wild, heart-eager words.

"I will answer you in a sentence," he said. "I that speak with you am the cause. I am he that has preached law and the gospel—for twenty years covering my sin with the Pharisee's strictness of observance. I am he that was false friend but never false lover—that

married without kirk or blessing. I am the man that clasped a dead woman's hand whom I never owned as wife, and watched afar off the babe that I never dared to call mine own. I am the father of Winifred Charteris, coward before man, castaway before God. Of my sin two know besides my Maker—the father that begot you, whose false friend I was in the days that were, and Walter Skirving, the father of the first Winifred whose eyes this hand closed under the Peacock tree at Cross-thwaite."

The broad drops fell on the window-panes in splashes, and the thunder-rain drummed on the roof.

The minister rose and went out, leaving Ralph Peden sitting in the dark with the universe in ruins about him. The universe is fragile at twenty-one.

And overhead the great drops fell from the brooding thunder-clouds, and in the wainscoting of Allan Welsh's study the death-watch ticked.

"Moreover," said the minister—coming in an hour afterwards to take up the interrupted discussion—"the kirk of the Marrow overrides all considerations of affection or self-interest. If you are to enter the Marrow kirk, you must live for the Marrow, and fight for the Marrow, and, above all, you must wed for the Marrow——"

"As you did, no doubt," said Ralph, ungenerously.

Ralph had remained sitting in the study where the minister had left him.

"No, for myself," said the minister, with a certain firmness and high civility which made the young man ashamed of himself. "I am no true son of the Marrow. I have indeed served the Marrow kirk in her true and only protesting section for twenty-five years; but I am only kept in my position by the good grace of two men—of your father and Walter Skirving. And do not think that they keep their mouths sealed by any love for me. Were there only my own life and good name to consider they would speak instantly, and I should be deposed without cavil or word spoken in my own defense. Nay, by what I have already spoken, I have put myself in your hands. All that you have to do is simply to rise in your place on the Sabbath morn and tell the congregation what I have told you—that the minister of the Marrow kirk in Dullarg is a man rebuking sin when his own hearthstone is unclean—a man irregularly espoused, who wrongfully christened at God's altar his own unacknowledged child."

Allan Welsh laid his brow against the hard wood of the study-table as though to cool it.

"No," he continued, looking Ralph in the face, as the midnight hummed around and the bats softly fluttered like gigantic moths outside, "your father is silent for the sake of the good name of the Marrow kirk; but this thing shall never be said of his own son, and the only hope of the Marrow kirk—the lad she has colleged and watched and prayed for—not only the two congregations of Edinburgh and the Dullarg contributing yearly out of their smallest pittances, but the faithful single members and adherents throughout broad Scotland, many of whom are coming to Edinburgh at the time of our oncoming synod, in order to be present at it and at the communion, when I shall assist your father."

"But why can not I marry Winsome Charteris, even though she be your daughter, as you say?" asked Ralph, turning his face to Allan Welsh.

"O, young man," said the minister, "ken ye so little about the kirk o' the Marrow, and the respect for her that your father and myself cherish for the office of her ministry, that ye think that we could permit another probationer, on trials for the highest office within her gift, to connect himself by tie, bond, or engagement with the daughter of an unblest marriage? That would be winking at a new sin, darker, even, than the old." Then, with a burst of passion, "I, even I, would sooner denounce it myself, though it cost me my position! For twenty years I have known that before God I was condemned. You have seen me praying—yes, often—all night, but never did you or mortal man hear me praying for myself."

Ralph held out his hand in sympathy. Mr. Welsh did not seem to notice it. He went on:

"I was praying for this poor simple folk—the elect of God—their minister alone a castaway, set beyond the mercy of God by his own act. Have I not prayed that they might never be put to shame by the knowledge of the minister's sin being made a mockery in the courts of Belial? And have I not been answered?"

Here we fear that Mr. Welsh referred to the ecclesiastical surroundings of the Reverend Erasmus Teends, of whose story you have been informed.

"And I prayed for my poor lassie, and for you, when I saw you both in the floods of deep waters. I have wept great and bitter tears for you twain. But I am to receive my answer and reward, for this night you shall give me your word that never more will you pass word of love to Winsome, the daughter of Allan Charteris Welsh. For the sake of the Marrow kirk and the unstained truth delivered to the martyrs, and upheld by your father one great day, you will do this thing."

"Mr. Welsh," said the young man calmly, "I cannot, even though I be willing, do this thing. My heart and life, my honor and word, are too deeply engaged for me to go back. At whatever cost to myself, I must keep tryst and pledge with the girl who has trusted me, and who for me has to-night suffered things whose depths of pain and shame I know not yet."

"Then," said the minister sternly, "you and I must part. My duty is done. If you refuse my appeal you are no true son of the Marrow kirk and no candidate that I can recommend for her ministry. Moreover, to keep you longer in my house and at my board were tacitly to encourage you in your folly."

"It is quite true," replied Ralph, unshaken and undaunted, "that I may be as unfit as you say for the office and ministry of the Marrow kirk. It is, indeed, only as I have thought for a long season. If that be so, then it were well that I should withdraw and leave the place for some one worthier."

"I wonder to hear ye, Ralph Peden, your father's son," said the minister, "you that have been colleged by the shillings and sixpences of the poor hill folk. How will ye do with these?"

"I will pay them back," said Ralph.

"Hear ye, man; can ye pay back the love that hained and saved to send them to Edinburgh? Can ye pay back the prayers and expectations that followed ye from class to class, rejoicing in your success, praying that the salt of holiness might be put for you into the fountains of earthly learning? Pay back, Ralph Peden! I wonder, sair, that ye are not ashamed!"

Indeed, Ralph was in a sorrowful quandary. He

knew that it was all true, and he saw no way out of it without pain and grief to some. But the thought of Winsome's cry came to him, heard in the lonesome night. That appeal had severed him in a moment from all his old life. He could not, though he were to lose heaven and earth, leave her now to reproach and ignominy. She had claimed him only in her utter need, and he would stand good, lover and friend to be counted on, till the world should end.

"It is true, what you say," said Ralph; "I mourn it, every word, but I cannot and will not submit my conscience and my heart to the keeping even of the Marrow kirk."

"Ye should have thought on that sooner," interjected the minister, grimly.

"God gave me my affections as a sacred trust. This also is part of my religion. And I will not, I cannot in any wise give up hope of winning this girl whom I love, and whom you, above all others in the world, ought surely to love."

"Then," said the minister, rising solemnly, with his hand outstretched as when he pronounced the benediction, "I, Allan Welsh, who love you as my son, and who love my daughter more than ten daughters who bear no reproach, tell you, Ralph Peden, that I can no longer company with you. Henceforth I count you as a rebel and a stranger. More than self, more than life, more than child or wife, I, sinner as I am, love the honor and discipline of the kirk of the Marrow. Henceforth you and I are strangers."

The words fired the young man. He took up his hat, which had fallen upon the floor.

"If that be so, the sooner that this house is rid of the presence of a stranger and a rebel the better for it, and the happier for you. I thank you for all the kindness you have shown me, and I bid you, with true affection and respect, farewell!"

So, without waiting even to go up-stairs for anything belonging to him, and with no further word on either side, Ralph Peden stepped into the clear, sobering midnight, the chill air meeting him like a wall. The stars had come out and were shining frosty-clear.

And as soon as he was gone out the minister fell on his knees, and so continued all the night praying, with his face to the earth.

Whatever is too precious, too tender, too good, too evil, too shameful, too beautiful for the day, happens in the night. Night is the bath of life, the anodyne of heartaches, the silencer of passions, the breeder of them, too, the teacher of those who would learn, the cloak that shuts a man in with his own soul. The seeds of great deeds and great crimes are alike sown in the night. The good Samaritan doeth his good by stealth; the wicked one cometh and soweth his tares among the wheat. The lover and the lustful person, the thief and the thinker, the preacher and the poacher are abroad in the night. In factories and mills, beside the ceaseless whirl of machinery, stand men to whom day is night and night is day. In cities the guardians of the midnight go hither and thither with measured step under the drizzling rain. No man cares that they are lonely and cold. Yet, nevertheless, both light and darkness, night and day, are but the accidents of a little time. It is twilight—the twilight of the morning and of the gods—that is the true normal of the universe; it is this that brings new life, as it did to Allan Welsh.

MODERN SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

*Surf-Boarding..Isabella Bird Bishop..Six Months in the Sandwich Islands**

A grand display of the national sport, surf-boarding, was going on, and a large party of us went down to the beach for two hours to enjoy it. It is really a most exciting pastime, and in a rough sea requires immense nerve. The surf-board is a tough plank shaped like a coffin-lid, about two feet broad, and from six to nine feet long, well oiled and cared for. It is usually made of the erythrina, or the breadfruit tree. The surf was very heavy and favorable, and legions of natives were swimming and splashing in the sea, though not more than forty had their Papa-he-nalu, or "wave-sliding boards," with them. The men, dressed only in "malos," carrying their boards under their arms, waded out from some rocks on which the sea was breaking, and pushing their boards before them, swam out to the first line of breakers, and then diving down were seen no more till they reappeared as a number of black heads bobbing about like corks in smooth water half a mile from shore.

What they seek is a very high roller, on the top of which they leap from behind, lying face downwards on their boards. As the wave speeds on, and the bottom strikes the ground, the top breaks into a huge comber. The swimmers appeared poising themselves on its highest edge by dexterous movements of their hands and feet, keeping just at the top of the curl, but always apparently coming down hill with a slanting motion. So they rode in majestically, always just ahead of the breaker, carried shorewards by its mighty impulse at the rate of forty miles an hour, yet seeming to have a volition of their own, as the more daring riders knelt or even stood on their surf-boards, waving their arms and uttering exultant cries. They were always apparently on the verge of engulfment by the fierce breaker whose towering white crest was ever above and just behind them, but when one expected to see them dashed to pieces, they either waded ashore quietly, or, sliding off their boards, dived under the surf, taking advantage of the undertow, and were next seen far out at sea preparing for fresh exploits.

The great art seems to be to mount the roller precisely at the right time, and to keep exactly on its curl just before it breaks. Two or three athletes, who stood erect on their boards as they swept exultingly shoreward, were received with ringing cheers by the crowd. Many of the less expert failed to throw themselves on the crest, and slid back into smooth water, or were caught in the combers, which were fully ten feet high, and after being rolled over and over ignominiously disappeared amid roars of laughter and shouts from the shore. At first I held my breath in terror, thinking the creatures were smothered or dashed to pieces, and then in a few seconds I saw the dark heads of the objects of my anxiety bobbing about behind the rollers waiting for another chance. The shore was thronged with spectators, and the presence of the élite of Hilo stimulated the swimmers to wonderful exploits.

These people are truly amphibious. Both sexes seem to swim by nature, and the children riot in the waves from their infancy. They dive apparently by a mere

effort of the will. In the deep basin of the Wailuku River, a little below the falls, the maidens swim, float and dive with garlands of flowers round their heads and throats. The more furious and agitated the water is, the greater the excitement, and the love of these watery exploits is not confined to the young. I saw great fat men with their hair streaked with gray balancing themselves on their narrow surf-boards, and riding the surges shorewards with as much enjoyment as if they were in their first youth. I enjoyed the afternoon thoroughly.

In a Pneumatic Boat.....New Style of Duck Hunting.....New York Sun

Sportsmen whose tastes induce them to seek duck and other water-fowl as a quarry, should feel particularly happy this season. They are being catered to in a way which promises to render their amusement as comfortable as watching a kinetoscope fight. The innovation which is to work this transformation among aquatic marksmen is a pneumatic boat which can be carried around as a small parcel when not in use. When duly inflated and ready for active service the new sporting craft presents the appearance of a circular soup tureen on feet. The marksman gets inside, and having adjusted his feet in the rubber boots attached to the boat he has only to paddle away and enjoy himself.

The outfit is completed by a storm cape, which protects the sportsman from the chin down and practically incloses him in a waterproof suit. The effect is not very impressive from an artistic point of view, but as an antidote to rheumatism and the other ills which victimize hunters of water-fowl it has a practical appearance which looks encouraging. Having shut in everything but his head and gun, the sportsman may still further impose on the watchful game by filling the loups around the boat with whatever he deems best adapted to screen him from the eyes of his future victims. Foliage from the bank, artificial flowers, old newspapers, or, in fact, anything which is not transparent, will suffice to complete his bower. The outfit, exclusive of the trimmings referred to, weighs only twenty pounds. The boat is made in four compartments and is of rubber duck cloth. The boots, which take the place of a yacht's centre-board, are provided with fins, by the expert use of which a duck shooter may attain fair speed in his voyage.

Bicycle's run by Ether.....Sixty miles an hour.....The Cyclist

An ether bicycle with a speed of sixty miles an hour is the result of the inventive genius and labors of a Portland, Me., young man named Willard I. Twombly. He uses ether to generate power instead of water. Why? Because ether is converted into expanding gas at 96 degrees, while water requires 212 degrees of heat to change it into steam. There is a great saving of heat. Also, the gas of ether is a third more powerful than the steam of water. That is, a pound of ether converted into gas would occupy a third more space than a pound of water converted into steam.

The cylinder that runs downward perpendicularly from under the seat is the generator. It corresponds to a steam boiler. It is a coil of pipe surrounded by asbestos and inclosed in an air-tight cylinder. It is but three inches in diameter and thirty-six inches in length,

* Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

and contains four pounds of ether. This is heated by burning gasoline from underneath, which is supplied from a tank that is in the curving frame extending from the bottom of the generator to the fork of the front wheel. A force-pump extends from the hub of the rear wheel to the bottom of the generator and forces a spray of burning gasoline under the ether. It is operated as the rear wheel is driven by the two engines that extend from just behind the saddle down to the hub of the rear wheel on both sides. These engines weigh two pounds a piece, without the pistons, yet at full pressure they are capable of two horsepower each, and at low pressure of one horsepower each. After the vaporized ether has driven the engine the vapor passes through the frame under the seat to the condenser, just above the front wheel, under the handles.

This condenser is a coil of pipe eight inches in length. On the other side of the rear wheel, opposite the force-pump, is an air-pump. Along the sides of the reservoir of gasoline in the curving lower frame, which is quite wide, are two pipes. The one on the side of the air-pump is to convey a current of air up to the condenser, where an atomizer arrangement forces gasoline from the tank onto the condenser. This cools with remarkable quickness. The vapor of the ether comes from the engines, is condensed and runs down the pipe on the other side of the gasoline tank and into the generator again. Thus the ether is used over and over again. The gasoline tank holds enough for 100 miles. The entire bicycle will weigh about sixty pounds, with pneumatic tires three inches in diameter.

Lacrosse, a Fascinating Athletic Sport..... Harper's Young People

There is a game known in the United States, but much better known in Canada, that is not played now as much as it was when I went to school. It is a great pity that it has fallen somewhat out of boys' favor too, for there is not another game that is so thorough a trainer as this Indian game of lacrosse. In fact, it used to be played at Harvard, as well as at Princeton and some of the other colleges, and served them often as a means of training football men in the springtime. Why the sport is not more popular it is impossible to say, but the reason for its not being played in schools is naturally because not being a popular college game the scholastic athletes do not go into systematic training when they see no good to be gained from it.

The game of lacrosse, however, is a most fascinating one to play and to watch, and a little description of the methods of playing and the advantages of the sport may be enough to induce some boys to get up a team, and try to find another to arrange matches with. As far as rules go, the game is simple. The field—and you need not have a perfectly level one, either, although it is better, if possible—should be 125 yards long, and somewhat of the proportion of a football field, though you can adjust the width to the particular pasture at your disposal. At each end in the middle of the width of the field there are to be two poles set firmly into the ground six feet apart, each being six feet high. On each of these there should be a flag, so that players at the further end of the field may see in what direction to throw the ball. The ball itself is of soft solid rubber, about the size of a tennis ball, and it must be thrown between the two goal-posts with the lacrosse stick, or "crosse," in order to score a goal, which is the

only point in the game. The crosse used is familiar to every one. It looks more or less like a narrow snow-shoe with a long handle, and is made of a stout piece of wood bent up like a hockey, and "strung" with gut, after the fashion of a snow-shoe or tennis racket.

The important part of the game is, however, the training, for the rules can be found in any good book on sport if they are not familiar to you already. Stopping only to mention the different positions, we can then go on to the play. Six feet in front of each of the goal-posts there is a line, or goal-crease, drawn across the field, and no opponent can go beyond this nearer his enemy's goal; that is, the side that is being pushed, and is trying to defend its goal, is helped by the rules, and is given six feet of space in which to defend itself, without being bothered by opponents. You who are pressing that side, and who are trying to score, must do so at least six feet away from the goal-posts. Of the twelve players who make up the team, the big man, the strong, hard player of the whole twelve, is the goal-keeper. It being his business to defend the goal, and prevent the ball from passing through, he must, of course, be extraordinarily cool-headed and quick, but he must, above all things, be strong. I have seen a man many a time break his opponent's crosse as the latter came tearing up, carrying the ball, and preparing to toss it between his legs and through the goal.

In front of the goal-keeper and somewhat nearer the centre of the field stands the point; and he, with the cover-point, who stands in a similar manner in front of the point, forms somewhat the same sort of defense and protection to the goal-keeper as half-backs do to the full-backs in football. These boys should be quick, strong players, and capable of throwing the ball a great distance, or a short distance with great precision. One of the most skillful as well as most attractive parts of the whole game is the "passing" that goes on between the point, cover-point and the fielders of their sides. These fielders are the rest of the team, with the exception of the centre, who puts the ball in play, and the home, as the player is called, who stands nearest the opponents' goal and is a strong offensive player. The seven fielders should be light and quick, fast runners, and, above all, they should be so well and so thoroughly trained that they can keep up a constant running from the beginning to the end of the game. These fielders correspond in a certain measure to the forwards in football, but though this resemblance of the two games can be traced here and there, there is in reality much difference in the method of play.

Lacrosse is essentially a light game; that is, the more delicate, skillful, light and quick a player is, the better he plays the game. There is no massing, or rather should be none; but, on the other hand, there is a most attractive amount of team-play. In fact, the whole point of lacrosse is that two boys of a side should always be together. If the one carrying the ball on his crosse gets into a corner or is being pushed by the opponents, he knows where his "shadow" is, and if he is quick and skillful he can send the ball between the opponent's legs or over his head, just out of reach of his stick, into his friend's hands. This is what the Indians do so beautifully, and often they will keep half the opposing team of pale faces trotting around the field after them without letting them touch the ball, though it is never ten feet beyond the end of their crosses.

CHILD VERSE: CHARMING BITS OF PRATTLE

A Little Bit of a Boy.....Frank L. Stanton.....Songs of the Soil (Appleton)

There was never a smile in a weary while
 And never a gleam of joy,
 Till his eyes of light made the whole world bright—
 A little bit of a boy!

He came one day when the world was May,
 And thrilling with life and joy,
 And with all the roses he seemed to play—
 A little bit of a boy!

But he played his part with a human heart,
 And time can never destroy
 The memory sweet of the pattering feet
 Of that little bit of a boy!

We wondered how he could play all day
 With never a gleam of rest;
 But once he crept in the dark and slept
 Still on his mother's breast!

* * * *

There was never a smile in a weary while
 And never a gleam of joy;
 But the world seems dim since we dreamed of him—
 A little bit of a boy!

Googly-Goo.....Eugene Field.....Chicago Record

Of mornings bright and early,
 When the lark is on the wing
 And the robin in the maple
 Hops from her nest to sing,
 From yonder cheery chamber
 Cometh a mellow coo—
 'Tis the sweet, persuasive treble
 Of my little Googly-Goo!

The sunbeams hear his music
 And they seek his little bed,
 And they dance their prettiest dances
 Round his golden curly head;
 Schottisches, galops, minuets,
 Gavottes and waltzes, too,
 Dance they unto the music
 Of my googling Googly-Goo.

My heart—my heart it leapeth
 To hear that treble tone;
 What music like thy music,
 My darling and mine own!
 And patiently—yes cheerfully
 I toil the long day through—
 My labor seemeth lightened
 By the song of Googly-Goo.

I may not see his antics
 Nor kiss his dimpled cheek;
 I may not smooth the tresses
 The sunbeams love to seek;
 It mattereth not—the echo
 Of his sweet, persuasive coo
 Recurreth to remind me
 Of my little Googly-Goo.

And when I come at evening,
 I stand without the door
 And patiently I listen
 For that dear sound once more;
 And oftentimes I wonder,
 "Oh, God! what should I do
 If any ill should happen
 To my little Googly-Goo."

Then in affright I call him—
 I hear his gleeful shouts!
 Begone, ye dread forebodings—
 Begone, ye killing doubts!
 For, with my arms about him,
 My heart warm through and through
 With the oogling and the googling
 Of my little Googly-Goo!

Two Years Old.....William S. Lord.....The Independent

Little two years old, my son,
 Life for you has just begun;
 Dew is fresh upon the grass
 All along the way you pass;
 Every blade your dear feet press
 Gives a gentle, cool caress.
 Violets and buttercups
 Chronicle your downs and ups.
 Blue and gold, and gold and blue,
 Seemeth all the world to you.

Little two years old, too soon
 You will know the heat of noon.
 Dust along your path will lie
 And the grass be sere and dry.
 Every blade will give a thrust,
 Cry and urge, "You must! You must!"
 Rose of flame with cruel thorn
 Best will tell the sweet pain borne.
 Red and brown, and brown and red,
 Seems the world, the sun o'erhead.

Little two years old, the light
 Softens when you say "Good-night."
 Sweet the journey will be when
 You are almost home again.
 Every footstep brings you near
 Faces, voices, long held dear.
 Gentian blue and goldenrod
 Lead you onward up to God.
 Blue and gold, and gold and blue,
 So the world will be to you.

Lullaby.....May Hayden Taylor.....Good Housekeeping

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night,
 The pretty birds in their nests are still;
 We watched the sun, as he sank from sight,
 Over the tree-tops on yonder hill.
 Two stars have come since the daylight went,
 'Way over there in the sky's dark blue;
 They must be angels that God has sent
 To watch my baby the whole night through.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night,
 I hear the frogs in the meadow call,
 They croak and croak, in the evening light,
 Down in the pond, by the old stone wall.
 I think, perhaps, that they tell the flowers
 Never to fear, though the world is dark;
 They know the firefly lights the hours
 All night long, with his cheerful spark.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night,
 Dear little head, with your silky hair,
 Dear little form, that I hold so tight,
 Cosy and warm in the nursery chair,
 White lids are veiling the eyes so clear,
 Over their blueness, the fringes creep,
 Slower and slower, I rock you, dear,
 My little girl, asleep. Asleep.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

Naming War Vessels.....Naval Customs of Nations.....New York Sun

The three new 1,200-ton gunboats now under construction by the Newport News Shipbuilding Company have at length found names, those selected for them being Albatross, Penguin, and Porpoise. These are all good, and have the merit of continuing classes of nomenclature years ago begun, the two former following the 890-ton gunboat Petrel, and the Porpoise the 1,485-ton gunboat Dolphin. The name Albatross, however, is already borne by a government vessel now in the Behring Sea fleet; but as she, though commanded by a naval officer, does not figure in the official register of the navy, being the Fish Commission vessel, this is presumably considered no objection to applying her name also to one of the new steel gunboats. Navies like for some classes of their ships the names of sea-birds or fishes or marine animals, which are palpably appropriate. England has her Penguin, Porpoise, and Dolphin as well as we, besides her Seagull, Shark, and so on. But our new fleet has interpolated between the Petrel and Penguin, in the gunboat class, two names of an entirely different sort, namely Machias and Castine, for the two 1,050-tonners. These last are supposed to be allied to the names of revolutionary battles, such as Yorktown, Bennington, and Concord, chosen for the 1,700-ton gunboats. A British schooner in Machias harbor was captured by a party of the townspeople in 1775, which was considered an event worthy of commemoration in the navy, although it is not very widely bruited in general history. Perhaps on the whole it has been as well to return to the example set by Secretary Whitney in giving such names as Petrel to the lighter gunboats.

These three new selections have now supplied names to the last of the vessels under construction, and the completion of the nomenclature thus far naturally suggests a review of it. When the new steel navy was begun the existing list of names was most incongruous and heterogeneous. It bore the marks of various periods of changing fashions, in some of which Indian names had been in vogue, in others those of the classical mythology, and so on. Relics of those varying moods are still found in a much mixed state. Thus, among the single-turret monitors we have the Indian names of Canonicus, Comanche, and so on, while sister ships on the same models are called Ajax, Jason, and the like. The double-turret monitors introduce a still further variation, three of them, having the same displacement, being known as Miantonomoh, Amphitrite, and Terror. There had been for years statutes prescribing how ships should be named. Vessels of the first-class were to be called after States; sailing vessels of the second-class after rivers, and steam vessels of that class either after rivers or principal cities and towns; steam vessels of the third class and sailing vessels of the fourth, as the President might direct. In those days, the number of guns was made the basis for classification; but in process of time there came new ratings, to provide for ironclads, and a rule was made that the latter should be rated by tonnage measurement and other vessels by tonnage displacement. First-rates included steam vessels of not less than 4,000 tons displacement

and ironclads of not less than 3,000 tons measurement; third-rates of steamers of from 900 to 2,000 tons displacement, and ironclads of from 1,200 to 2,000 tons measurement. An ironclad of 3,815 tons displacement had only 1,276 tonnage measurement. Take all these facts, together with the discretion of the President, or practically of the Navy Department, in naming certain classes, and the confusion of the old list may be accounted for.

Our new navy started off on a better system, and has kept to it tolerably well. There has also been a simplification of rating, making displacement the only tonnage standard. We have our battle-ships named for States, like the Indiana, Oregon and Iowa; our cruisers for cities, like the Newark, Raleigh, Detroit and so on; we have discretionary names for special classes, such as Cushing and Ericsson for the torpedo boats, Katahdin for the ram, and so on. There have been, it is true, some discrepancies and breaks, as in the gunboats already spoken of. It might also have been possible to make naming strictly follow rating, whereas now we have the 9,150-ton armor-clad Brooklyn named after a city and the 6,300-ton Texas after a State, both being first-rates. But the reason is that the former is a cruiser and the latter a battle-ship.

Foreign services generally adopt names of the same class for vessels of the same type, rather than of the same rating or tonnage. That practice gives a greater variety of names, and also furnishes a clew to the placing of ships according to similarities of construction. In our navy there are far too few vessels to bear the names of more than a small part of the States and large cities, whereas in some foreign services there might be monotony in having only a few classes, and adopting names only of provinces, counties, towns, and so on. Nearly all countries have prominent in their naval nomenclature the names of great rulers, soldiers or sailors. Thus the big Russian ships give us names of emperors; the Italians such names as Dandolo; the English what is known as the admiral class, such as Anson, Nelson, Blake, Howe, and so on; the French a similar class, like Admiral Baudin, and also another like Martel, Colbert, Hoche, and so on. Our own navy still retains the Adams and the Franklin, and the new steel fleet has the torpedo boats Cushing and Ericsson and the practice ship Bancroft.

Names denoting power, destructive ability and terror are favorites in foreign navies for very large vessels, as in the French Foudroyant, Formidable, Devastation, and the English Thunderer, Powerful and Terrible. The Italians have their volcano class, which we began to imitate in the Vesuvius. The French, as usual, are exact and lucid in nomenclature, with their classical names, like Naiade, and animal names, like Tigre, and many others defining accurately their classes. The English, with their hundreds of vessels, cover many sorts of names and always with exactness of method. But the clew to the choice is sometimes found in alliteration, as in the "M" class, or as in the new Fox and Flora, the Daring and Decoy, the Havoc and Hornet. Obviously, sometimes the sounds only are alike, not the significations in craft of the same class. Occasionally

similar names may be given to vessels building in the same shipyard or region. For instance, of the torpedo boat Destroyer class, last noted, three others, called Skate, Starfish and Sturgeon, are building at Barrow, and yet on the Clyde we find the Shark, Surly, Fervent, Zephyr and Rocket. The nine new British battle-ships seem to go in pairs, although all are really the same class. They are to be the Jupiter and Mars, the Majestic and Magnificent, the Cæsar and Hannibal, the Illustrious and Victorious, with the Prince George as the odd one. Reverting to our navy, one advantage in names of States and towns is the feeling of local interest in the navy which they superadd to national pride, as shown in the christening gifts that come to them. This is a consideration, too, not to be despised, in view of the need of obtaining the support of all parts of the country, inland as well as seaboard, in order to procure suitable legislation for the fleet.

The Throne of Great Britain.....List of Possibilities.....Chicago Herald

The succession to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland runs as follows among the descendants of Queen Victoria:

1. The Prince of Wales (son).
2. Prince George, Duke of York (grandson).
3. Duke of Kent, born June 23 (great-grandson).
4. Duchess of Fife (granddaughter).
5. The Lady Alexandria Duff (great-granddaughter).
6. Princess Victoria of Wales (granddaughter).
7. Princess Maud of Wales (granddaughter).
8. The Duke of Edinburgh (son).
9. Prince Alfred of Edinburgh (grandson).
10. Princess Marie of Edinburgh (granddaughter).
11. Princess Victoria Melita of Edinburgh (granddaughter).
12. Princess Alexandra of Edinburgh (granddaughter).
13. Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh (granddaughter).
14. The Duke of Connaught (son).
15. Prince Arthur of Connaught (grandson).
16. Princess Margaret of Connaught (granddaughter).
17. Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught (granddaughter).
18. The Duke of Albany (grandson).
19. Princess Alice of Albany (granddaughter).
20. The Empress Frederick of Germany (daughter).
21. The German Emperor (grandson).
22. The Crown Prince of Prussia (great-grandson).
23. Prince William Frederick of Prussia (great-grandson).
24. Prince Albert of Prussia (great-grandson).
25. Prince August of Prussia (great-grandson).
26. Prince Oscar of Prussia (great-grandson).
27. Prince Joachim Franz Humbert of Prussia (great-grandson).
28. Prince Henry of Prussia (grandson).
29. Prince Waldemar of Prussia (great-grandson).
30. The Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen (granddaughter).
31. Princess Fedora of Saxe-Meiningen (great-granddaughter).
32. Princess Frederika of Prussia (granddaughter).
33. The Crown Princess of Greece (granddaughter).
34. Prince George of Greece (great-grandson).
35. Princess Margareta of Prussia (granddaughter).

36. The Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse (grandson).

37. Princess Louise of Battenberg (granddaughter).

38. Princess Victoria Alice of Battenberg (great-granddaughter).

39. Princess Louise Alexandra of Battenberg (great-granddaughter).

40. The Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia (granddaughter).

41. Princess Henry of Prussia (wife of No. 27; granddaughter).

42. Princess Victoria Alice Helena of Hesse (granddaughter).

43. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein (daughter).

44. Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein (grandson).

45. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein (grandson).

46. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein (granddaughter).

47. Princess Franziska of Schleswig-Holstein (granddaughter).

48. The Marchioness of Lorne (daughter).

49. Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg; daughter).

50. Prince Alexander Albert of Battenberg (grandson).

51. Prince Leopold of Battenberg (grandson).

52. Prince Donald of Battenberg (grandson).

53. Princess Victoria Eugenie of Battenberg (granddaughter).

Talking Drums of Africa...Strange Communication.....Pittsburgh Dispatch

"The 'talking drums' of equatorial Africa are something which puzzle the traveller who sees what can be done with them," said Prof. Garner, whose name has become universally known on account of his investigations into the speech of the monkey family. "I first came across 'talking drums' when I was on my way up the Cameroon River in a territory about 4° north of the equator. While we were sailing up the river I noticed a peculiar beating of a drum which seemed to be answered by another some little distance off. I asked one of the natives with me what the meaning of the drumming was. He listened a moment, then said: 'That's a fisherman down at the river shore in front of the town of Cameroon,' which was then not in sight. 'He is calling the natives to come down to the shore to buy his fish. He is telling them by beating his drum: "Come down and buy my fish. I have three large ones and two smaller ones and many others smaller. All fish caught to-day."' Then he explained that the other drum I heard was a rival fisherman who was beating on his drum to the inhabitants of the town: 'He lies. His fish are not fresh. They were caught yesterday. But come buy my fish; I have seven large ones and just caught them.'

"I thought my native follower a clever romancer, but he insisted that that was the significance of the drumbeats, and told me he would prove it to me when we got to town. When we arrived opposite to the town, to satisfy my curiosity I asked the native to show me the fisherman. We took a boat and were soon at the landing of the town. There, sure enough, was the fisherman still beating his drum, and in his boat (I took the trouble to count them) lay three large fish and two small ones,

besides numerous very small ones, just as had been described to me from the drum-beats by my man. The fish did not look very inviting and must surely have been a day old. We paddled to another point where the rival fisherman was beating his advertisement to the townsfolk. He had seven large fish in the bottom of his boat, and he explained to my man that the other fisherman had been fishing up in the brackish waters above the town and had been unsuccessful, whereupon he tried to dispose of some stock he had left over from the day before. This was my first experience with talking drums, and it puzzled me to account for this method of communication, inasmuch as the natives had not the least idea of an alphabet. Some little time after this I was at a town and desired to get a boat and several men to take me further up the river. When I told the natives what I wanted they told me they would have a boat come down the river from a town some twelve miles above, as this was the only boat they knew of that would be suited for my purpose.

"When they asked me how many men I wanted and had gotten the particulars, one of the natives took a drum to the shore of the river and began to beat it in a strange manner, sounding in rhythm something like the tick of the telegraph instrument. The drum was unlike those which they used for dancing, being more cylindrical in form. It was about three feet long and six inches in diameter. The shell was made of wood, burned out, and it looked like bamboo. There were holes in the side and in the end, through which the sound passed. The head was covered with skin. The native sat down and placed the drum before him. Then he beat with his finger this strange tattoo, which he kept up continually until far in the distance, away up the river, I heard the faint noise of another drummer beating the same thing. The drummer, as soon as he found that his fellow up at the next town was repeating the message correctly, stopped. I then listened, and soon the drumming above ceased, and away off, so faint that only occasional beats could be distinguished, I heard another drummer. I was told my message would be repeated from town to town until it arrived at its destination.

"I asked if I would know whether the boat would come, and they told me I would receive an answer. Some time after this I again heard drum-beats and a native told me that they had received word that the boat would leave and arrive here at such a time. The boat arrived just when the drum messenger said it would and this proved to me that the natives of Africa have a sure means of communication by drum-beats. They told me that all kinds of messages were repeated from town to town by drum-beats. The towns are from one to two miles apart, and the drumming can be heard distinctly at that distance. They can call names of an individual, represent nouns and verbs and some few adjectives. Even after having this strange system of communication demonstrated to me, I doubted. So when I was spending my time with Captain Buchan, who had lived in Africa for years and was well acquainted with the characteristics of the various tribes, I asked him concerning the matter. He verified what I told him, and, to demonstrate more fully, called his boy and told him to drum for a certain man in the town above. It was but a short time until that wanted person appeared. Then some time after this I was talking with E. J. Glave, who was six years with Stanley in the Congo

basin. He told me of other tribes who used drum-beating as a means of communication. He named the Balolo and Balola tribes as being quite expert. He mentioned an experience he had while located at Lukalila. He heard of a herd of elephants which were on a rampage on the opposite side of the Congo, about twelve miles from the town. He went out to hunt them, but after searching for some time was unable to locate them. He had to go back to the town, so some of the natives of the town near the place where the elephants were supposed to be told him they would let him know if the herd came about again. That night he was awakened between ten and eleven by a native, who told him that the herd of elephants had returned and was tearing up the plantations on the outskirts of the town. The message had been received by drum-beats from one town to another. He started out and arrived there before the elephants departed. The message had been repeated just four times in the twelve miles.

"It is puzzling to form a theory as to how these natives accomplish the results which they do. If they had an alphabet, or the knowledge of one, you could find an explanation there. But, as a matter of fact, they are utterly devoid of the knowledge of an alphabet. The only explanation which I can make of the matter is that they have a phonetic formula of some kind. They have certain drum-beats and combinations to represent certain phonetics and perhaps syllables. It is certainly not alphabetical, as our telegraph system is. A language has from forty to fifty phonetic elements, so with combinations of beats to represent these and other modifications natives are able to communicate. The loudness or softness of the beats seemed to suggest more than the intervals. There was very little difference in the intervals, scarcely enough to make me think that they alone indicated the various phonetics. Of course, the intervals had something to do with it, but the loudness of the beat seemed to carry more importance. However it is done, it is indeed wonderful to have an ignorant lot of uncivilized people without an alphabet formulating a means of communication which is akin to the telegraph code of this country. From all sources of information I learned that they were able to send messages of all kinds, such as would be used in the ordinary affairs of life and business. But there are many more interesting facts we could learn of the natives of Africa. For instance, if it were generally known what a wonderful system of politics these barbarians have, and their conception of government and enforcement of law, the statements of those brass-buttoned officers sent out by various countries, who poke at the natives until they are forced to kill, as to the necessity of killing such large numbers in self-defence, would receive but little credence."

Modern Instruments of Destruction...Recent Suggestions...Science Siftings

The French War Office seems to be the target for all inventors, intelligent and otherwise. One such luminary proposes that the Minister of War should subjugate and train squadrons of horseflies. These novel warriors, it is suggested, would be fed on blood smeared beneath a thin skin covering on dummy figures dressed as soldiers of the Triple Alliance. When diplomatic relations were near breaking point, the flies would have the juice of certain poisonous plants added to their daily food, and when war should be declared the French army would

merely have to send them as an advance guard in the path of the enemy. The inventor of this idea seeks to protect it by a patent. A photographer is responsible for the discovery of a project for obtaining plans of the enemy's fortifications. Of course the invention is exceedingly simple, and can, naturally, be easily carried out. It takes the form of a captive shell, made to explode over fortresses, etc., and containing a small camera attached to a parachute. The enemy's fortifications would be photographed instantaneously, the apparatus hauled down like a kite, and the only remaining operation would be to develop the plates. Another inventor thinks that explosive bullets filled with pepper would have the twofold result of blinding the enemy and fostering French trade with its colonies; while a fourth inhuman being fancies that poisoned needles, sent to the enemy's camp by a sister of mercy, would have the effect of poisoning the soldier's fingers.

Dynamite has now made a practical début in the field of war. Some tests just made with pneumatic guns have shown that against a quarter of a ton of dynamite, placed and exploded with reasonable accuracy, any vessel, armored as heavily as possible, becomes like newspaper; it cannot stay afloat. No ship would even dream of approaching the coast where dynamite guns of proved efficiency are known to exist. The power of shooting a great mass of high explosives wipes the old limitations of artillery out of existence, inasmuch as the great area of destructiveness covered by the explosion of 500 pounds of dynamite makes the extreme precision of an ordinary gunshot no longer indispensable. The mark aimed at will be struck if the projectile falls within a hundred yards of it. Dynamite guns in their last possible perfection may still remain very liable to get out of order; but a mere reasonable possibility that they will work must create a terrorism against all craft approaching for hostile purposes sufficient to make a coast practically unapproachable.

Paris Bindings.....Rarities for Book Lovers.....New Orleans Picayune

Binding is essentially a French art, which has its esteemed old masters and its grand epochs, the history of which has often been written, but only "bookworms" know it. One must also be something like a rat that can eat mouldy paper to appreciate an "Elzevir," an Alde, an Etienne, or the classics edited for the instruction of the grand Dauphin, son of Louis XIV. Those first products of printing, now almost unobtainable, present exceptional interest, and it is well to remember, also, that an edition princeps (first edition of an old author) may be ardently coveted by any collector of rare books. What is not generally known is that the binding of such a master, or simply the initial letters, the armorial bearings of a bookworm, stamped on the binding, suffices to raise the value of a book to considerable proportions. Apropos of this, the sale which has just taken place gives more than one important piece of information, for if the Office de la Semaine Sainte, ordered by Louis XVI. to Princess de Lamballe did sell for \$6,000, it was bound in the arms of the king, and that on the fly-leaf are some dedicatory words written by Louis XVI.

If a certain publishing house acquired a Latin volume, insignificant in itself, for the bagatelle of 2,700 francs, it is because on the covering of that book is the name of Thomas Maioli, an Italian amateur whose love

of books rendered him celebrated, and who lived in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Books which belonged to Jean Grolier, Viscount d'Aigusy, a treasurer of France, are objects of the same infatuation as those of Maioli. The famous bibliophile was born at Lyons in 1479. His library was admirable; his books came from the first presses of Europe, and the care of covering them was confined to binders of consummate skill. Grolier had these words put after the title of each book: "Io Grolieri et ami eorum." His library was composed of 3,000 volumes, all from the best European presses, and those which now and then sell from it bring \$1,000 apiece, if not more.

Books with charming bindings by an amateur named Laurin are much sought after. The bindings of Francis I., nearly always in fawn-colored calfskin, bear his monogram and the salamander. On a few rare volumes the name, medallion, and device of Charles Quint are engraved in gold and in color. Marguerite d'Angouleme and Marguerite de Valois have left several volumes bound with their monograms. A psalter which once belonged to the latter princess sold the other day for 1,700 francs. The binder was lavish with Marguerites in the arabesques which decorate the front and back covers. I may also cite bindings made for Henry II. and Diana of Poitiers; they are ornamented with crescents and with interlaced letters. Catherine de Medicis, Gaston of Orleans, the Dukes of Guise, Anne of Austria, Henry II., with his death's head as an emblem, Henry IV., with the crowned H, and the Cardinal de Bourbon have all left precious bindings, both for workmanship and as souvenirs. At a recent sale a binding with the arms of Henry III. brought 700 francs; another, with the arms of Marie de Medicis, 1,620 francs. One of the masterpieces of Padeloup binding sold for more than 8,000, and a binding by Le Gascon went up to 10,000 francs.

For bibliophiles, that is to say, book collectors, Le Gascon is the master of masters. He flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century, and executed all sorts of bindings, according to the desire of his clients, but the type which he preferred was red morocco, with ornaments surrounding the initials of the possessor. His brilliant bindings, his laces, his geometrical interlacings are rendered with marvelous skill and perfection. His rivals thought to imitate him by copying, but the master's hand was lacking, and so their gildings are heavier and not so pure; they are easily recognizable. The family of Padeloup furnished a series of good binders, the most celebrated being Antoine Michel, who was named bookbinder to the King in 1833. He excelled in marqueteries and arabesques traced by hot iron points. Jean Padeloup, his son, also showed great skill as a binder, and the Marquise de Pompadour was his customer. The binder Lesne, author of a poem on binding, which appeared in 1820, speaks in these terms of Antoine Michel Padeloup:

"Padeloup le sui vit, puis le fameux Derome,
Padeloup si connu, que partout on renomme,
Et dont l'ouvrage, encore aujourd'hui si vante,
Par les grands amateurs sera toujours cite."

Good binders have not been lacking during the present century, and one of them by the name of Franz-Bauzonnet has done wonders. He is author of some celebrated bindings in mosaic, twenty-two in number, each of which cost him nearly a year's work.

THE SHOEMAKER'S GHOST: UNCLE LISHA'S STORY

A YANKEE SKETCH BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON

A selected reading from *Danvis Folks* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a collection of sketches illustrating the manners, customs and speech in vogue in certain parts of New England fifty or sixty years ago.

Solon Briggs heaved a contented sigh when he had established himself in his favorite seat, with his back against the wall and his left knee nursed in his locked hands.

"What was't you was a-goin' to tell t'other night, Uncle Lisher, when we was discoursin' consarnin' speerits an' apperagotions, an' Antwine come a-protrudin' in his Canady stories?"

"Lemme see," said Uncle Lisha, stimulating his brain with the point of an awl. "Oh, yes, I've got a holt on't."

There was an expectant lull in the conversation, while Uncle Lisha meditatively splashed a tap in the little tub beside him. At last he said:—

"I sca'ce ever wet a piece o' luther in that aire tub 'thaout thinkin' o' ol' Uncle Ebenezer Hill, Joseff's uncle, 'at it useter belong tu. He was a shoemaker, an' a terrible hones' man, as shoemakers mos' gen'ally is, Ann Twine."

"Sometam dey was be," Antoine laconically commented.

"Most allers, an' he wa'n't no exception tu the rule. When he died an' his things was sol' off tu vandue, I bid off his kit an' this 'ere tub 'mongst 'em, an' it most allers makes me think o' Uncle Eben." He let the tap soak while he scraped out the heel of his pipe with a crooked awl, and filled it with a fresh charge of tobacco, with a deliberation painful to his audience.

"Wall, there was a man 'at undertook to cheat him arter he was dead. You see, the way on't was, Uncle Ebenezer had got to be tol'able well off when he died, and when his 'state come tu be settled, Bijer Johns begun to s'arch raound tu see 'f he couldn't bring some claim ag'in Uncle Ebenezer fer hides 'at he'd sol' him.

"Wal, when the commissioners sot, he kerried it in 's prompt 's a major, an' the commissioners said they guessed they'd hafter 'low it. When he cum home, his womern wanted tu know where he'd ben an' what arter, an' he hed to tell her. 'Why,' s' she, 'I didn't s'pose Eben owed you nothin'.' But he said women didn't remember nothin' an' didn't allers know all 'baout ev'ythin' though they consaited they did; an' he went off tu feed his hawg, a-shooin' the hens off'm the swill berril, an' a-dippin' aout the swill an' a-puttin' on the kiver kinder keerless, bein' 'at he wa'n't altogether easy in his mind.

"Bimeby, it come dinner time, an' he soddaown an' eat his dinner 'thaout no gret of a appetite t' eat, an' then he went and lay daown on the settee clus tu the open winder, but he couldn't git a nap on 'caount o' them hides that wa'n't never raal ones, a-risin' up continual afore his eyes when they were shet or open.

"Bimeby he heard a n'ise, julluk sloshin' luther in a tub, kerslosh, kerslosh, kerslosh, an' then whack, whack, whack, julluk hammerin' a tap on a lapstun.

"'Hopy. Ann,' says he tu his wife, a-liftn' up his

head an' harkin' julluk a hawg in a cornfiel', 'what's that aire n'ise?' 'I don't hear nothin',' says she, a-stop-pin' clatterin' the dishes an' lis'nin', 'what is it?'

"'It's a shoemaker tu work,' says he, 'an' there it comes ag'in.' An' up he got, scairt 's a strange cat. 'Hopy Ann,' says he, 'hev you ever hearn tell o' speerits walkin' in broad daylight?'

"'Bijer, are you clean aouten your head,' says she.

"'No, I hain't. But if ever I heard Uncle Eben Hill a-sozzlin' a tap an' hammerin' on 't, I hear it naow."

"Haow can he do dat, Onc' Lasha? Dat hol shoemaker don't keep fer do beesiness w'en hee'll be dead, ant it?" interrupted Antoine.

"Wal," the old man continued, "he put on his hat an' kwut an' off he went up tu Uncle Eben's haouse where the commissioners hedn't goddone a-settin', an' tol' 'em 'at he'd made a mistake, which he'd found aout the 'state didn't owe him nothin' an' his 'count must be hove aout, which the commissioners did heave aout, an' he went home turribly relieved in his feelin's.

"He sot tu duin' up some o' his chores, 'fore supper, an' the fust thing he done was tu feed his hawg, an' as he got nigh the swill berril he heard that same kerslosh, kerslosh, whack, whack, ag'in, on'y not so laoud as afore, an' all kinder muffled, as ef it come aouten the airth onde'neath, an' he groaned aout laoud, 'Ebenezer Hill, can't you lemme 'lone when I ben an' ondone what I done?' An' he was so scairt he couldn't sca'cely take the kiver off'm the swill berril, an' jest as soon as he did, kerslash, kerslash, kerwhack, whack, come the same ol' n'ise laouder 'n ever, an' right under his nose. An' what ye s'pose it was?"

Uncle Lisha swept a slow, inquiring glance around his audience. Only Antoine ventured an answer.

"Ah do' know 'f he ant prob'ly dat shoemaker come back for get col' off in de barril swill, hein?"

The old man glowered upon him a moment between his bushy eyebrows and the upper rim of his spectacles before he said:—

"It wa'n't nobody ner nothin' but a hen 'at had tumbled int' the berril, an' th' not bein' swill 'nough in 't tu draound her, she kept a-sloshin' an' a-floppin' the hull endurin' time.

"Bijer h'isted her aout an' hove her away so spiteful 'at he nigh abaout killed her, an' went a-mumpin' raound feelin' wus'n he did when he thought Uncle Eben's ghost was a-huntin' on him.

"He'd withdrawn his 'caount an' the' wa'n't no help for 't naow. 'Seben dollars,' says he, 'an' fifty cents in money, 'at I might jest 's well had 's not, gone to thunder. I wisht that dumbd ol' hen had died 'fore ever she tumbled int' that swill berril, con-sarn her.' An' that's haow thankful he was tu hev her savin' him f'm committin' a sin."

"He had certingly ortu ha' ben thankful that it was a mortal hen stid o' the apperagotion of a defuncted man 'at come to save him from committin' a grievous crime," Solon Briggs commented as he dropped his right leg from across the left and with both hands lifted the left to the uppermost place.

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

Seeing the Midnight Sun.....Paul Lindau.....New York Herald

The midnight sun is no empty idea, and we did not regret that we hunted for it undeterred by the uncertainty of the weather and the tedious monotony of the landscape, until we finally ran it to earth in the Lofoden Islands.

Of Trondhjem, I can say but little. The important rôle played by this town in the history of Norway is certainly not reflected in its outward appearance. As everywhere else in Norway, the houses here are of wood. Most of them are new, one-storied, clean and monotonous. The chief streets are wide and boulevard like, and are planted with trees. Here, as elsewhere, the vegetation surprises us. We see everywhere luxuriant trees and wonderful flowers. Of the solitary, upright pine-tree of the North we find no trace. And yet we have now gradually climbed up high enough. Where in all the world does the Wild North really begin? This question keeps constantly recurring, without, however, finding an answer. From Trondhjem northward the sail is pretty monotonous. The small but commercially important towns of Namsos and Bodoe are completely uninteresting. On July 20th, at twenty minutes to one P.M., we crossed the arctic circle and reached the regions, in the geographical codex described as polar.

There was bright sunshine. The deep blue sky, covered with light clouds, was of an almost Italian color, and gave the calm waters of the fjord the wonderful tinge of blue of the Lake of Garda. The surrounding landscape was the same as we had been witnessing for several days; moderately high cliffs rounded at the top, gradually sloping to the surface of the water, gray rocks cut up by narrow channels, and here and there covered with patches of moss. The more interesting formations, bellshaped rocks, high columns, sharp precipices and perpendicular cliffs are the exception. Almost the whole time we have around us the little rounded rocky islets—a landscape that has nothing inspiring about it. On the other side of the arctic circle the landscape is more magnificent. The waterways broaden out greatly. The towering cliffs which surround them have now the effect of a narrow border, sometimes even seeming only a narrow black thread on the horizon. In the distance rise wildly rugged the magnificent grandeur of the Lofoden Islands. We enter a wide gate, which leads to a natural harbor, and see in the soft sunlight the little town of Bodoe, with its picturesque church, stretching out before us. Innumerable masts are seen of the fishing fleet, of coasting, cargo and passenger steamers, and also of steamers which combine the useful and the agreeable in the transport of goods and tourists, thereby uniting business and pleasure. If, however, as is usually the case, the human passengers are in combination with stockfish, I might warn my readers against the pleasure. The extent to which stockfish, by its smell, can make itself disliked, cannot be expressed in words.

Bodoe is the headquarters of the northern fisheries. That no one needs to tell you; it is plain enough when one wanders through the broad, unattractive streets of the town. Everywhere the town smells more or less evilly, sometimes a little stronger, sometimes a little weaker, either brutally penetrating or insidiously insinu-

ating. The human habitations are here even more unpretending and poverty-stricken than in the other Norwegian towns. Here even fire has failed to assert its power to cause the town to be renewed. The houses for the most part seem already to have a respectable age. Very many of them are roofed with turf. It looks very pretty at this time of year to see the many-colored flowers growing among the green grass. The Gulf Stream is here seen as a generous benefactor. The water of the fjord never freezes, not even in the most severe winter weather. The German innkeeper whom we visited gave us warm beer. I begged him to give me some ice to cool it. Our amiable countryman shrugged his shoulders apologetically. Ice was not to be found in all Bodoe, and for this we had crossed the arctic circle. Oh, that Gulf Stream! The vegetation, it is true, is some weeks behind that of Germany, but it is not more sparse than in many parts of the Fatherland. The potatoes are magnificent and the wheat promises well. Bodoe has a magnificent situation, with a wide view of the wonderfully formed mountain in the foreground and the fantastic chain of the Lofoden Islands in the background.

We had missed connection with the real midnight sun by a day or two. It had taken farewell of Bodoe three days before our arrival. But its brilliant traces were still visible and we hardly noticed the difference. One day followed the other without noticeable difference in the light. The evening glow had hardly disappeared before the crimson dawn was visible. Here we saw for the first time the polar night in its incomparable loveliness, the fairylike wealth of color which not even the midnight sun could have rendered more wonderful. The sunset in the approaching midnight hour, which we were able to admire in all its beauty, was overpoweringly magnificent. We left the yacht after ten o'clock, passed through the town and approached the mountain, from which the finest view is to be obtained, by the broad and excellent road leading over the field. The sun was low in the horizon. Its warm and glowing copper-red, covering sky and water and the rocky heights with a reddish violet tone, blinded our eyes. However beautiful the sight was, we were forced to turn aside. Our eyes pained us. We had to be content with the reflected brilliancy. We climbed up the mountain, which, though not high, was steep and difficult of ascent. For one-half hour's climb, which brought the perspiration pouring from our heated foreheads, we were richly rewarded. After the mountain had tantalized us with leading us to imagine half a dozen times that we had reached the summit, we suddenly saw before us a red flag flying above a wooden hut; we had reached our goal.

Up to the present we have seen nothing but the rocky way before us, and the green moss on either side. Now we stand on the plateau, and all at once, as if an envious veil had been torn aside, we see before us one of the most marvelous pictures that ever our eyes have seen. At our feet the wide mirror of water and right opposite us a mighty, almost symmetrical group of rocks, the highest in the middle and falling always equally right and left, and again rising by degrees to

pointed columns on either flank. In wonderful rugged outlines they stand out, blue-black, against the bright sky, lighted by the sinking sun, with its deep fiery red, like that of the aurora borealis. Even the mountain shimmers and flames blood-red, as if it had been drawn from Vulcan's forge and dipped in the sea to cool. The wide sea around shimmers in pale red, and the distant mountains opposite glance in the most beautiful violet-colored Alpine glow. Slowly the fiery ball of the sun sinks in the sea, but the fleecy clouds, glowing with dazzling purple, show that the all-revivifying ruler of our planet has not taken a long farewell.

The play of color changes visibly, one may say, from minute to minute, but it remains all the time equally sublime and beautiful. The mountain opposite to us darkens gradually and the glow dies away, and now it lies black before us. On the edge of the horizon shines a dazzling golden-yellow light, which is sprinkled with the most beautiful pale-green spots. The purple clouds have darkened to a dirty violet. In the smooth, clear stretch of water, looking like a field of ice, the reflection becomes duller, but all the mingled colors preserve a certain warmth. The midnight hour is here. It is completely light, lighter than the midday of a clouded day in Southern Europe. We meet many people still, who are going walking to evidently enjoy the bright, fine and fresh, though far from cold, night. In the harbor, especially, everything was life and bustle. A steamer was being loaded with dried fish. We hear distinctly the harsh rattle of the chains which hoist the cargo on board from the small boats alongside.

In the afternoon of the following day the weather fortunately cleared somewhat. The fog rose, though it still shrouded the higher summit of the cliffs. And so we sailed into the celebrated Raft Sound in weather which was not good, but was also not bad. From time to time the channel narrowed down in a manner which almost inspired anxiety. Right and left, only a few metres apart, rose the rocky walls, sometimes rising almost perpendicularly from the water. But even when they were wide apart, the navigable channel is still narrow, for everywhere little rocky islands dot the surface. In the Raft Sound we find the most beautiful and peculiar rock formation in the whole of Norway, cliffs cloven and cleft in the wildest manner, gigantic pyramids, sawlike ridges, hatchet and horn-shaped masses, bishops' mitres, citadel-like plateaus—all in ever changing variety. In all the clefts and crevices snow was lying and sometimes it was spread in wide fields, like a funeral pall. The snow extends in some instances to the very edge of the water. Even glaciers were seen in some places. When the sun bursts through the cloudy curtain everything wakes to life. The rocks glow, the green of the mossy covering is lighted up, and, as if by the stroke of a magician's wand, everything becomes beautiful. All round the whole rocky landscape is covered fantastically in all the changing tones of the rainbow, and in the distance the snowy peaks glow like sparkling rubies.

Here on the sixty-ninth degree of latitude, on the most northerly point of Hindoe, we find at last the long sought and much desired midnight sun. We see it under the most magnificent conditions that could be imagined. Our yacht again steered southward toward the grandiose Vest Fjord, the waterway between the Lofoden and Bodoe. The night is cool, but by no

means cold. We see at midnight the fiery gold of the sun, fortunately somewhat moderated by the intervening clouds, in dazzling beauty. The sun and the whole northwestern sky has gradually assumed a beautiful copper-colored tone, against which the craggy and rugged Lofoden stand out wonderfully with their steel-blue coloring. As the sun reaches the deepest point at which it is visible, its glow diminishes in intensity, but the island groups maintain their indescribable hazy brilliance, and the smaller islands have the appearance of enchanted sea monsters, changing color like mother-of-pearl. The sun, which has never disappeared from view, begins slowly to rise again. The Lofoden Islands, on which we look back, as on a single group, are lit up by citron-yellow rays of light, between which rolls a light-gray, almost white mist. It looks like a wide, deep lake lying higher than the deep green waters of the Vest Fjord on which our yacht was gliding. A single seagull is sailing without a beat of its wing toward the land. Now the sun disappears from our gaze, but the sky by its golden beams of light shows its presence. The clouds in the northeast already glow in the dawn of the new day. The old day has just gone down in glory, and in glory the new day is already here. If our greatest national poet, Raimund, had seen the Lofoden in midsummer he never could have said, "Scheint die Sonne noch so schön, einmal muss sie untergehen" (However brightly the sun may shine it must nevertheless set.) Sunrise and sunset have become one. In the rosy mist the outlines of the island become more and more shadowy, and at three o'clock in the morning we wish the Lofoden Islands farewell.

From Biskra to Sidi-Okba.....Calvan G. Horne.....Southern Magazine

Mounting our camels, we started for Sidi-Okba as the first rays of sunlight burst upon the valley of stately date-palms, the delicate foliage and golden balls of the acacia Arabia. Gleams of light and shadow played upon the crags of the distant Aures, with a crest of snow against the clear blue of an Algerian sky. The swaying motion of our gemmas and the curious forward movement of their graceful heads seemed only another unique experience in this strange land.

Soon we left the village of Biskra proper (for five adobe villages nestle amid the flourishing barley fields, one hundred thousand date-palms and luxuriant vegetable gardens of the oasis and jointly form the town), with its handsome promenade parks, its remnant of Roman wall and several columns, the interesting marketplace, where the products of the country are daily exhibited, the Fort of St. Germain, and the low, rambling barracks where rest the guard of this, the last stronghold on the Desert of Sahara. From Biskra, the northern point, to the picturesque little town at the southern extremity, is a curiously formed plan for safety. Mirrors are so arranged as to reflect the passage of every person crossing the Great Desert. From the hostile tribes Biskra could, at any moment, be captured by a sudden uprising, but with the present system of preservation, help from Batna, Setif and Constantine could be summoned and obtained by train before the desert could be traversed. Hence, it is safe from an attack from the South.

Before us stretched a sandy plain, the dark mountains in the perspective, with the oasis lying at the feet of their spurs. These occur in the following order:

Chetna, Droh, Sidi-Khelil, Seriana and Garta. We visited the palatial home of the Count of Landon, which rises out of the desert in all the beauty of green grass and bright-hued flowers, with gleaming marble and countless treasures culled from the storehouses of the Old World, and then pursued our journey. Sand, so far as the eye could see, in one unbroken field of gold, with wandering droves of camels eating the stunted desert grass, or those going to distant points laden and driven by dark picturesque natives with ponderous turbans. After a hard five hours' ride under a "broiling sun" we discerned the long low line of palms in the oasis of Sidi-Okba, and as we drew nearer the walls of the town, appeared a quaint and interesting sight, the adobe houses, the flat roofs, the uneven vias. We rode along the highway where the twanging of the tom-toms and the groaning of the tubulums even in the distance proclaimed a funeral. The outer wall was quickly passed and then the neglected-looking cemetery, with mounds or heaps of baked dirt oddly formed and decorated with some signs of worship and love. The whole was enclosed by a mud wall, unevenly laid out. The men and women passed wringing their hands, moving their heads, sobbing and chanting dismally. It was a grewsome scene, a pathetic one, and a desolate feeling came o'er me, but it was soon dispelled, for no sooner were the strangers seen than a diminution in the grief was witnessed, as they rushed at us, old men and children, hags with bony hands and shriveled features, pell-mell over tombstones, wall and dusty road, a motley and unpleasing sight. With this screaming, growing body-guard, we were escorted to the gardens, where we obtained a fine view of the surrounding country. After resting from our noisy entrance into the city, we emerged through the guarded gate with several of the Sheik's attendants, and proceeded to the Royal Garden.

The palace of the Sheik is situated in a perfect wilderness of tropical foliage, cacti in flowering abundance and great size reminding one of Capri. The entrance is through a massive gate of quaint design, the whole enclosed by a formidable wall. A repast was spread before us, and though the Sheik was on a pilgrimage to a distant province, his brother and sister entertained us. The kous-kous (the national dish) was most delicate, the cacti fruit plucked from plants near by, and the dates fresh from branches o'er our heads made us dwell with pity on those only having eaten candied or imported dates. During our meal, and for several hours, we enjoyed the conversation of our entertainers through the medium of our interpreter. Heard many things of interest concerning the manners, customs and religious observances of the various tribes. The Sheik's brother told us that Sidi-Okba was a city of some twenty-five or thirty thousand faithful souls. It is the religious, as Biskra is the political, capital of the Ziban and derives its name from the illustrious warrior who, at the head of a small body of Arab horsemen, went forth at the bidding of the Khalifa Moaonia to conquer Africa in the sixtieth year of the Hegira. What it had taken Rome centuries to effect, Okba accomplished in a brief space. He extended his conquest from Egypt to Tangiers, and was finally killed by Koceita, a Berber chief. The Arabs buried their leader in the mosque of that name. It is probably the most ancient Mohammedan building in Africa, dating, as it does, from the seventh century. His body there reposes where thousands of pilgrims

journey to worship and bring offerings. Once a year a great rejoicing takes place and honor is paid the tomb of the saint. Ostrich eggs, silk, skins and other sacred gifts are hung before his resting-place with wild, weird music and chanting.

Accompanied by the Sheik's guard, we started for a tour of the city; the entire populace, seemingly, followed us to the market and "street of the shops." Jammed in on all sides by donkeys, camels, goats, and a shrieking mob, we scarcely escaped suffocation. Veiled women fled into the sanctuary of their homes and peered at us through cracks or from the flat roofs where many of them assembled; dogs of stunted stature and unpleasing color, even goats, looked down upon us in the narrow way. Purchasing several curios, we hastened on and entered a café. Around the low, long room were placed little mats and trays, where a goodly number of natives sat cross-limbed, enjoying the refreshing beverage and telling witty sayings of the pretty dancing girls of Constantine, from whence it seemed they had just returned. They showed considerable interest in us, and appeared amused at our doleful faces over the "Kafe-Arabe," served in many-colored small cups. The clanging of instruments announced the dancing girls, and we were charmed with beautiful figures in vivid colors—orange, red, and royal purple—profusely decorated with wrought silver and glistening coins. Each displayed a different sentiment in the dance: one slow and stately, another coy and childish, a third vivid in life and coquetry, by the lightning flash of her dark eyes electrifying every male heart present. Soon we tore ourselves away, delighted with the youthful dancers and their graceful, swaying motions, and went forth to view the ancient Mosque of Okba. A feeling of reverence fell upon us as we looked upon its time-worn walls, and our eyes rested upon the solemn, gloomy court. Entering the sacred building through a massive doorway, we paused to glance around. It is square, each side thirty-five metres long, with a flat roof supported on rude columns. In the chantry is the shrine of the saint in the ordinary Marabout type. On the east side is a carved wooden door of admirable workmanship, and on one side of the pillar a rude inscription, in early Cufic characters, said to be the oldest Arabic inscription in the world, and grand in its simplicity: "This is the tomb of Okba, son of Nafa. May God have mercy upon him." Okba, with about three hundred of his followers, was massacred by the Berbers, at Tehonda, about seven hundred metres from the oasis.

After viewing these points of interest we ascended the rudely-hewn stairway leading to the minaret, from which we enjoyed a panoramic view of the desert, Oumash (another oasis) in the distance, and the mud-baked village below us, with its "myriads of life" compactly fixed and guarded by narrow courts and formidable walls. What a delightfully quaint land! we involuntarily exclaim. The vast expanse of sand, the beautiful foliage (where God's blessing, the oasis, is found), the active life, all tending to charm the visitor from its very difference to our well-regulated system of things and narrow code of life; but, as the golden rays and the hazy aspect of the sky warned us of the fleeting hours, we bade farewell to the venerable priest, so kindly explaining the history and interest of the place, and our royal guard is dismissed and we remount for Biskra, our headquarters, much pleased with our first excursion on the desert.

TREASURE-TROVE: KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT*

An ancient story Ile tell you anon
Of a notable Prince, that was called King John;
And he ruled England with maine and might,
For he did great wrong, and maintain'd little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterburie;
How for his housekeeping and high renoune,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

"How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee,
And for thy housekeeping and high renoune
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My liege," quo' the abbot, "I would it were knowne,
I never spend nothing but what is my owne;
And I trust your grace will do me no deere,
For spending of my own true-gotten geere."

"Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye:
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

"And first," quo' the king, "when I'm in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

"Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke."

"O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet;
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace."

"Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot, of comfort so cold,
And he mett his shepheard a-going to fold:

"How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home:
What newes do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give;
That I have but three days more to live:
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

"The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,

Among all his liege-men so noble of birthe,
To within one penny of what he is worthe.

"The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke."

"Now cheare up, sire abbot; did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man witt?
Lend me your horse, and serving-men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

"Nay, frowne not, if it hath been told unto mee,
I am like your lordship as ever may bee:
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope."

"Now welcome, sire abbot," the king he did say,
"Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day;
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

"And first when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crowne of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worthe."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have bin told;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke thou art one penny worser than hee."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
"I did not think I had been worth so littel!
—Now secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until, the next morning he riseth againe;
And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
"I did not think it could be so soone!
—Now from the third question you must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what do I thinke."

"Yea, that I shall do, and make your grace merrye;
You thinke I'm the Abbot of Canterburie;
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee."

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,
"Ile make thee lord abbot this day in his place!"
"Nowe, naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For, alacke, I can neither write nor reade."

"Four nobles a weake, then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee;
And tell the old abbot, when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

* By Bishop Percy, from Popular Elocutionist. Published by Frederick Warne & Co.

CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS: IN EVERY-DAY LIFE*

BY ARTHUR H. SMITH

Economy.—In the northern part of China the horse, the mule, the ox, and the donkey are in universal use, and in large districts the camel is made to do full duty. Doubtless it will appear to some of our readers that economy is carried too far when we mention that it is the general practice to eat all of these animals as soon as they expire, no matter whether the cause of death be an accident, old age, or disease. This is done as a matter of course, and occasions no remark whatever, nor is the habit given up because the animal may chance to have died of some epidemic malady, such as the pleuropneumonia in cattle. Such meat is not considered so wholesome as that of animals which have died of other diseases, and this truth is recognized in the lower scale of prices asked for it, but it is all sold, and is all eaten. Certain disturbances of the human organization into which such diseased meat has entered are well recognized by the people, but it is doubtless considered more economical to eat the meat at reduced rates, and run the risk of the consequences, which, it should be said, are by no means constant. Dead dogs and cats are subject to the same process of absorption as dead horses, mules, and donkeys. We have been personally cognizant of several cases in which villagers cooked and ate dogs which had been purposely poisoned by strychnine to get rid of them. On one of these occasions some one was thoughtful enough to consult a foreign physician as to the probable results, but as the animal was "already in the pot" the survivors could not make up their minds to forego the luxury of a feast, and no harm appeared to come of their indulgence.

Industry.—In what land but China would it be possible to find examples of a grandfather, son, and grandson all competing in the same examination for the same degree, age and indomitable perseverance being rewarded at the age of eighty years by the long-coveted honor. The Governor-General reported that at the autumnal examination in Foochow nine candidates over eighty years of age, and two over ninety, went through the prescribed tests and sent in essays of which the composition was good and the handwriting firm and distinct. Aged candidates, he says, who have passed through an interval of sixty years from attaining their bachelor's degree, and who have attended the three last examinations for the higher are, if unsuccessful the fourth time, entitled to an honorary degree. The Governor of Honan, in like manner, reported thirteen candidates over eighty years of age, with one over ninety, who all "went through the whole nine days' ordeal, and wrote essays which were perfectly accurate in diction and showed no signs of failing years." But even this astonishing record was surpassed in the province of Anhui, where thirty-five of the competitors were over ninety. Could any other country afford a spectacle like this?

Politeness.—The entire theory and practice of the use of honorific terms, so bewildering, not to say maddening, to the Occidental, is simply that these expressions help to keep in view those fixed relations of graduated superiority which are regarded as essential to the conservation of society. They also serve as lubricating fluids to

smooth human intercourse. Each antecedent has its consequent, and each consequent its antecedent, and when both antecedent and consequent are in the proper place everything goes well. It is like a game of chess in which the first player observes, "I move my insignificant king's pawn two squares." To which his companion responds, "I move my humble king's pawn in the same manner." His antagonist then announces, "I attack your honorable king's pawn with my contemptible king's knight, to his king's bishop's mean third," and so on through the game. The game is not affected by the employment of the adjectives, but just as the chess-player who should be unable to announce his next move would make himself ridiculous by attempting what he does not understand, so the Chinese who should be ignorant of the proper ceremonial reply to any given move is the laughing-stock of every one, because in the case of the Chinese the adjectives are the game itself, and not to know them is to know nothing.

Disregard of Accuracy.—The existence of a double standard of any kind, which is often so keen an annoyance to an Occidental, is an equally keen joy to the Chinese. Two kinds of cash, two kinds of weights, two kinds of measures, these seem to him natural and normal, and by no means open to objection. A man who made meat dumplings for sale was asked how many of these dumplings were made in a day; to which he replied that they used about "one hundred (Chinese) pounds of flour," the unknown relation between this amount of flour and the number of resultant dumplings being judiciously left to the inquirer to conjecture for himself. In like manner, a farmer who is asked the weight of one of his oxen gives a figure which seems much too low, until he explains that he has omitted to estimate the bones! A servant who was asked his height mentioned a measure which was ridiculously inadequate to cover his length, and upon being questioned admitted that he had left out of account all above his shoulders! He had once been a soldier, where the height of the men's clavicle is important in assigning the carrying of burdens. And since a Chinese soldier is to all practical purposes complete without his head, this was omitted. Of a different sort was the measurement of a rustic who affirmed that he lived "ninety li from the city," but upon cross-examination he consented to an abatement, as this was reckoning both to the city and back, the real distance being, as he admitted, "forty-five li one way!"

Talent for Misunderstanding.—Foreign intercourse with China for the century preceding 1860 was one long illustration of the Chinese talent for misunderstanding, and the succeeding years have by no means exhausted that talent. The history of foreign diplomacy with China is largely a history of attempted explanations of matters which have been deliberately misunderstood. But in these or in other cases, the initial conviction that a foreigner will do as he has promised is deeply rooted in the Chinese mind, and flourishes in spite of whatever isolated exceptions to the rule are forced upon observation. The confidence, too, that a foreigner will act justly (also in spite of some private and many national examples to the contrary) is equally firm. But given

* From Chinese Characteristics. Fleming H. Revell Co.

these two fixed points, the Chinese have a fulcrum from which they may hope to move the most obstinate foreigner. "You said thus and thus." "No, I did not say so." "But I understood you to say so. We all understood you to say so. Please excuse our stupidity, and please pay the money, as you said you would." Such is the substance of thousands of arguments between Chinese and foreigners, and in ninety-seven cases out of a hundred the foreigner pays the money, just as the Chinese knew he would, in order to seem strictly truthful as well as strictly just. In the remaining three cases some other means must be devised to accomplish the result, and of these three two will succeed.

Intellectual Turbidity.—Nothing is more common in conversation with an uneducated Chinese than to experience difficulty in ascertaining what he is talking about. At times his remarks appear to consist exclusively of predicates, which are woven together in an intricate manner, the whole mass seeming, like Mohammed's coffin, to hang in the air, attached to nothing whatever. To the mind of the speaker, the omission of a nominative is a point of no consequence. He knows what he is talking about, and it never occurs to him that this somewhat important item of information is not conveyed to the mind of his auditor by any kind of intuition. It is remarkable what expert guessers long practice has made most Chinese, in reading a meaning into words which do not convey it, by the simple practice of supplying subjects or predicates as they happen to be lacking. It is often the most important word in the whole sentence which is suppressed, the clew to which may be entirely unknown. There is very frequently nothing in the form of the sentences, the manner of the speaker, his tone of voice, nor in any concomitant circumstance, to indicate that the subject has changed, and yet one suddenly discovers that the speaker is not now speaking of himself as he was a moment ago, but of his grandfather, who lived in the days of Tao Kuang. How the speaker got there and also how he got back again, often remains an insoluble mystery, but we see the feat accomplished every day. To a Chinese there is nothing more remarkable in a sudden, invisible leap, without previous notice, from one topic, one person, one century to another, than in the ability of a man who is watching an insect on the window-pane to observe at the same time and without in the least deflecting his eyes, a herd of cattle situated in the same line of vision on a distant hill.

Social Typhoons.—The Chinese have carried to a degree of perfection known only among the Orientals the art of reviling. The moment a quarrel begins abusive words of this sort are poured forth in a filthy stream to which nothing in the English language offers any parallel, and with a virulence and pertinacity suggestive of the fishwomen of Billingsgate. The merest contact is often sufficient to elicit a torrent of this invective, as a touch induces the electric spark, and it is in constant and almost universal use by all classes and both sexes, always and everywhere. It is a common complaint that women use even viler language than men, and that they continue it longer, justifying the aphorism that what Chinese women have lost in the compression of their feet seems to have been made up in the volubility of their tongues. Children just beginning to talk learn this abusive dialect from their parents and often employ

it towards them, which is regarded as extremely amusing. The use of this language has become to the Chinese a kind of second nature. It is confined to no class of society. Literary graduates and officials of all ranks up to the very highest, when provoked, employ it as freely as their coolies. It is even used by common people on the street as a kind of bantering salutation, and as such is returned in kind. Occidental curses are sometimes not loud but deep, but Chinese maledictions are nothing if not loud. An English oath is a winged bullet; Chinese abuse is a ball of filth.

The Absence of Public Spirit.—Not only do the Chinese feel no interest in that which belongs to the "public," but all such property, if unprotected and available, is a mark for theft. Paving-stones are carried off for private use, and square rods of the brick facing to city walls gradually disappear. A wall enclosing a foreign cemetery in one of the ports of China was carried away till not a brick remained, as soon as it was discovered that the place was in charge of no one in particular. It is not many years since an extraordinary sensation was caused in the Imperial palace in Peking by the discovery that extensive robberies had been committed on the copper roofs of some of the buildings within the forbidden city. It is a common observation among the Chinese that, within the Eighteen Provinces, there is no one so imposed upon and cheated as the Emperor.

Filial Piety.—According to the Chinese teaching, one of the instances of unfilial conduct is found in "selfish attachment to wife and children." In the chapter of the Sacred Edict already quoted, this behavior is mentioned in the same connection with gambling, and the exhortations against each are of the same kind. The typical instance of true filial devotion among the twenty-four just mentioned, is a man who lived in the Han Dynasty, and who, being very poor, found that he had not sufficient food to nourish both his mother and his child, three years of age. "We are so poor," he said to his wife, "that we cannot even support mother. Moreover, the little one shares mother's food. Why not bury the child? We may have another, but if mother should die we cannot obtain her again." His wife dared not oppose him, and accordingly a hole was dug more than two feet deep, when a vase of gold was found with a suitable inscription, stating that Heaven bestowed this reward on a filial son. If the golden vase had not emerged, the child would have been buried alive, and according to the doctrine of filial piety, as commonly understood, rightly so. "Selfish attachment to wife and children must not hinder the murder of a child to prolong the life of its grandparent. The Chinese believe that there are cases of obstinate illness of parents which can only be cured by the offering of a portion of the flesh of a son or daughter, which must be cooked and eaten by the unconscious parent. While the favorable results are not certain, they are very probable. The Peking Gazette frequently contains references to cases of this sort. The writer is personally acquainted with a young man who cut off a slice of his leg to cure his mother, and who exhibited the scar with the pardonable pride of an old soldier. While such cases are doubtless not very common, they are probably not excessively rare. The stories given of the filial piety of the Chinese often seem beyond credence.

THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

Indian Wonder-Workers.....Thomas Stevens' Story.....New York Sun

Thomas Stevens, who first became known to the public through his trip around the world on a bicycle, has recently drawn attention to himself again, this time by a tale which excites more than wonder. He says he has penetrated the mysteries of Eastern magic. That there is such a thing as Eastern magic he asserts to be true. It is no new story to be told of the wonder-workings of the fakirs of India, but next to having them explained it is perhaps most interesting to have additional confirmatory evidence regarding them. According to all accounts, beginning with Marco Polo in the fourteenth century, nothing that was done by the genii of the Arabian Nights seemed beyond the powers of these Indian magicians. It is true that the ordinary jugglers of India, who swarm in almost all parts of the country, have long since been found to be no more capable of exerting occult powers than are the men who juggle for our own amusement in the theatres. The secrets of their tricks were long ago found out and utilized by the modern mystery-workers of Europe and America. None of our own magicians even pretend to do more than deceive people either by means of clever manipulation or the ingenious use of the resources of science or mechanics. Some of the cleverest of these men have investigated the doings of the high-caste Indian magicians, so far as they have been able, and all who have done so have admitted that they were as much mystified as the most ingenuous of their spectators. Harry Kellar was one of these, and two years ago he told something of his observations in the *North American Review*. Fifteen years spent in India and the far East, he said, had convinced him that the high-caste fakirs or magicians of Northern India have probably discovered natural laws of which we have no knowledge.

These high-caste fakirs are seen only upon great public occasions, such as the coronation of a prince, the festival of a maharajah, the coming of age of a nizam, or the great feast of the Mohonum. He saw them at the time of the visit of the Prince of Wales to India in 1875-6. In the great plaza of Calcutta, surrounded by native princes and begums and with 50,000 of the people looking on, he says he saw this marvel performed by three fakirs: The master magician salaamed to the Prince, and then, taking three sharp-pointed swords, set them upright in the earth in a row by burying their hilts. A younger fakir then came forward, and, at a gesture from his master, stretched himself out beside the swords and apparently went into a trance, becoming lifeless and rigid. Then the master seized his head, the third fakir took him by his heels, and the two laid him, back downward, upon the swords' points. One point rested under the nape of his neck, one between his shoulders, and the third at the base of the spine. His legs were unsupported, but he lay straight and unharmed upon the swords. The third fakir now retired and the master, digging away the earth with a dagger, removed first one sword, and then another, and finally the third, leaving the body suspended in the air about two feet from the ground, with absolutely no support. The third fakir now approached, he and his

master lifted the body down to the ground again, and the apparently lifeless man was restored by a few passes of the hands by the old fakir.

Mr. Stevens says it was such stories as this, coming from sources that could not be doubted, that interested him. Two years ago, in London, he began making inquiries of natives of India as to the facts connected with these exhibitions and the means of getting at an explanation of them. Just what information he obtained Mr. Stevens is not yet ready to tell in full, but he learned enough to induce him to go to India last autumn, and he had the means in his possession of establishing close relations with one of the real wonder-workers. These, Mr. Stevens says, are very rare, even in India. They are all of them religious enthusiasts who have retired from the world and live upon charity in the jungle. Of these hermits there are many. The greater part of the population of India is made up of agriculturists, who live in little villages, and outside almost every village is one or more of these hermits. Most of these men are merely hermits, however, with no power to produce miracles. How Mr. Stevens found a miracle-worker, and just where he saw the wonders is another of the things which he will not tell just yet. It was somewhere in the Deccan. The wonder-worker was old and shriveled, naked except for his turban and breech cloth, and with a venerable beard that covered his chest. One day in February Mr. Stevens sought the old man, carrying with him a snap-shot camera, with which to make a record of the marvelous things he expected to see. The pictures he made there are those with which he illustrated a lecture he delivered at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York. Such pictures, Mr. Stevens admits, could be made by the jugglery of a clever photographer, but he gives his word that every one of them is a true record of the things he saw the Indian hermit perform in the woods, with no assistance except such as was given by two mysterious Indian boys, who came and went as they were wanted or not, a few bamboo sticks, a basket, and a few other things which were provided by Mr. Stevens. Could the simplest of the doings which Mr. Stevens has recorded by word and camera be shown here under circumstances which would preclude all thought of trickery, it would excite the marvel of the whole country. To put the old Indian's powers to a greater trial, Mr. Stevens contrived test after test, and made faithful pictures.

There is much that passed between the two which Mr. Stevens is not ready to tell, nor does he pretend to give a record of the feats in the order in which they were performed. They occupied nearly the whole of a day, and in the course of that day Mr. Stevens says he learned from the old devotee the secret of the power by which the laws of nature seemed to be set aside. All of this Mr. Stevens says he will tell in one of his future lectures. While he does not pretend that he is able to perform these seeming miracles himself, he says that, with the knowledge which he will impart, he believes that it will not be long before there will be men in this part of the world who will be able to reproduce them. Mr. Stevens wishes it particularly understood that when his final disclosures are made these will but emphasize the genuineness and importance of the Bible miracles.

The following was the simplest of the marvels he saw: The hermit took two bamboo poles, each about six feet long, and stood them up in the ground a few feet apart. Standing away from them, he put himself in one of his favorite attitudes for exerting his power, standing with his hands pressed together and his arms extended. Presently the pole nearest him began to move, and slowly it bent toward him. Passing now to the other side of the poles, and holding his arms out to the other pole, that one also began moving toward him. Now straightening the sticks, Mr. Stevens placed upon the top of each one of his own handkerchiefs. The hermit dropped to his other attitude of power, sitting upon his haunches and with his hands still extended. Presently the handkerchief nearest him began to flutter, as if blown by a strong wind, while the other remained drooping and quiet. The hermit seized one of the rods and held it nearly straight out at arm's length. There was a snap of the camera, and when Mr. Stevens looked again the rod was gone and a snake was twining over the old man's outstretched arm. He offered, then, to make snakes come from any source. At Mr. Stevens' suggestion one crawled out of the camera box as it lay upon the ground. The old man looked upward, and out of the clear sky there suddenly appeared a bird, which fluttered down and settled upon his hand and as suddenly disappeared.

Three sticks were bound into a tripod and a stone hung from it. In the same manner in which he had influenced the rods and handkerchief, he now drew the stone far out toward him. Then he took a little earthen pot and filled it with soil from an ant-hill, planted a mango seed in it and watered it and laid the pot on the head of one of the mysterious boys. As Mr. Stevens watched and photographed it the seed sprouted, the plant grew, blossomed, and bore fruit, and the old man plucked a mango from it and gave it to Mr. Stevens to eat. Again filling the pot, and planting another seed, the Indian hermit caused the pot to rise gradually from the boy's head, and as it rose the mango seed sprouted and grew as the other had done, except that the mango did not attain as great size. Again filling the same pot with water, and placing it upon the boy's head, the fakir drew from it a small fish. This he placed in a larger jar, and in a few minutes drew out a fish of much greater size. This fish he again put back, and in a moment took from the jar some Indian cakes, in which were sandwiched cold slices of cooked fish. The small pot was then offered to Mr. Stevens, and it contained ice-cold sherbet.

Coming back to the bamboo sticks, the old man grasped one of them, as he had done in the snake trick, and, while he held it out, it budded and grew at the further end. The foliage disappeared as it had come, slowly, and then the old man laid the rod down, and, moving away some distance, exerted his powers, and it began slowly to rise in the air. When it had risen to a height of a few feet a bird suddenly appeared sitting upon the rod. The hermit took a round basket and filled it with branches from the surrounding shrubbery. This he placed upon the ground, and in a few moments it too rose and remained suspended in the air while Mr. Stevens made a picture of it. Then came the most interesting of all the feats. The old man tucked the smaller of the Indian boys into the round basket and hoisted basket and all to the top of the three bamboo poles. Leaving it there a moment while Mr. Stevens

took a picture of it, the old man next withdrew one pole. Mr. Stevens took another picture. Then the old man took away a second pole, leaving only one under the basket, and that at one side. Again Mr. Stevens took a picture, and then the third pole was removed. Mr. Stevens then photographed the basket and boy standing upon nothing. The three sticks were made again into a tripod, and one of the boys was suspended from it in a muslin bag which Mr. Stevens had brought. Under the old hermit's influence the bag began to shrink until it hung flat and limp. The boy had vanished. Then the bag began to fill out again, the boy's face appeared in the opening, and in a moment he sprang out and salaamed to Mr. Stevens.

The old man seized one of the boys by the small cotton shirt he wore and pulled this over the boy's head. Then with the other hand he grasped one of the bamboo rods and began poking it down, apparently into the boy's head. Slowly but surely the rod disappeared. It was six feet or more long, while the boy was not more than half as tall and his shirt was very much shorter than the boy. Mr. Stevens tells of many other things which he saw that day and shows pictures of many of them. There was one of the tricks of the Indian fakirs which is perhaps as famous as any of the others, but of which Mr. Stevens says he could take no pictures. This was the rope trick. The fakir threw a rope up into the air, and it remained suspended. Then one of the boys climbed up it, and as he ascended a tiger came out of the jungle and climbed up after him. This Mr. Stevens says is a pure effect of hypnotism. There is a story told of a recent attempt to take photographs of a similar trick in India, but when the plates were developed there was no sign upon them of any rope or boy—nothing but the fakir and his surroundings. The camera could not be hypnotized, was the explanation given.

Scarpology.....Divination by Old Boots.....All The Year Round

A few weeks ago the Pall Mall Gazette told us that "a French savant, jealous of the success of palmistry, had invented a new science which he calls 'Scaphology,' by which he is able to decipher the characters of people by the manner in which they wear out their boots." The definition is not as correct as could be wished, for the new science is called, not Scaphology, but Scarpology, and its inventor is not a Frenchman. Indeed, it is just possible, and not improbable, that he is a myth, and that both he and his new method of divination have no existence except in the vivid imagination of some Parisian journalist, who wanted a new sensation for his Sunday's "Chronique."

At all events, it is from French papers, and those not of the most serious cast, that we are able to gather all we know about Scarpology. On their authority we learn that Scarpology was invented by a Dr. Garré, of Basle. He is a Swiss savant who, many years ago, found himself in want of a hobby. Postage stamps stirred no responsive emotion in his bosom; nor was he drawn towards first editions, old china, mezzotint engravings, snuffboxes, book plates, or any of the ordinary forms of "collector's mania." He might—like the book agent's uncle in one of Mark Twain's stories—have collected repeating echoes; but echoes, in a country which is nearly all mountains, are a drug in the market. Possibly, as a good Bâlois, he might have felt a desire to "Grangerize" the Life of Erasmus, or collect the draw-

ings of Holbein the younger; but those hobbies have not the merit of being original, and have the disadvantage of being very expensive.

At last the happy thought flashed across his mind—"Old Boots." Of course, there had been collectors of boots and shoes, but, even at the best, they had been but mere spiritless drudges content to gather together so much fashioned leather or other materials, and when they had labeled their acquisitions—"Cothurnus of a Roman actor: temp. Nero; very rare" or, "Slippers believed to have been worn by Mary Stewart at Fotheringhay Castle"—their moderate ambition was satisfied. It was for him, a modest Swiss Doctor, to prove himself the Prophet of Old Boots, and show that there was a soul in them, though there might be very little sole to them. In short, it was Dr. Garré's opinion that every man's boots would bear the impress given to them by the wearer. If that wearer climbed the steep and thorny way to heaven, or if, recking not his own rede, he trod the primrose path of dalliance, the nature of his journeyings left its mark upon the coverings of his extremities. It seems not unlikely that the first inkling of the new science may have come to the Doctor as he wended his way some morning down the long corridors of one of the big hotels of his native land, and noticed the different types of boots and shoes placed at the doors of the chambers of guests. At all events, the seed, however dropped, had fallen on fertile ground.

Dr. Garré's first care was to procure from each of his friends and relatives, male and female, a pair of half-worn boots or shoes. These he supplemented with others that had belonged to well-known personages, or to prominent citizens of Basle who had paid the debt of nature, and whose effects had been brought to the hammer. Gradually he amassed the finest collection of "chaussures" ever known. They were all neatly catalogued and in most cases some particulars as to the character of the original wearer were known to the collector. When his shelves were quite full, the Doctor set to work to classify his acquisitions. He sorted out those that were worn evenly, those that were worn on the inner edge, those that were worn on the outer edge, and those that were down at heel. By arguing from the known to the unknown; by comparing, deducing, and contrasting, he at last thought himself able to lay down the broad lines of a science. He passed long hours amidst his old boots, amplifying and extending the rules he had discovered, inventing fresh ones, and accounting for contradictions.

He has called his new science Scarpology, possibly from the Italian word Scarpaccis, an old shoe, the diminutive of Scarpa. He claims for it that it is quite as "exact" as phrenology or chiromancy. Broadly stated, the canons of the art seem to be somewhat as follows: If the soles and heels are worn down evenly, and there is no undue tendency to thinness in any part, Dr. Garré is able to assert that the wearer was a steady, respectable, methodical business man, of regular habits—a man of even temper, seldom or never stirred by passions. If it is a bottine that is thus evenly worn, it belonged to some chaste and unexpressive she of simple tastes and constant mind; one who is content to never wander from her own clean-swept hearth, and who would betray no emotion if an earthquake brought her choicest Worcester tea-set rattling from its shelves.

So far it may be said that Scarpology teaches us

nothing that an averagely acute observer could not presuppose for himself, without the unpleasant task of critically examining some hundreds of pairs of dilapidated foot-gear. It is, however, in those far more frequent cases in which the sole on one side is worn to a wafer whilst on the other it preserves a normal thickness, and the heel is sliced off to a wedge, that the methods of Dr. Garré come in with the most telling effect. "Some is born with bow-legs from the first," and, naturally, those persons will tread on the outside edge of their shoes. Such persons, says Dr. Garré, are obstinate and headstrong. They are ambitious, and ready to undertake any scheme in which they believe there is a chance of profit. In fact, if the sole and heel are much worn along the entire length of the foot, the wearer of the boots or shoes is hardly to be differentiated from an adventurer. This seems rather rough on sailors, who are often bow-legged, and who can only be termed adventurers in the strictly reputable sense of the word. In the case of landmen, the theory has some foundation. Were not Mr. Quilp, Rumpelstiltskin, and the Yellow Dwarf all bandy-legged? So must have been Wayland the son of Wate, the sinews of whose feet were cut by King Nidung. Dr. Garré's theory is confirmed to some extent by the axiom of another observer, who says that you should never trust a bandy-legged man who is deaf in the left ear. The women who tread on the outside edge of their feet have the same character as the men, says the Basle Doctor, but in a minor degree.

Naturally the converse of these propositions holds good in the case of knock-kneed people who tread on the "inside edge." They are weak and irresolute, and fall an easy prey to their bow-legged brethren. If the men are but a feeble folk, however, the women are modest and sweet-tempered, which is, perhaps, a set-off against the inability to play "principal boy" in a burlesque. There are, of course, gradations between the two extremes of the full edges which the scarpologist can account for to his own satisfaction, but which would take too much space to describe here. Turned-up toes, like turned-up finger-tips, mean improvidence or extravagance, and even "uppers" have a story to tell. In one point, however, we think the Doctor has allowed his scientific zeal to outrun his worldly wisdom. Jealous husbands, who think that their wives' "tootsicums" have strayed from the paths of wifely duty, can have, it is said, their worst suspicions confirmed or dissipated by simply showing the scarpologist a pair of the suspected matron's bottines. Even scarpologists are but fallible, and a hasty judgment on a worn-out sole might cause some Bâlois Othello to smother some innocent Helvetian Desdemona, when perhaps the fault was due to some defective bit of leather. Even if they did not lead to tragedy, the verdicts of the vaticinator would "breed fruitful hot water for all parties," and we should be rejoiced to hear that the Doctor had never practised, or had abandoned an art fraught with so much danger.

Napoleon and letter "M."...J. M. Buckley....Astrology and Coincidences

Marbœuf was the first to recognize the genius of Napoleon at the Ecole Militaire, Marengo was the greatest battle gained by Bonaparte, and Melas opened to him the way to Italy. Mortier was one of his first generals, Moreau betrayed him, and Murat was the first martyr to his cause. Marie Louise partook of his highest destinies, Moscow was the abyss in which he

was engulfed. Metternich conquered him on the field of diplomacy. Six marshals (Massena, Mortier, Marmont, Macdonald, Murat, Moncey) and twenty-six of his generals of divisions had names beginning with the letter M. Murat, Duke of Bassano, was the counselor in whom he placed the greatest confidence. His first great battle was that of Montenotte, his last was that of Mount Saint-Jean. He gained the battle of Moscow, Montmirail, and Montereau. Then came the assault of Montmartre. Milan was the first enemies' capital and Moscow the last in which he entered. He lost Egypt through the blunders of Menoia, and employed Miollis to make Pius XII. prisoner. Malet conspired against him; afterward Marmont. His ministers were Maret, Montalivet, and Mollien. His first chamberlain was Montesquieu, his last sojourn Malmaison. He gave himself up to Captain Maitland. He had for his companion at St. Helena Montholon and for valet Marchand.

Tanning the Human Skin.....A Study in Morbidity.....To-Day

Happening to come across, the other day, the catalogue of a book auction in 1864, when a book on the Constitution of the French Republic, bound in human skin in the year 1793, was offered for sale, I was prompted to inquire whether the human skin had ever been put to such a use before or since. The inquiry led to a number of surprising revelations. It was not merely during the excesses of the French Revolution that such things were done, but as long ago as the thirteenth century I find there were in existence several such books, including a Latin Bible very handsomely engrossed upon a woman's skin. In 1765 the "French Encyclopédie" gave a recipe for tanning human skin, and stated that M. Sue, a surgeon in Paris, had presented the King with a pair of slippers made of human skin according to this prescription. During the reign of Napoleon III. a copy of the Decretals, written on human skin, was found in the library of the Sorbonne and transferred to the Tuileries. John Ziska, the one-eyed chief of the Hussites, ordered in his will that his skin should be tanned and made into a drum. "The noise which my skin will make," said he, "will frighten away all our enemies and put them to flight."

It was, however, at the time of the French Revolution that this art was developed to its greatest extent. A man presented himself one day at the bar of the Convention, and announced that he had devised a simple and original scheme for procuring leather in abundance. The Committee of Public Safety granted him a concession of the Castle of Meudon, where he carried on his work with a certain amount of secrecy. In return for the concession, the members of the committee were privileged to be among the first to wear top-boots made of human skin. This tannery of Meudon acquired considerable notoriety. A great number of books were bound with the leather turned out there, and Philippe Egalité, Duke of Orleans, encouraged the tannery by wearing a pair of breeches, made there with human skin, at a ball in the Palais-Royal. The Republican General Beyer, who made himself a name by his ferocity in the wars of La Vendée, set the fashion of wearing similar trousers in the army, always wearing a pair at battles and at reviews. An old soldier, who had taken part in most of the campaigns of the French Revolution, told a writer of memoirs in the middle of this century that he

had owned a specially fine garment of this kind, made entirely of one piece. An architect, who was one of the leaders of the infamous Black Band of France in 1823, which for a long time terrorized the country districts in the West of France, wore a jacket made of human skin, comely and exceedingly comfortable.

The infamous Saint-Just, when at the height of his power during the Reign of Terror, caused a young and beautiful girl, who had refused his advances, to be arrested and sent to the scaffold. After the execution he obtained possession of the body, flayed it himself, and had the skin tanned and made into a waistcoat, which he wore till the day of his death. The tannery of Meudon and its imitators carried on the process on an extensive scale, and must have made a good deal of money by tanning the skins of the victims of the Revolution for every sort of commercial purpose. Oil extracted from human bodies was also placed upon the market and sold.

Since those days the process has naturally become much rarer, but Dibdin relates how at a comparatively recent date a collector possessed a treatise on sport bound in stag's skin, a copy of Fox's History of James II., bound in fox's skin, and a book on anatomy bound in human skin. In 1837 the narrative of the adventures of a highwayman was bound in his own skin at Boston, Massachusetts, with the inscription outside "Hic liber Waltonis cute ompactus est." (This book was bound in the skin of Walton.)

Rings and Their Symbolisms....Strange Folk Customs....Home and Country

When young Russian girls are anxious to know if they will be married (and what young girl is not anxious to know that?) several of them assemble, each wearing a ring. A large basket of corn is brought in, and each girl drops her ring carefully, stirring up the corn the while. Then a hungry hen is introduced, and whichever maiden's ring is first discovered will be the first one married. In the marshes of the North Sea coast it was formerly customary in Germany for the bridegroom to give the bride, on the day of betrothal, instead of a ring, a valuable coin, called "Echle," or genuine, as a pledge that the compact between them was binding. This is also a remnant of the time when wives were acquired by right of purchase; and the custom is still prevalent in some isolated places.

Among un-Christianized nations betrothal rings are unknown. For example, a Mohammedan, instead of giving his bride a ring, bestows on her a "Maschkass," or square amulet of pure gold, which the girl hangs around her neck. In India a small amulet is worn by a woman as a badge of marriage. It generally consists of many colored beads, and is about as large round as a bracelet; but there must be some gold in it, however little. An amulet ring of the fifteenth century, discovered some eight years ago in England, was supposed to guarantee its wearer against all evil. In the middle is the figure of Christ, with the five holy wounds, from which ooze drops of blood. The surrounding inscriptions are: "The well of everlasting life," "The well of pity," "The well of mercy," "The well of comfort," "The well of grace." Among the Anglo-Saxons the ring was worn only by the bride or wife, on whose right hand it was placed at the betrothal, being transferred to the left hand at the marriage ceremony. The ring adorned with death's heads is a masterpiece of the Italian goldsmith's art in the sixteenth century.

BOOK LIST—WHAT TO READ; WHERE TO FIND IT

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 The Sioux Mythology: Dr. C. A. Eastman. Pop. Sci. M.
 The Temperance Problem: Past and Future. Forum.
 Wage-Earners' Loss During the Depression: S. W. Dike. Fo.

Sport and Recreation

Aquatic Sports in Australia: G. E. Boxall. Outing.
 Athletic Yale: J. Weston Allen. Munsey's.
 Deer and Deer-Shooting: E. W. Sandys. Outing.
 Drake's Bay Fishing: James H. Griffes. Overland.
 Duck-Shooting in Maryland: D. B. Fitzgerald. Cosmo.
 Goose-Shooting in the Dakotas. Outing.
 On the Trail of the Wild Turkey: C. D. Lanier. Harper's.
 The Hunt: Robert Scott Osborne. Munsey's.
 Yaqui Boar-Hunt. Outing.

Travel and Adventure

Ainos of Northern Japan. Outing.
 An Ocean Voyage Forty Years Ago: Wm. Boll. Midland.
 A Painter's Impressions of Rajpootana: E. L. Weeks. Harp.
 At the Capital of the Young Republic: H. L. Nelson. Harp.
 A Woman in the Mackenzie Delta. Outing.
 Bargaining in Russia: Isabel F. Hapgood. Lippincott's.
 From My Japanese Diary: Lafcadio Hearn. Atlantic.
 In the Burst of the Monsoon: R. Wildman. Overland.
 In the City of Canton: Florence O'Driscoll. M.P. Century.
 Old New York Restaurants: Edgar Fawcett. Lippincott's.
 Old St. John's Parish, Portsmouth: F. W. Davis. N.E. Mag.
 Shinnecock Silhouettes: Don C. Seitz. F. L. Pop. Mo.
 Sitka Bay: Warren Truitt. Overland Monthly.
 The Cossack: as Cowboy, Soldier, Citizen: P. Bigelow. Harp.
 The Great British Northwest: Lee Meriwether. Cosmo.
 The Growth of Australia: E. Reyer. Chautauquan.
 The Mississippi Roustabout: S. Cooley. New Eng. Mag.
 The Privateer "America": J. G. Morse. New Eng. Mag.
 The Republic of Shanghai: Mark B. Dunnell. Overland.
 To Rio in a Sailing Vessel: H. W. Lanier. F. L. P. M.
 Unknown Parts of the World: H. R. Mills. McClure's.
 Washington in Lincoln's Time, I.: Noah Brooks. Century.

OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this column on all literary questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received.

101. *The Huma*: Please inform me what is the "huma." I cannot find any reference to it in the Century, the New Standard Dictionary, or any other of even our recent lexicons.—Huma, Big Rapids, Mic

[The huma is a fabled bird of the East, a kind of Wandering Jew among birds, that flies forever and never rests. Oliver Wendell Holmes narrates a peculiar case of unconscious cerebration by which he twice used the huma as an illustration in a talk with Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney. He describes his chagrin at the sad prank his mind had played him. A poem on the huma, by Louisa P. Smith, appears in *The Poets of America*, page 233 (Crowell & Co.).]

102. *Counting Eggs*: Will you kindly inform me where may be found a prose narrative of an honest negro selling eggs to an old lady. In the chat attendant on the sale he mixes his conversation and counting in a way detrimental to her interests.—B. K., New York City.

[See *Counting Eggs* in Baker's *Negro Dialect Recitations*, page 49. Published by Lee & Shepard.]

103. *Reprinting Articles*: (1) Is an editor allowed to reprint an article from a magazine without permission of the publishers? (2) After a production has been published once may its author offer it again as an original article to be published without accrediting it to the magazine in which it was first published?—Guillaume, Oxford, Ga.

[(1) Publishers usually not only allow but are pleased to have brief extracts reprinted from their books or magazines, if proper credit to book, author, and publisher is given. If the article is a specially important one, or if the desire is to reprint it entire, special permission should be asked of the publishers. (2) An article once published ceases to be original, and should not be again claimed as such. Where the article originally appeared in a very obscure paper, this may not react, in the judgment of some editors, against its republication, but the fact should always be stated in submitting the article.]

104. *Ode on Lafayette*: Where can I find the ode on Lafayette, written by Mrs. Katherine A. Ware, and presented to him by her daughter?—R. M. R., New Bedford, Conn.

[The poem, with the interesting incidents of the presentation, is given in the *Complete History of the Marquis de Lafayette*, page 362, and in *Memoirs of Gen. Lafayette*, by S. L. Knapp, page 151. As the versions are identical we presume it is taken from the account of the ceremonies in Boston on Lafayette's visit.]

105. *French Letter-Writers*: What French woman has the highest name as a letter-writer?—Graham, Boston, Mass.

[It is difficult to pronounce any one highest in any special department, as each author has her followers who of course deem her most famous. Mme. de Sévigné, George Sand, Mme. de Staël, and Mme. de Remusat are the most noted. Letter-writing as a form of literature has fallen into disuse, and there is to-day no woman in France who has made any name as a letter-writer, perhaps, excepting Etincelle, of the *Paris Figaro*.]

106. *A Mouthful of Bread*: What is "A Mouthful of Bread," a poem, novel, or essay? I saw the title mentioned in a story I was reading the other day, and my interest has been excited for fuller information.—Bread, Rome, N. Y.

[It is a translation by Mrs. Gatty (New York, 1870) of a juvenile work by Mace, entitled "*Histoire d'une Bouchée du Pain*."]

107. *A Tribute to Shakespeare*: Mr Swinburne, in the opening chapter of his "Study of Shakespeare," says: "The greatest poet of our age has drawn a parallel of elaborate eloquence between Shakespeare and the sea; and the likeness holds good in many points of less significance than those which have been set down together by the master hand." What is the particular passage Mr. Swinburne referred to?—H. T. P., Bismarck, Dak.

108. *Authorship Wanted*: Who is the author of the following lines, and where are they found?

" 'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
When not to be, receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others seeing."

—Edna R., Jacksonville, Fla.

[The lines quoted are the opening verses of Shakespeare's Sonnet No. CXXI.]

109. *Captive Gull*: Where can I find a poem of Scandinavian legend in which a gull, captured by a hunter, is changed to a woman on condition of her captor's giving up gull shooting. On his shooting a gull, the woman returns to her original shape. The poem appeared some years ago in one of the American magazines.—L. H. B., London, Eng.

110. *A Pathetic Line in Literature*: On page 470 of *Current Literature* appears this item: In an appreciative review of Gertrude Atherton's latest book, *Before the Gringo Came*, *Vanity Fair* refers to a single line in one of the stories with this comment: "No more pathetic line, perhaps, has been penned since the Bible was written, nor a truer to life." Will you kindly quote for a number of curious readers the words of the single line?—Charles M. Lee, Philadelphia, Pa.

[The reference is to the closing line of the story entitled *The Conquest of Doña Jacoba*: "But Doña Jacoba turned her hard old face to the wall and laid it there."]

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

Floating Drift: In the October number there is an article entitled "Errors of Authors," in which I find the following: "George Eliot, whose knowledge of science is highly commended, in the 'Mill on the Floss' makes the odd blunder of having the boat overtaken in midstream by a mass of light drift floating more rapidly than the craft—a physical impossibility." Now, I am no graduate in physical science, as learned from books, but I have had some experience in floating down stream on the bosom of floating water, and I know that George Eliot's statement is not a physical impossibility. It depends altogether on the nature of the stream. If it is a rapid stream, the heavy mass of floating timber will travel faster than a lighter craft. The wind, too, has some effect on the lighter body. A dead wind will check the speed of a light body—one that floats high—more than it will the heavy mass. I have rafted on the Susquehanna River, and I noticed that in the swift ripples the heavy raft of long spars would pass the light board raft, or light short log raft, gaining on us in a run of forty miles—from Keating to Lock Haven—over one hour. And this is on the same principle that a heavy stick of wood will drop faster through the air than a feather. On a calm stream the conditions are different, and everything depends on the wind and the resistance the floating object presents. If George Eliot's boat was floating on a rapid stream, and was not propelled by oar, saddle, or sail, the mass of driftwood could naturally overtake it, whether the physical science of books allows it or not.—Jacob Huff, Grand Junct., Col.

THE NORTH DEVONSHIRE GHOST: A CHRISTMAS STORY*

By A. LOUIS PAUL

Of all the regiments which had been quartered in Calcutta for a generation, the North Devonshire was the most popular. And the inhabitants of the viceregal city were careful that no officer of the North Devonshire, from the oldest to the youngest, should be without an invitation to dinner on Christmas day. The acceptance of these invitations was a matter of some debate. For some years previously the North Devonshire had been at an up-country station with few civilian inhabitants, and the regiment's Christmas day guest nights had been a feature of the mess and an occasion for gathering many of its old friends together.

The ladies of Calcutta were, however, not to be denied, and some other night had to be selected. Engagements were many, and it was difficult to fix on a suitable evening, but finally Christmas Eve was chosen, not without some searchings of heart. It was, as I have indicated, chiefly a regimental gathering, but as a cousin of the Major I was honored with an invitation, and I was the only outsider so privileged.

The dinner went off brilliantly. We moved on to the billiard-room, and began a game of pool, which was cheery enough, but I was looking forward to midnight, when, according to custom, the card-room would be thrown open, and we should set forth upon whist until any hour of the morning. The North Devonshire was famous in love, more famous in battle, but perhaps most famous of all for its whist. The night was cold, and, like the immortal Mrs. Battle, I was looking forward to "a clean hearth, a clear fire, and the rigor of the game."

To my intense astonishment, shortly before twelve o'clock struck, the numerous guests prepared to depart. A peep round the corner was sufficient for me to see that the card-room was in pitch darkness, and I was offered drinks with the effusiveness which men adopt towards a guest of whom they are only anxious to be rid. Now I had ordered my dogcart for 2.30 A.M., and although my "syce" was, for a native, a fairly punctual man, I knew well that it would be fully 4 A.M. before that worthy would turn up. My cousin-host saw my little difficulty, and suggested an adjournment to his quarters, where, over the pegs and cheroots, I heard the strange story which explained why the North Devonshire never played whist on Christmas Eve. Thus spoke the Major:

Towards the end of the year 1858 the North Devonshire, then known as the 150th Foot, was ordered to a small station called Bhilpore, some thirty or more miles northwest of Lucknow. The country was still in a disturbed state, and the Bheels, a tribe of disaffected aborigines, were supposed to be in force in the neighborhood. The Anglo-Indian of to-day knows the Bheels as useful shikaries. They have been taken in hand by a paternal government and are tamed. In those times the popular definition was:

A Bheel is a hairy man:
He will scrag you, and leave you in a ditch.
By this you may know a Bheel.

Like other aboriginal tribes, the Bheels had got somewhat out of hand during the Mutiny. They had laid

* From the English Illustrated Magazine.

waste some Mohammedan villages, were more than suspected of some recent dacoities, and, generally speaking, wanted watching. Colonel Faulkner, the C.O. of the 150th, had orders to that effect. The Bheels knew him of old, for at the outset of the Mutiny, when only a captain, he had been at Bhilpore with a detachment of the 150th, and he had severely chastised them for an incipient insurrection. They knew him as "Falcon Sahib" (and the name was not ill-chosen); and when they heard that Falcon Sahib had become a commanding officer by the rapid promotion of those days, and was again in the district with what was to them an army, it was with feelings of terror and thoughts of revenge.

Rumors reached the Colonel that the Bheels meant mischief to him personally, but beyond warning the police at the "thana" on the road to Lucknow, a mile from the cantonment, to challenge all nocturnal passers-by, no special precautions were taken. The Colonel was a man of tried and conspicuous courage, but the most remarkable trait in his character was his punctilious observance of all that he undertook, however trifling, even in cases when the non-observance would have caused no annoyance nor inconvenience. This had not always been the case. Until he was about twenty-five years of age, Faulkner had been the most unreliable of men. He broke engagements with the utmost callousness. If he undertook a matter of no great importance, it was nearly certain that the undertaking would not be fulfilled. If he accepted an invitation, he was sure to be late.

Some years before the period of my story his habits were rudely changed by a tragic occurrence which cannot here be related at length. It is enough to say that, owing to some carelessness on his part, a shock was given to the mind of a favorite sister, which eventually resulted in her early death. The effect upon Faulkner was immediate. When his grief had subsided, his friends observed that his mode of life had completely changed. No longer careless, he had become scrupulous, and, to use a somewhat vulgar expression, Faulkner's word was as good as any other man's oath.

On Christmas Eve Colonel Faulkner was seated at whist with Fraser, Collier, and Morley, all officers of the 150th. They were playing chick points and a gold mohur on the rubber, as men did more often in days when the rupee was a rupee. The Colonel and Morley were partners, and had won a fairly large sum. A rubber was just over, when the Colonel, at about half-past twelve, remembered that he must write a note to the General commanding at Lucknow, and send it off by the mail-cart, which started from the post-office, nearly a mile from the cantonments, at one o'clock. It was a small matter, a Christmas greeting to an old chum, which Faulkner had not omitted to send for the last five years, and Fraser tried to persuade the Colonel not to break up the party.

"No," said Faulkner, "I cannot stay, I must write the note. I will slip across to the bungalow to do it, and my orderly can take it to the mail-cart. But I will come back, if you like, to finish the night."

THE NORTH DEVONSHIRE GHOST: A CHRISTMAS STORY

"Yes, do," said Fraser. "Collier wants his revenge, and so do I."

"All right," said the Colonel; "I will be back by a quarter past one. I feel as if my luck had deserted me, and that we shall be quits on Christmas day. I am sorry for Morley, who is just having a run."

"Don't mind me," said Morley; "ruin rather than bed at this time of night."

Off went Faulkner to his bungalow, and the note was soon written. On calling his orderly, however, there was no answer; since no messenger was forthcoming, the Colonel decided to take the note himself, and he put on his cloak and started instantly. The night was very dark; the road was lonely.

The trio in the mess-room sat over brandy pawnee by the fire, and the hands of the clock crept slowly round. They grew drowsy towards one o'clock, for Morley, despite his boast, was in reality a fat, sleepy soul, and Fraser and Collier had been out all day together after snipe. When the clock struck they woke up, and, half unconsciously, all three gave a slight shiver.

"Did you feel anything, Fraser?" said Collier, looking at his companion. "I fancy that it turned very cold all of a sudden."

"A passing draught, I suppose," said Fraser, turning towards Morley. "You look quite pale, too. Try some more brandy and water."

"The Colonel takes a long time to write that note," said Morley, in a sleepy voice. "I don't see why he should have broken up our party for a thing he might have done just as well to-morrow. Still, what he promises he will perform to the minute. But I say," he added, looking at the clock, "it will be a joke if he has fallen asleep at his bungalow, and forgets to come back to give you fellows your revenge."

The hand was close upon the quarter, and Morley turned round towards the door. The other men did the same, and as they turned they observed the Colonel seated at the table, quietly shuffling the cards. He was very pale, very stern, and his military cloak was fastened close to the throat.

"Hulloa, Colonel!" said Collier, "we were afraid you were going to fail us for once, and were just going off to bed."

"Never," said Faulkner, and he pushed the cards towards Fraser, who cut for deal.

The same shiver which the three men had felt at one o'clock passed through them again. There was a look in the Colonel's face and a tone in his voice which they had never observed before; but he was a reserved man. They were all a little in awe of him, and no one asked for an explanation. While he was dealing, Faulkner named his bets with Fraser and Collier, to which they agreed. If he and Morley lost the rubber they would be square upon the evening's play.

They were not long about it. Faulkner and Morley held execrable cards, and in ten minutes a bumper had been lost and won. Not a word had been spoken round the table, but as the last card was played Faulkner exclaimed, in a voice which seemed to come from the shades themselves: "Now we are quits."

Again a cold shiver seemed to freeze the very marrow in the bones of the other three men. Morley lit a cheroot, the others turned to their tumblers, and when they looked up again Colonel Faulkner had vanished.

"Upon my word," said Fraser, "the Colonel looked as if he had seen a ghost."

"And you look much the same," said Morley.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a native policeman rushed breathlessly into the room, followed by the sentry, and fell at Morley's feet, crying out, "The Colonel Sahib! The Colonel Sahib!"

"Son of an owl," said Morley, "what do you want? The Colonel has just gone to bed. Are the Bheels rising? or what are you afraid of?"

"Sahib," said the man, recovering himself with dignity, "I fear nothing if I have your honor's favor, but the Colonel is lying dead at the 'thana,' his throat cut by the Bheels. As the clock was striking one we heard a cry down the road, near the place where the mail-cart is loaded. We hurried out, and found the Colonel with this letter in his hand. He had been shot from behind with an arrow, and his throat was then cut. He was quite dead, and it is my misfortune to bring you the news. His body is in the 'thana,' Sahib. Will you come and see it?"

Colonel Faulkner had kept his word, even in death.

"And now," concluded my cousin, "you understand why the North Devonshire never play whist upon Christmas Eve. It has been a long story. There is your dogcart, so I will say good-bye, and a merry Christmas to you and yours."

At a Fair in Thibet Captain Hamilton Bower Great Thoughts

The annual fair at Hemis Monastery was going on, so we paid a flying visit to it en route. The whole place was in gala costume, and as we approached, the band, consisting of six or seven men seated on the ground, some playing reed instruments resembling the chanter of a bagpipe and some beating tom-toms, struck up in our honor. The monastery is situated in a narrow valley in which there is a little arable land cultivated by the peasantry, half of the produce of which is given to the monks. The game animals and birds in the valley are very tame, as they are never shot; some shapoo (*Ovis vignei*) were grazing close by, and a chucker (*Caccabis chukar*, a bird resembling a red-legged partridge) sat looking at us from about five yards off. We were given comfortable quarters in the monastery.

Next day we saw a masked dance by the monks; the place was crowded, and amongst the spectators were some unprepossessing-looking nuns with shaven heads and yellow caps, it evidently not being the fashion to doom the best-looking ones to a convent life. The dance was one of the quaintest and weirdest sights I have ever seen; round and round went these hideously-masked figures, adorned in gorgeous raiment, while a solemn dirge was chanted in a true cathedral style by a hidden choir. On my asking the meaning of the masks I was informed that it was to accustom the people to fearful images, in order that after death, when their spirits were wandering in space, they might not be frightened by the demons they encountered. The Buddhist religion, as seen in Thibetan countries, has nothing in common with the pure morality preached by Gautama Buddha. A striving after something more tangible—the doctrines of the founder being too abstract for the ordinary human mind—led to innovations; and these innovations, amongst an ignorant, monk-led people, have grown to the grossest superstition, little better than African fetishism.

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{ The Night Alarm....Stanley J. Weyman
House with the Broken Shutter....Gilbert Parker
Ravenshoe's Renunciation....Henry Kingsley

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young house-maid
Was sore afraid
That her mistress would let her go
Tho' hard she worked,
And never shirked,
At cleaning she was s-l-o-w.

Now, all is bright,
Her heart is light,
For she's found

Sapolio.

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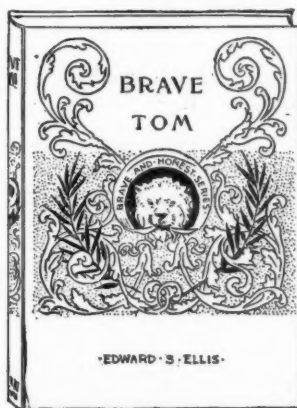
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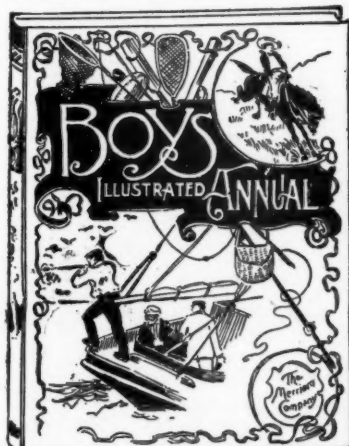
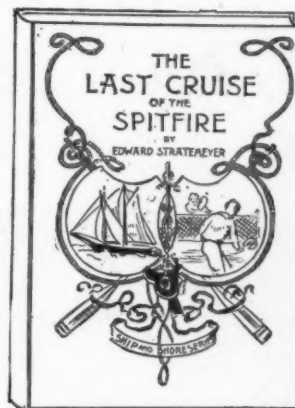
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The two men played, and played, and played long into the night, and while beer and something stronger found its willing course down their ever-thirsty throats, Lamb kept up his accustomed broadside of wit. The night passed into the early morning, and yet they played. Luck kept favoring Lamb, when towards the close of their game, seized with a bright idea, and the consciousness of the dirt which the morning light seemed to reveal more clearly in the appearance of his companion, he said, "Martin, if dirt was trumps, what hands you would hold!"

The parting thrust was rich wit, to be enjoyed as long as Lamb is remembered. But Lamb thought of more than what appeared on the face of his remark. He referred also to a topic or agitation which was the prevailing one of the day, personal cleanliness, put into motion by the advertising of a new household luxury, not long before invented, and which, owing to its great worth and superiority, had become immensely popular, attracting the notice of every one.

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passed, and still it multiplied in popularity. The envious hurled imitations at its head, the chemist thought, man came and went, but still its popularity extended, until to-day there is not a town or village or city that doesn't use Pears' soap, and largely.

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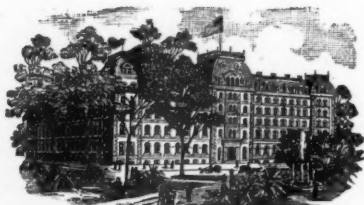


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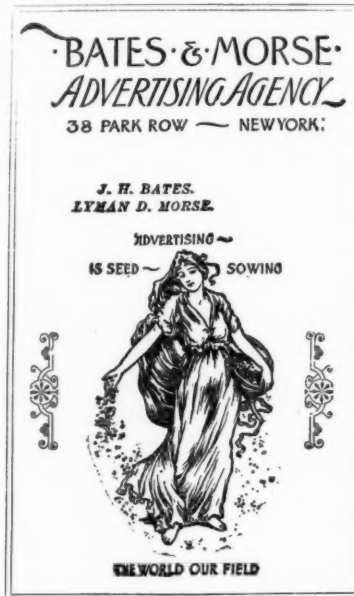
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Lowell—Come you from the king, my lord?  
Gardiner—I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at primero with the Duke of Suffolk.

The Duke of Suffolk, it will be remembered, was the brother-in-law of the king, having married his sister Mary, "the French queen," as she was called, the widow of Louis XII. of France.

This game of primero was a favorite, though at the same time quite complicated, and went quickly out of fashion after the introduction of the game of omber. It was played with six cards, although there were several forms of it, as there are of poker. One of the most curious accounts of primero is given in a work entitled "Minsheu's Dialogues," published in London in 1599, the author of the book, John Minsheu, being contemporary with Shakespeare. Here is an extract from one of the dialogues:

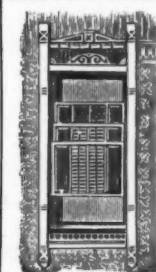
O.—Now, to take away all occasion of strife, I will give a meane, and let it be primero.  
M.—You have saide very well, for it is a meane between extremes.  
L.—I take it that it is called primero because it hath the first place at the play at cardes.  
R.—Let us goe. What is the summe that we play for?  
M.—Two shillings stake and eight shillings rest.  
L.—Then shuffle the cardes well.  
O.—I lift to see who shall deale. It must be a coats card. I would not be a coat with never a blanke in my purse.  
R.—I did lift an ace.  
L.—I a fower.  
M.—I a sixe, whereby I am the eldest hand.  
O.—Let the cardes come to me, for I deal them.  
One, two, three, fower; one, two, three, fower.  
M.—Passe.  
R.—Passe.  
L.—Passe.  
O.—I set so much.  
M.—I will none.  
R.—He none.  
L.—I must of fower see it. Deal the cardes.  
M.—Give me fower cardes. He see as much as he sets.  
R.—See here my rest. Let every one be in.  
M.—I am come to pass again.  
R.—And I too.  
L.—I do the selfsame.  
O.—I set my rest.  
M.—He see it.  
R.—I also.  
L.—I cannot give it over.  
M.—I was a small prime.  
R.—I am flush.  
M.—I would you were not.  
L.—Is this good neighborhood?  
M.—Charitie, well placed, doth first begin with one's selfe.  
O.—I made five and fiftie, with which I was his prime.  
L.—I flush, whereby I draw.  
R.—I play no more at this play.

But that the language is antiquated, we might almost regard this as the talk at the poker table of the present day, and how redolent of that game the whole dialogue is! We may assume that the ante was two shillings and the limit of the bet eight shillings—the "stake" being the ante and the "rest" the limit. O. deals the cards, and all pass except the dealer, who "sets," or bets, so much. L. sees the bet, and then they all come in and "the hands are helped." O. who has "opened the pot," again "bets," and they all see him. M. thinks to win on "a small prime"—a small pair, perhaps, upon which he was bluffing, while M. had a "flush," and so raked the pile. It is an every day and every night occurrence; nothing but the old thing over again. Call it by whatever name we will, "primero" or "poker," be it ancient or modern, it is one and the same. Let us "put on sullen black," for we can no longer regard the game as strictly national.—Boston Herald.

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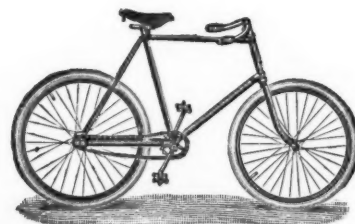
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